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THE
LITERATURE
AND
THE LITERARY MEN
OF
Great Britain and Ireland.

BY

ABRAHAM MILLS, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF LECTURES ON RHETORIC AND BELLES LETTRES, ETC. ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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AUTHORS' NAMES,

IN VOLUME THE SECOND,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

PAGE
Addison, Joseph 18
Akenside, Mark 351
Anstey, Christopher 372
Arbuthnot, John 247
Armstrong, John 323
Ashmole, Elias 155
Atterbury, Francis 241
Aubrey, John 176
Barclay, Robert 168
Barrow, Isaac 192
Baxter, Richard 145
Beattie, James 431
Behn, Mrs. Aphra 74
Bentley, Richard 239
Berkeley, George 277
Birch, Thomas 529
Bishop, Samuel 392
Blackmore, Sir Richard 61
Blacklock, Thomas 357
Blackstone, Sir William 564
Blair, Robert 300
Blair, Hugh 555
Bolingbroke, Lord 270
Bower, Archibald 483
Boyle, Robert 215
Brooke, Henry 518
Bruce, Michael 440
Budgell, Eustace 263
Bunyan, John 185
Burke, Edmund 588
Burnet, Thomas 205
Burnet, Gilbert 210
Burns, Robert 446
Butler, Joseph 485
Calamy, Edmund 123
Campbell, George 547
Campbell, John 530
Carte, Thomas 483
Centlivre, Mrs. Susanna 109
Charleton, Walter 155
Chatham, Earl of 585
Chatterton, Thomas 403
Chesterfield, Lord 501
Churchill, Charles 394
Cibber, Colley 105
Clarendon, Lord 129
Clarke, Samuel 272
Coffey 479
Collins, William 341
Colman, George 464
Congreve, William 95
Cotton, Nathaniel 362

PAGE
Cowley, Mrs. Hannah 471
Cowper, William 416
Crawford, Robert 410
Crowne, John 75
Cudworth, Ralph 151
Cumberland, Richard 465, 198
Cunningham, John 390
Dalrymple, David 547
Defoe, Daniel 249
Dibdin, Charles 479
Doddridge, Philip 493
Dodsley, Robert 316
Dugdale, Sir William 125
Dyer, John 301
Echard, Laurence 268
Elliot, Sir Gilbert 411
Ellwood, Thomas 173
Etherege, Sir George 72
Evelyn, John 157
Falconer, William 385
Farmer, Hugh 555
Farquhar, George 102
Fawkes, Francis 359
Fergusson, Robert 412
Ferguson, Adam 546
Fielding, Henry 509
Flavel, John 177
Fletcher, Andrew 236
Foote, Samuel 475
Foster, James 488
Fox, John 129
Fox, George 165
Fuller, Thomas 126
Garrick, David 471
Garth, Sir Samuel 60
Gay, John 54
Gibbon, Edward 540
Gill, John 488
Glover, Richard 325
Goldsmith, Oliver 375
Grainger, James 359
Gray, Thomas 334
Green, Matthew 64
Guthrie, William 530
Hailes, Lord 547
Hale, Sir Matthew 135
Hamilton, William 319
Harrington, James 137
Harris, James 581
Harris, William 562
Hartley, David 529
Hawkesworth, John 584

	PAGE
Henry, Robert	545
Henry, Matthew	227
Hill, Aaron	116
Hoadly, Benjamin	274
Home, John	459
Horne, George	562
Hughes, John	260
Hume, David	531
Hurd, Richard	559
Hutcheson, Francis	487
Jenyns, Soame	528
Johnson, Dr. Samuel	571
Johnstone, Charles	521
Jones, Sir William	399
Jortin, John	490
Junius, Letters of	593
Kames, Lord	503
Kelly, Hugh	465
Kennett, Basil	269
L'Estrange, Sir Roger	153
Langhorne, John	397
Lardner, Nathaniel	482
Law, William	484
Lee, Nathaniel	81
Leland, John	487
Leland, Thomas	500
Leslie, Charles	235
Lillo, William	112
Lloyd, Robert	393
Locke, John	218
Logan, John	443
Lowe, John	409
Lowth, William	238
Lowth, Robert	554
Lyttelton, Lord George	548
Mackenzie, Sir George	231
Mackenzie, Henry	525
Macpherson. James	438
Mallet, David	305
Mandeville, Bernard	264
Mason, William	348
Melmoth, William	582
Merrick, James	346
Mickle, William Julius	428
Middleton, Conyers	481
Monboddo, Lord	583
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley	279
More, Henry	143
Moore, Edward	454
Moss, Thomas	427
Murphy, Arthur	464
Newton, Sir Isaac	224
Nicholson, William	237
Oldys, William	296
Orme, Robert	547
Otway	77
Owen, John	149
Parnell, Thomas	32
Pearson, John	142
Penn, William	171
Percy, Thomas	374
Philips, Ambrose	28
Philips, John	30
Pope, Alexander	43
Potter, John	269
Price, Richard	559
Prideaux, Humphrey	234
Priestley, Joseph	563
Ramsay, Allan	67
Ray, John	178
Reeve, Clara	528
Reid, Thomas	553
Richardson, Samuel	507
Robertson, William	536
Ross, Alexander	407
Rowe, Nicholas	91
Russell, Lady Rachel	164
Russell, William	548
Rymer, Thomas	177
Sale, George	530
Savage, Richard	297
Scott, John	391
Shadwell, Thomas	73
Shaftesbury, Earl of	265
Shenstone, William	327
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley	466
Sherlock, William	203
Sidney, Algernon	161
Skinner, John	407
Smart, Christopher	369
Smith, Adam	560
Smollett, Tobias George	514
Somerville, William	36
Southerne, Thomas	85
South, Robert	199
Sprat, Thomas	208
Steele, Sir Richard	225
Sterne, Laurence	519
Stillingfleet, Edward	201
Strype, John	234
Stuart, Gilbert	546
Stukeley, William	484
Temple, Sir William	181
Thomson, James	308
Tickell, Thomas	38
Tillotson, John	195
Tindal, Matthew	237
Townley, Rev. Mr.	472
Tucker, Abraham	529
Tytler, William	545
Vanbrugh, Sir John	99
Walpole, Horace	522
Walton, Izaak	118
Warburton, William	490
Warton, Dr. Thomas	364
Warton, Joseph	365
Warton, Thomas	367
Warner, Ferdinando	500
Watson, Robert	547
Watts, Isaac	286
Wesley, John	497
Whiston, William	245
Whitefield, George	500
Whitehead, William	333
Whitelocke, Bulstrode	125
Whittaker, John	548
Wilkins, John	140
Winchelsea, Countess of	62
Wood, Anthony	177
Wycherley, William	74
Young, Edward	290

CONTENTS OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

LECTURE THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

PAGE
- JOSEPH ADDISON.... 18
  - Letter from Italy.... 20
  - The Battle of Blenheim.... 21
  - Cato's Soliloquy.... 23
  - An Ode.... 25
  - The Works of Creation.... 26
- AMBROSE PHILIPS.... 28
  - To the Earl of Dorset.... 28
  - An Ode from Sappho.... 30
- JOHN PHILIPS.... 30
  - The Splendid Shilling.... 31
- THOMAS PARNELL.... 32
  - Night Piece.... 33
  - The Hermit.... 34
  - Hymn to Contentment.... 34
- WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.... 36
  - Morning in Autumn.... 37
- THOMAS TICKELL.... 38
  - Colin and Lucy.... 38
  - Extract from the Elegy on Addison.... 40

LECTURE THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

- ALEXANDER POPE.... 43
  - Passage from the Essay on Criticism.... 44
  - Passage from the Rape of the Lock.... 45
  - Passage from the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.... 47
  - Passage from the Essay on Man.... 49
  - Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.... 51
  - The Messiah.... 52
- JOHN GAY.... 54
  - The Court of Death.... 57
  - Black Eyed Susan.... 58
  - A Ballad.... 59
- SIR SAMUEL GARTH.... 60
  - Extracts from The Dispensary.... 60

PAGE
SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.... 61
To the Disciples of Lucretius.... 62
ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.... 62
A Nocturnal Reverie.... 63
Life's Progress.... 64
MATTHEW GREEN.... 64
Cures for Melancholy.... 65
ALLAN RAMSAY.... 67
Rustic Courtship.... 68

LECTURE THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

DRAMATIC POETRY.... 71
SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.... 72
Scene from the Comical Revenge.... 73
THOMAS SHADWELL.... 73
WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.... 74
MRS. APHRA BEHN.... 74
From the Moor's Revenge.... 75
JOHN CROWNE.... 75
Scene from the Tragedy of Thyestes.... 76
THOMAS OTWAY.... 77
Scene from Venice Preserved.... 78
NATHANIEL LEE.... 81
Scene from Lucius Junius Brutus.... 83
THOMAS SOUTHERNE.... 85
Scene from Oronoko.... 86
Scene from Isabella.... 88
NICHOLAS ROWE.... 91
Scene from Jane Shore.... 92

LECTURE THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.... 95
Scene from the Mourning Bride.... 97
Scene from the Double Dealer.... 98
SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.... 99
Scene from the Provoked Wife.... 101
GEORGE FARQUHAR.... 102
Scene from the Beaux' Stratagem.... 104
COLLEY CIBBER.... 105
Scene from the Careless Husband.... 107
MRS. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.... 109
Scene from the Busy Body.... 110
WILLIAM LILLO.... 112
Scene from the Fatal Curiosity.... 113
SIR RICHARD STEELE.... 116
AARON HILL.... 116

LECTURE THE TWENTY-NINTH.

PAGE
Izaak Walton.... 118
Thankfulness for Worldly Blessings.... 120
Edmund Calamy.... 123
Sir William Dugdale.... 125
Bulstrode Whitelocke.... 125
Thomas Fuller.... 126
The Good Schoolmaster.... 128
Earl of Clarendon.... 129
Character of Charles I..... 132
Character of Oliver Cromwell.... 133
Sir Matthew Hale.... 135
On Conversation.... 135
James Harrington.... 137

LECTURE THE THIRTIETH.

John Wilkins.... 140
How a Man may Fly to the Moon.... 141
John Pearson.... 142
The Resurrection.... 142
Henry More.... 143
Devout Contemplations of the Works of God.... 144
The Soul and Body.... 144
Richard Baxter.... 145
His Judgment of his Writings.... 146
Character of Sir Matthew Hale.... 148
Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.... 149
Theological Controversies.... 149
John Owen.... 149
Ralph Cudworth.... 151
God, though Incomprehensible, not Inconceivable.... 152
Sir Roger L'Estrange.... 153
Ingratitude.... 154
Elias Ashmole.... 155
Walter Charleton.... 155
The Ready and Nimble Wit.... 156
The Slow but Sure Wit.... 156
John Evelyn.... 157
A Fortunate Courtier not Envied.... 158
An Account of his Daughter Mary.... 159

LECTURE THE THIRTY-FIRST.

Algernon Sidney.... 161
Liberty and Government.... 163

PAGE
Lady Rachel Russell ... 164
Letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam ... 164
George Fox ... 165
Interview with Oliver Cromwell ... 167
Robert Barclay ... 168
Against Titles of Honor ... 170
William Penn ... 171
Advice to his Children ... 172
Thomas Ellwood ... 173
Interview with Milton ... 174
John Aubrey ... 176
Anthony Wood ... 177
Thomas Rymer ... 177
John Flavel ... 177
John Ray ... 178
God's Exhortation to Activity ... 179

LECTURE THE THIRTY-SECOND.

Sir William Temple ... 181
Against Excessive Grief ... 183
John Bunyan ... 185
The Golden City ... 188
Isaac Barrow ... 192
Wise Selection of Pleasures ... 194
Honor to God ... 195
John Tillotson ... 195
Advantages of Truth and Sincerity ... 196
Richard Cumberland ... 198
The Tabernacle and Temple of the Jews ... 198
Robert South ... 199
Ingratitude an Incurable Vice ... 200
Edward Stillingfleet ... 201
True Wisdom ... 202
William Sherlock ... 203
Longing after Immortality ... 204

LECTURE THE THIRTY-THIRD.

Thomas Burnet ... 205
The Final Conflagration of the Globe ... 207
Thomas Sprat ... 208
Cowley's Love of Retirement ... 209
Gilbert Burnet ... 210
Death and Character of Edward VI ... 211
Character of William III ... 213
Robert Boyle ... 215
The Study of Natural Philosophy favorable to Religion ... 217

PAGE
John Locke.... 218
Causes of Weakness in Men's Understanding.... 221
Pleasure and Pain.... 222
Orthodoxy and Heresy.... 223
Sir Isaac Newton.... 224
The Prophetic Language.... 226
Matthew Henry.... 227
Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.... 228
Sir Henry Wotton.... 228
Decline of Pedantry in England.... 229

LECTURE THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

Sir George Mackenzie.... 231
Against Envy.... 232
Avarice.... 233
John Strype.... 234
Humphrey Prideaux.... 234
Charles Leslie.... 235
Andrew Fletcher.... 236
A Sketch of the Poor of Scotland.... 236
William Nicholson.... 237
Matthew Tindal.... 237
William Lowth.... 238
Richard Bentley.... 239
Authority of Reason in Religious Matters.... 240
Francis Atterbury.... 241
Letter to Pope.... 242
Usefulness of Church Music.... 242
William Whiston.... 245
Anecdote of the Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy.... 246
John Arbuthnot.... 247
Usefulness of Mathematical Learning.... 248
Daniel Defoe.... 249
The Great Plague in London.... 251

LECTURE THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

Sir Richard Steele.... 255
Agreeable Companions and Flatterers.... 258
John Hughes.... 260
Ambition.... 261
Eustace Budgell.... 263
Bernard Mandeville.... 264
Pomp and Superfluity.... 265
Earl of Shaftesbury.... 265
Platonic Representation of the Scale of Beauty and Love.... 267
Laurence Echard.... 268

PAGE
John Potter 269
Basil Kennett 269
Lord Bolingbroke 270
  Letter to Dean Swift 271
  The Mind Independent of External Circumstances 271
Samuel Clarke 272
  Natural and Essential Difference of Right and Wrong 274
Benjamin Hoadly 274
  The Kingdom of Christ not of this World 275
George Berkeley 277
  The Triumphs of Religion in the New World 277
  Industry 279
Lady Mary Wortley Montague 279
  Letter on Matrimonial Happiness 280
  Letter on Female Education 281

LECTURE THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

Isaac Watts 286
  Sovereignty and Dominion of God 288
  The Hebrew Bard 288
  The Rose 290
Edward Young 290
  Life, Death, and Immortality 292
  The Picture of a Good Man 293
  Procrastination 295
  The Emptiness of Riches 296
William Oldys 296
  An Extempore Song 297
Richard Savage 297
  The Concluding Passage of the Bastard 299
Robert Blair 300
  Conclusion of the Grave 300
John Dyer 301
  Grongar Hill 302
David Mallet 305
  William and Margaret 306
James Thomson 308
  Showers in Spring 309
  Summer Evening 310
  Autumn Evening Scene 311
  A Winter Landscape 313
  The Castle of Indolence 315
Robert Dodsley 316
  The Parting Kiss 317

LECTURE THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

PAGE
William Hamilton.... 319
The Braes of Yarrow.... 320
John Armstrong.... 323
Pestilence of the Fifteenth Century.... 324
Richard Glover.... 325
Address of Leonidas.... 326
The Fountain at the Dwelling of Oileus.... 327
Description of a Night Scene.... 327
William Shenstone.... 327
Pastoral Ballad.... 328
The Schoolmistress.... 329
William Whitehead.... 333
Variety.... 334
Thomas Gray.... 334
The Savage Youth of Chili.... 336
Poetical Character of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden.... 336
Ode to Adversity.... 337
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.... 338
William Collins.... 341
Ode on the Death of Thomson.... 341
Dirge in Cymbeline.... 343
Ode on the Passions.... 344
James Merrick.... 346
The Chameleon.... 346
William Mason.... 348
Lyric from Caractacus.... 349
Epitaph in the Cathedral of Bristol.... 349

LECTURE THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Mark Akenside.... 351
The Banks of the Tyne.... 352
Aspirations after the Infinite.... 354
Intellectual Beauty.... 355
Thomas Blacklock.... 357
Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.... 358
Ode to Aurora on Melissa's Birthday.... 358
Francis Fawkes.... 359
The Brown Jug.... 359
James Grainger.... 359
Ode to Solitude.... 360
Nathaniel Cotton.... 362
The Fireside.... 362
Dr. Thomas Warton.... 364
Sonnet on Windsor Castle.... 364
Joseph Warton.... 365
To Fancy.... 365

PAGE
Thomas Warton 367
  Sonnet, Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon 368
  Sonnet, on Revisiting the River Loddon 369
Christopher Smart 369
  Song to David 370
Christopher Anstey 372
  The Public Breakfast 373
Thomas Percy 374
  O Nanny Wilt Thou Gang wi' Me 375
Oliver Goldsmith 375
  Italians and Swiss Contrasted 378
  Auburn—The Village Pastor—The Schoolmaster 380

LECTURE THE THIRTY-NINTH.

William Falconer 385
  The Wreck 387
John Cunningham 390
  Content 391
John Scott 391
  On Hearing the Drum 391
Samuel Bishop 392
  To Mary 392
Robert Lloyd 393
  Wretchedness of a School-Usher 394
Charles Churchill 394
  Verses from the Conference 396
  Prophecy of Famine 396
John Langhorne 397
  Plea for the Gipsies 387
  Eternal Providence 398
Sir William Jones 399
  A Persian Song of Hafiz 402
  An Ode, in Imitation of Alcæus 403
Thomas Chatterton 403
  A Sacred Ode 405
  The Minstrel's Song in Ella 405
Alexander Ross 407
John Skinner 407
  Tullochgorum 408
John Lowe 409
  Mary's Dream 409
Robert Crawford 410
  Tweedside 410
Sir Gilbert Elliot 411
  Amynta 411
Robert Ferguson 412
  A Sunday in Edinburgh 412

LECTURE THE FORTIETH.

PAGE
William Cowper........ 416
Sufficiency of the Atonement........ 417
Walking with God........ 419
To Mary........ 419
The Greenland Missionaries........ 421
On his Mother's Picture........ 421
Rural Sounds........ 424
Diversified Character of Creation........ 425
Winter Evening........ 425
Thomas Moss........ 427
The Beggar........ 427
William Julius Mickle........ 428
The Spirit of the Cape........ 430
James Beattie........ 431
Opening of the Minstrel........ 433
Retirement........ 435
The Hermit........ 437
James Macpherson........ 438
The Cave........ 439
Michael Bruce........ 440
Ode to Spring........ 441
John Logan........ 443
To the Cuckoo........ 443
Complaint of Nature........ 444
Robert Burns........ 446
Coila's Address........ 448
To a Mountain Daisy........ 449
To Mary in Heaven........ 450
Bruce's Address........ 451

LECTURE THE FORTY-FIRST.

Edward Moore........ 454
The Gamester's Last Stake........ 455
John Home........ 459
Discovery of her Son by Lady Randolph........ 459
George Colman........ 464
Arthur Murphy........ 464
Hugh Kelly........ 465
Richard Cumberland........ 465
Richard Brinsley Sheridan........ 466
Anatomy of Character performed by Uncharitableness........ 467
Mrs. Hannah Cowley........ 471
David Garrick........ 471
Rev. Mr. Townley........ 472
Scene from High Life below Stairs........ 472

PAGE
Samuel Foote 475
  Tuft Hunting 476
Mr. Coffey 479
Charles Dibdin 479

LECTURE THE FORTY-SECOND.

Conyers Middleton 481
  Character of Cicero 482
Nathaniel Lardner 482
Archibald Bower 483
Thomas Carte 483
William Law 484
William Stukeley 484
Joseph Butler 485
John Leland 487
Francis Hutcheson 487
James Foster 488
John Gill 488
John Jortin 490
William Warburton 490
  The Various Lights in which Grecian Mythology was regarded 492
Philip Doddridge 493
  The Dangerous Illness of a Daughter 496
  An Epigram 497
John Wesley 497
  Extract from 'Christian Perfection' 498
George Whitefield 500
Ferdinando Warner 500
Thomas Leland 500
Lord Chesterfield 501
  Definition of Good Breeding 501
Lord Kames 503
  Pleasures of the Eye and the Ear 504

LECTURE THE FORTY-THIRD.

Samuel Richardson 507
Henry Fielding 509
  Partridge at the Playhouse 511
Tobias George Smollet 514
  Scene at Lanark 515
  The Tears of Scotland 517
Henry Brooke 518
Laurence Sterne 519
  The Starling—Captivity 520
Charles Johnstone 521

PAGE
Horace Walpole.... 522
Letter to Sir Horace Mann.... 523
Henry Mackenzie.... 525
The Death of Harley.... 526
Clara Reeve.... 528
Soame Jenyns.... 528
Thomas Birch.... 529
David Hartley.... 529
Abraham Tucker.... 529
John Campbell.... 530
William Guthrie.... 530
George Sale.... 530

LECTURE THE FORTY-FOURTH.

David Hume.... 531
Delicacy of Taste.... 533
Death and Character of Queen Elizabeth.... 534
William Robertson.... 536
Character of Mary Queen of Scots.... 537
Chivalry.... 538
Edward Gibbon.... 540
Opinions of Ancient Philosophers on the Immortality of the Soul.... 543
The City of Bagdad—Magnificence of the Caliphs.... 544
William Tytler.... 545
Robert Henry.... 545
Gilbert Stuart.... 546
Adam Ferguson.... 546
Robert Orme.... 547
Robert Watson.... 547
David Dalrymple—Lord Hales.... 547
John Whittaker.... 548
William Russell.... 548
Lord George Lyttelton.... 548
Monody.... 549
Prologue to Thomson's Tragedy of Coriolanus.... 550

LECTURE THE FORTY-FIFTH.

Thomas Reid.... 553
Robert Lowth.... 554
Hugh Farmer.... 555
Hugh Blair.... 555
The Cultivation of Taste.... 556
George Campbell.... 557
Religion Benefitted by the Attacks of its Bitterest Enemies.... 558
Richard Hurd.... 559
Richard Price.... 559

PAGE
ADAM SMITH 560
The Results of Misdirected and Guilty Ambition 561
WILLIAM HARRIS 562
GEORGE HORNE 562
JOSEPH PRIESTLEY 563
SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE 564
The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse 565
On the Right of Property 567

LECTURE THE FORTY-SIXTH.

SAMUEL JOHNSON 571
Letter to Lord Chesterfield 573
Passage from The Vanity of Human Wishes 574
Prologue 575
On Useful Knowledge 578
On Revenge 578
Parallel between Pope and Dryden 580
Reflections on Landing at Iona 581
JAMES HARRIS 581
WILLIAM MELMOTH 582
Letter on Conversation 582
LORD MONBODDO 583
JOHN HAWKESWORTH 584
The Conclusion of The Adventurer 584
EARL OF CHATHAM 585
Against the Employment of Indians in the American War 585
EDMUND BURKE 588
The Sublime and Beautiful Compared 590
Account of his Son's Death 591
The British Monarchy 592
Marie Antoinette, Queen of France 592
LETTERS OF JUNIUS 593

Lecture the Twenty-Fifth.

JOSEPH ADDISON—AMBROSE PHILIPS—JOHN PHILIPS—THOMAS PARNELL—WILLIAM SOMERVILLE—THOMAS TICKELL.

THE authors with whom we are at present engaged, were considered, during the whole of the eighteenth century, the best that England ever produced. The reign of Queen Anne was styled the Augustine Era of English Literature, on account of its supposed resemblance, in intellectual opulence, to the reign of the Emperor Augustus. This opinion is not, however, followed in the present age. The praise due to good sense, and a correct and polished style, is allowed to the prose writers, and that due to a felicity in painting artificial life, is awarded to the poets; but modern critics seem to have agreed to pass over these qualities as of secondary moment, and to hold in greater estimation the writings of the times preceding the Restoration, as being more boldly original, both in style and in thought, more imaginative and more sentimental. The sentiment to which we here allude is stated in the Edinburgh Review in the following passage:—'Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy, no pathos, and no enthusiasm; and as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, and seasonable; but for the most part, cold, timid, and superficial. Writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen, and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison.'

While there is general truth in these remarks, it must, at the same time, be observed that the age produced several writers, who, each in his own line, may be called extraordinary. Satire, expressed in forcible and copious language, was certainly, as we have already observed, carried to its utmost height of excellence, by Swift. The art of describing the manners, and discussing the morals of the passing age, was practiced for the first time, with unrivalled felicity, by Addison. The poetry of elegant and artificial life was exhibited, with a degree of perfection never since attained, by Pope. And with all the licentiousness of Congreve and Farquhar, it may be fairly said that pure English comedy was, in their hands, what it had never been before, and has scarcely, in any instance, been since. It was, in some respects, a disadvantage to the poets of this period that most of them enjoyed a considerable degree of worldly prosperity and importance, such as has rarely blessed the community of authors. Some filled high diplomatic and other official stations, and others were engaged in schemes of political ambition, where offices of state and the supremacy of rival parties, not poetical or literary laurels, were the prizes contended for. Constant and familiar intercourse with the great on the part of authors, has a tendency to fix the mind on the artificial distinctions and pursuits of society, and to induce a tone of thought and study adapted to such associates. It is certain that high thoughts and imaginings can be nursed only in solitude; and though poets may gain in taste and correctness by mixing in courtly circles, the native vigor and originality of genius, and the steady worship of truth and nature, must be impaired by such a course of refinement. It is evident that most of the poetry of this period, exquisite as it is in gayety, polish, and sprightliness of fancy, possesses none of the lyrical grandeur and enthusiasm which redeem so many errors in the older poets. The French taste is visible in most of its strains; and where excellence is attained, it is not in the delineation of strong passions, or in bold fertility of invention, but in the lesser graces and excellencies of art. Of this school Addison was one of the most prominent members.

Joseph Addison was born at Milston, in Wiltshire, on the first of May, 1672, and was the son of the Reverend Lancelot Addison, rector of that parish. The rudiments of his education he received at home under his father's own immediate supervision; and in the tenth year of his age he was sent to Salisbury, and committed to the care of Mr. Taylor, master of the Salisbury grammar-school. In 1683, when Addison was in the twelfth year of his age, his father, being made dean of Litchfield, removed thither, and placed his son with a Mr. Shaw; from whose school, however, he soon after removed to the school of the Chartreux, where he remained until he had completed his preparation for the university. 'At Chartreux,' as Johnson observes, 'he contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which their joint labors have so effectually recorded.'

In 1687, Addison entered Queen's College, Oxford, and immediately applied himself with such unremitting devotion to classical studies, that he soon far excelled all his classmates. Before he had been in college two years, he produced some Latin verses, which, by accident, fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, afterward provost of the college, and were by him regarded to be of such rare excellence, that he recommended the youthful author to a scholarship in Magdalen College, where he remained till he had taken both the bachelor's and master's degree. As a writer of Latin poetry, Addison became eminent before he left Oxford; and the peculiar merit of his compositions in that language consisted in their entire originality. He did not confine himself to the imitation of any ancient author, but formed his style from the general language, such as a diligent perusal of the productions of different ages would naturally produce. His three principal pieces are, *The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes*, *The Barometer*, and *A Bowling-green.*

In his twenty-second year, Addison produced his first English poem in the form of an address to Dryden; and soon after published a translation of the greater part of Virgil's Fourth Georgic, upon Bees, with which Dryden was so much pleased, that he paid the youthful poet the compliment to say, in allusion to his own translations, 'my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving.' The address to Dryden opens with the following lines:—

How long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

These performances created an intimacy between the veteran poet and the youthful aspirant, and the latter was accordingly induced to compose the arguments prefixed to the several books of the former's translation of Virgil, and also to write an essay on the Georgics. Neither of these productions though elegantly written, exhibit much of the scholar's learning, or the critic's penetration. In the following year, Addison published *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, in a poem of about one hundred and fifty lines, addressed to Dr. Sacheverell, and containing sketches of Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Waller, and others. The subdued and frigid character of Spenser in this 'Account,' plainly shows that Addison wanted both the fire and the fancy of the poet.

About this time Addison was introduced to Montague, then chancellor of the Exchequer; and through his influence, according to Tickell, he was diverted from his original design of entering into holy orders. Montague alleged as his reason the corruption of men who engaged in civil employments without liberal education; and declared, 'that though he was represented as an enemy to the church, he would never do it any injury but by withholding Addison from it.' In 1695, Addison addressed *A Poem to His Majesty, Presented to the Lord Keeper*. This must be confessed to be a tame and common-place production; but Lord Somers, then the keeper of the great seal, was gratified with the compliment, and thenceforth became one of the poet's steadiest patrons. Soon after appeared his Latin verses on the treaty of Ryewick, which he dedicated to Montague, and which is really a vigorous and elegant performance.

In 1699, Addison obtained, through the influence of Somers, an annual pension of three hundred pounds, to enable him to travel on the continent. Having spent a year at Blois, in order to learn the French language, he thence passed to Italy, which he surveyed with the eye of a poet. While he was travelling in the latter country, apparently at leisure, he was far from being idle; for he not only collected the observations which he afterward published, but found time to write his *Dialogues on Medals*, to store his mind with the materials which he afterward so beautifully elaborated in his *Cato*, and to address to Lord Halifax, *A Letter from Italy*, which is the most elegant and animated of all his poetical productions. The classic ruins of Rome, the heavenly figures of Raphael, the river Tiber, and the streams 'immortalized in song,' and all the golden groves and flowery meadows of Italy, seemed to have raised his fancy and brightened his expressions. There is, also, a strain of political thinking in the Letter, that was then new to English poetry. To sustain these remarks, we present the following extract:—

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;[1]
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows. * *
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbra's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies. * *
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?

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[1] Malone states that this was the first time the phrase *classic ground*, since so common, was ever used. It was ridiculed by some contemporaries as very quaint and affected.

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
O liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight:
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Addison returned to England in 1702, but by the death of King William, which had just previously occurred, he was deprived of his pension, and left entirely unprovided for. In 1705 he published his *Travels in Italy*, the first reception of which was any thing but flattering. The elegance of the language, and the pleasing alternation of prose and verse, soon, however, won for it so great favor with the public, that before it was reprinted it rose to five times the original price. The victory of Blenheim, in 1704, spread delight through every part of England; and the lord treasurer Godolphin, in order to perpetuate the fame of that great event, desired Addison to 'gazette it' in verse. Addison immediately entered upon the task, and when he had advanced as far as the simile of the angel, he communicated it to the treasurer, who was so much pleased with the work, that he at once appointed the poet to the place of commissioner of appeals, just then vacated by the promotion of Locke. This poem placed Addison upon the very pinnacle of fame; and the following extract will show that the performance is certainly not without merit:—

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,

Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
Europe's loud cries, that providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
No fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'T was then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

In the following year Addison accompanied Lord Halifax to Hanover, and the year after was made under-secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, and afterward to the Earl of Sunderland. While thus occupied he found leisure to compose his opera of *Rosamond*, and soon after produced his comedy of *The Drummer;* but neither of these pieces show a genius adapted to the stage. In 1709, the Marquis of Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison accompanied him as his secretary: he was also made keeper of the Irish records, with an annual salary of three hundred pounds. The office was little more than nominal, and the salary was augmented for his accommodation.

While Addison was thus employed in Ireland, Steele, without communicating his design, began the publication of the 'Tatler,' which, after a brief space, was succeeded by the 'Spectator.' It was now that Addison entered upon his brilliant career as an essayist; and by his papers in the Tatler, Spectator, and 'Guardian,' left, in this delightful field of literature, all his contemporaries far behind him. In these papers he first displayed that chaste and delicate humor, refined observation, and knowledge of the world, which form his most distinguishing characteristics; and in his *Vision of Merza*, his *Reflections in Westminster Abbey*, and other of his graver essays, he evinced a more poetical imagination, and deeper vein of feeling, than his previous writings had at all indicated.

In 1713, Addison finished his tragedy of *Cato*, and immediately brought it upon the stage. Though deficient in dramatic interest, yet in consequence of the peculiar state of party feelings at the time, its popularity was unbounded. Steele, Hughes, Young, Tickell, and Philips, vied with each other in the bestowment of their encomiastic verses upon the author; and the queen even, expressed a wish that the tragedy should be dedicated to her: but Addison had previously designed this honor for his friend Tickell, and, therefore, to avoid giving offence, either to his loyalty or his friendship, he published it without any dedication. The popularity of 'Cato' was not confined to the author's own country: the play was soon translated into French, Italian, and German, and was performed by the Jesuits in their college of St. Omers. The structure of this tragedy is, perhaps, more nearly perfect than that of any other in the language. The unities of time and place are perfectly preserved, and the entire outline is complete; but, unfortunately, the action of the drama is proportionately retarded. 'Cato,' abounds in generous and patriotic sentiments, is sonorous in diction, and contains passages of great dignity; but the poet entirely fails to unlock the sources of human passion. It is a splendid and imposing work of art, with the grace, the majesty, and the coldness also, of a noble antique statue. The following soliloquy, in the first scene of the fifth act, is, perhaps, the best passage in the whole tragedy. The last nine lines, however, are exceedingly tame. Cato is alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the immortality of the soul in his hand, and a drawn sword on the table before him:—

SOLILOQUY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I 'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Addison was now at the height of his fame. He had long aspired to the hand of the countess-dowager of Warwick, whom he had first known by becoming tutor to her son; and he was united to that lady, in 1716. He, however, 'married discord in a noble wife.' His marriage was as unhappy as Dryden's marriage with Lady Elizabeth Howard had been. Both ladies awarded to their husbands, the 'heraldry of hands, not hearts,' and the fate of these poets should serve as beacons to warn other ambitious literary adventurers.

Addison received his highest political honor in 1719, when he was made secretary of state. He held this important office, however, but for a short time; for he wanted the physical boldness and ready resources of an effective public speaker, and was unable to defend his own measures in parliament. He, therefore, retired from the secretaryship with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, and resolved to devote the remainder of his life exclusively to literary pursuits. He planned a new version of the 'Psalms of David,' and a work on the *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, but did not live to complete either. He was oppressed by asthma and dropsy, and was, for some years, conscious that he should die at a comparatively early age. For this trying event he now deliberately prepared, and with what degree of sincerity is evident from the following incidents. He had injured Gay the poet, but in what way is unknown; and he, therefore, from his death-bed, sent for him, that he might obtain his forgiveness, and assure him, should his life be spared, that he would make every reparation in his power. He next requested an interview with the Earl of Warwick, whom he was anxious to reclaim from a dissipated and licentious course of life. 'I have sent for you,' said he, 'that you may see in what peace a Christian can die.' The mournful event thus calmly anticipated occurred at Holland House, on the seventeenth of June, 1719, before Addison had attained the forty-eighth year of his age.

A minute and critical review of the daily life of Addison, and of his intercourse with his literary associates, would have a tendency to diminish our reverence and affection for his character. His temper was jealous and taciturn; and the satire of Pope, that he could 'bear no rival near the throne,' seems to have been just and well founded. He was, however, a good man and a sincere Christian; and to this the uniform tendency of all his writings, bears abundant testimony. Of his poetry, to the poems already quoted, we add the following beautiful ode :—

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
  How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
  Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
  Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
  And breathed in tainted air

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
  Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
  And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
  How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
  In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
  And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
  O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
  Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
  My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
  High on the broken wave,

I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
  Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
  Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
  At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
  Shall join my soul to thee.

As a prose writer Addison has had few equals in the language. His style is natural and unaffected, easy and polite, and full of those graces peculiar to a vivid and flowing imagination. In thought and sentiment he is always pure, and his figures are almost uniformly delicate, accurate, and appropriate. If in any thing he is deficient, it is in strength. The following essay on the works of creation has always been regarded as one of his best productions :—

THE WORKS OF CREATION.

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection: 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?' In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought; I could not but look upon myself with secret horror as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves can not attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we can not forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it can not forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being, whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence: he can not but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sens sensoriola*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty can not but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. 'Oh that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I can not perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I can not behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I can not see him.' In short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he can not be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He can not but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

Ambrose and John Philips, Thomas Parnell, William Somerville, and Thomas Tickell next claim our attention.

AMBROSE PHILIPS was of an ancient Leicestershire family, and was born in 1671. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and while at the university acquired some notoriety as a writer of *Pastorals*. On leaving the university he repaired to London, and soon became conspicuous among the wits of the town. Sir Richard Steele was his particular friend, and inserted, with unmeasured praise, the following poem in the 'Tatler,' written by Philips at Copenhagen, in 1709, and addressed to the Earl of Dorset:—

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite,
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,

By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
  No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
  And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear,
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow:
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow,
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yields,
Seemed polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
  When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

Philip's pastorals, though more natural, are, in every other respect, much inferior to those of Pope. But he was an elegant versifier, and the following fragment, translated from Sappho, is a poetical gem so brilliant that Warton thought Addison must have assisted in its composition:—

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'T was this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast,
For while I gazed in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

On the accession of George the First to the throne, Philips was made commissioner of the collieries; and when Dr. Boulter became archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, the poet accompanied the prelate to that country, and there soon after rose to very considerable preferments. In 1748, having acquired some property, he purchased an annuity of four hundred pounds, and returned to London, there to pass the remainder of his life in ease; but his health soon after failed, and he died in the following year.

Besides various other poems and translations, Philips was the author of three dramas, *The Distressed Mother*, *The Briton*, and *Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*; But as their merit is not above mediocrity, they require no farther notice.

John Philips was the son of Dr. Stephen Philips, and was born at Bampton, in Oxfordshire, on the thirteenth of December, 1676. His father was archdeacon of Salop, and minister of Bampton; and after the future poet had received the rudiments of his education, he was sent to Westminster school, where he was soon distinguished, not only for the superiority of his exercises, but for his civility and good-nature, which soon made him the idol of his school-fellows. While at school he became acquainted with the poets, both ancient and modern, and particularly admired Milton.

In 1694, Philips entered Christ Church College, Oxford, and soon became distinguished as an eminent genius, even among the most eminent of his college. His reputation was, however, confined to his friends and to the university, until he published, in 1703, the *Splendid Shilling*, which extended it to a much wider circle. This performance, by its novel character, raised his fame so high, that when all Europe resounded with the victory of Blenheim, he was, probably through indirect opposition to Addison, engaged, by the Tory party, to celebrate that great event for them. He would willingly have declined this task, but his friends insisted that he should perform it. The next year he produced his great work, the poem on *Cider*, in two books. This production was unusually successful, and continued long to be read as a happy imitation of Virgil's 'Georgics.' Becoming now more confident in his own abilities, Philips began to meditate a poem on the *Last Day*. This work he did not, however, live to finish. 'His diseases,' in the language of Dr. Johnson, 'a slow consumption and an asthma, put a stop to his studies, and on the fifteenth of February, 1708, at the beginning of his thirty-third year, put an end to life.' He was buried in the cathedral of Hereford; and a monument was afterward erected for him in Westminster Abbey, by Sir Simon Harcour, afterward lord chancellor of England.

Philips' life was brief, and his works few. The 'Splendid Shilling,' written to burlesque the style of Milton, has the merit of original design, but little more can be said in its praise; and to assert that 'Blenheim' is not below mediocrity, is as much as can be said in its favor. To the poem on 'Cider,' may be given this peculiar praise, that it is based in truth; that the precepts it contains are exact and just; and that while it is a book of entertainment, it is at the same time, a good manual for a gardener. It remains only for us to present a passage from this author's poems to complete the present sketch. We select the closing part of the 'Splendid Shilling.'

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop'd, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Of desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile, I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake;
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
  Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.

Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue?)
A horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus, a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till, cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless overwhelming! horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

Thomas Parnell was born in Dublin, in 1679. He was descended from an ancient family of Cheshire, who, after the Restoration, purchased an estate in Ireland, to which the poet became heir, together with their lands, in their native country. After the usual preparatory education, he entered, in the thirteenth year of his age, the university of Dublin, and in 1700 took his master's degree, immediately after which he was ordained deacon, though under the canonical age. About three years after he was ordained priest; and, in 1705, the bishop of Clogher conferred upon him the archdeaconry of that see. When the Whigs, toward the end of Queen Anne's reign, passed out of office, Parnell repaired to London and joined the Tory party, by whom he was regarded as an acquisition of strength. He had previously married Miss Anne Minchen, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments; but having the misfortune to lose her by death a few years after their union, he suffered the event to prey so deeply upon his mind as to hurry him into the habit of intemperance. But the vice could not have been either gross or notorious; for he afterward received, from Archbishop King, the vicarage of Finglass, in the diocese of Dublin, which was worth four hundred pounds a year. He did not, however, long enjoy this last preferment, as his death occurred at Chester, in the month of July, 1717, when on his way to Ireland.

Parnell seems to have been one of those poets who write from the mere love of writing. 'The compass of his poetry,' says Campbell, 'is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful.' His works are of a miscellaneous nature, consisting of translations, songs, hymns, epistles, and narratives. His most celebrated production is *The Hermit*—a poem familiar to most readers from their infancy. Its sweetness of diction and picturesque solemnity of style must always afford pleasure. His *Night Piece on Death* was indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's celebrated Elegy; but few persons of taste will be inclined to adopt such an opinion. In the 'Night Piece' the poet goes forth at midnight to the churchyard, and there meditates among the tombs:—

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie;
While through their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread,
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee, thy life possessed,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.'
Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thoughts disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame
(Which, ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

The poem, however, by which Parnell is chiefly known is the 'Hermit;' and did our limits permit, we should introduce it entire. As it is, we must be satisfied with a few of the opening paragraphs, merely to show the style.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair;
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then, near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried,
And 'Hail, my son!' the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.

We shall close this brief notice of Parnell with the following beautiful hymn:—

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky

With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?
  Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude 's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
  Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
  'T was thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.
Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight
With all the colours of delight;

While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature, sing.
  The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me;
They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
  Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, the author of *The Chase*, belongs to the poets of this period, but his works are now rarely read or consulted. He was a native of Warwickshire, and was born on a family estate called Edston, in 1682. He received his early education at Westminster school, from which he was sent to New College, Oxford, and there was afterwards elected to a fellowship. It does not appear that in the places of his education Somerville exhibited any uncommon proofs of genius, or attainments in literature. His powers were first displayed in the country, where he became distinguished, both as a poet, and a gentleman. His estate yielded him an income of fifteen hundred pounds a-year; but being generous, and even extravagant, he died in distressed circumstances, in 1742, and was buried at Wotton, near Henley-on-Arden.

Somerville wrote in a variety of strains, but in none with elevation sufficient to entitle him to greater praise than that of 'writing very well for a gentleman.' 'In his verses to Addison,' says Johnson, 'the couplet which mentions Clio is written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise: it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained.' Addison, it is well known, signed his papers in the Spectator, with the letters forming the name of Clio. The couplet alluded to, is as follows :—

When panting virtue her last efforts made
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

In welcoming Addison to the banks of the Avon, in Warwickshire, where he had purchased an estate, Somerville does not scruple to place him, as a poet, above Shakspeare :—

In heaven he sings; on earth your muse supplies
The important loss, and heals our weeping eyes;

Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
With equal genius, but superior art.

Ridiculous as this opinion is, it should be remembered that Voltaire and other French critics fell into the same error. The cold marble of 'Cato' was preferred by them to the living and breathing creations of the 'myriad-minded' magician.

'The Chase,' his great work, Somerville produced in mature age, 'when his ear,' in the language of Johnson, 'was improved to the approbation of blank verse.' To this poem a certain degree of praise must be awarded. It is allowed, by sportsmen, to exhibit the subject in a very intelligent manner, and to create all the interest that the theme is capable of. The author was, however, unfortunate in choosing blank verse as his measure; for every intelligent reader must be satisfied that rhyme would have been much more appropriate for so light and airy a subject. The following is an animated sketch of a morning in Autumn :—

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild, blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down,
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
Till grateful streams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids;
The toilet placed shall urge thee to perform
The important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked,
Their matins chant, nor brook thy long delay.
My courser hears their voice; see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing, he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cowed by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismissed, no limits can contain
The tumult raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play;
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gayeties express
Their inward ecstacy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay; men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

The friendship of Addison shed a reflected light on some of his contemporaries, and elevated them, in their own day, to very considerable importance. Tickell, perhaps, shared these advantages to a greater extent than any other.

Thomas Tickell was the son of Reverend Richard Tickell, and was born at Bridekirk, Cumberland, in 1686. In 1701, he became a member of Queen's College, Oxford; and in 1708, he was made master of arts, and two years after chosen to a fellowship, to retain which, as he did not enter into holy orders, he obtained a dispensation from the crown. When Addison went to Ireland as secretary, Tickell accompanied him, and was there employed in public business. After his return to London he published a translation of the first book of Homer's 'Iliad,' which Addison, and Tickell's other friends pronounced to be better than the translation of Pope, which immediately followed. This circumstance led to a breach of friendship between Addison and Pope, which was never afterwards healed. Addison continued to patronize Tickell, made him his under secretary of state, and left him the charge of publishing his works. In 1725, Tickell was made secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a place of great honor and trust, and which he continued to hold till his death, which occurred at Bath, on the twenty-third of April, 1740.

As a poet, Tickell possessed great elegance, and tenderness, but he was deficient in variety and force. His *Elegy on the death of Addison* is considered, by Johnson, one of the most elegant and sublime funeral poems in the language. Steele, however, regarded it as merely 'prose in rhyme.' In our judgment his ballad of *Colin and Lucy* is worth all his other works together. It possesses the simplicity and pathos of the elder lyrics, without their too frequent coarseness and abrupt transitions. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we here give it a place :—

COLIN AND LUCY.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair
  Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor ne'er did Liffy's limpid stream
  Reflect so sweet a face.

Till luckless love and pining care
  Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
  And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
  When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
  Her life was near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
  Take heed ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
  Ye perjured swains! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
  A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking, at her window thrice
  The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
  The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
  The virgins, weeping round:

'I hear a voice you can not hear,
  Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you can not see,
  Which beckons me away.

By a false heart and broken vows
  In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
  Was thrice as rich as I?

Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
  Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,
  Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
  Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
  That Lucy will be there.

Then bear my corse, my comrades! bear,
  This bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
  I in my winding sheet.'

She spoke; she died. Her corpse was borne
  The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
  She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
  How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
  And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
  At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedewed his brow;
  He shook, he groaned, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
  The varying crimson fled,
When stretched before her rival's corpse
  She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
  Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
  Forever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
  And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
  They deck the sacred green.

But, swain foresworn! whoe'er thou art,
  This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
  And fear to meet him there.

From the 'Elegy' we extract the following lines, which we consider the best it contains :—

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs graced with scars, and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a noble guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
  In what new region to the just assigned,
What new employments please the embodied mind?
A winged virtue through the ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly;
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mixed with wilder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius! lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part no more.
  That awful form, which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be loved, and still deplored by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or roused by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
The unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;

If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His step o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'T was there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or raised some serious song;
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
   Thou hill! whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

Lecture the Twenty-Sixth.

ALEXANDER POPE—JOHN GAY—SIR SAMUEL GARTH—SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE—ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSIA—MATTHEW GREEN—ALLAN RAMSAY.

CONTEMPORARY with the poets who occupied our attention during the last two lectures, and united in friendship and in fame with Swift, one of the most conspicuous of them, was Alexander Pope—a poet, the ease, fluency, and accuracy of whose numbers, has placed him at the very head of the class to which he belongs.

ALEXANDER POPE was the son of a respectable draper, and was born in the city of London, on the twenty-second of May, 1688. Being, from his infancy, of a very delicate frame, he was taught to read at home, by a maiden aunt, and he learned to write by imitating the letters of the little school manual from which he had learned them, and the other primary works that the studies of his childhood placed in his hands. His father, having acquired an independent fortune, retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, and as he belonged to the Roman Church, the future poet was placed under the care of one Taverner, the family priest, by whom he was taught the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages, at the same time. From Taverner's care, Pope was removed to a Catholic seminary at Twyford, near Winchester, and thence to a school near Hyde Park Corner; but he must have been very unfortunate in his teachers, or of uncertain temper; for before he had reached the twelfth year of his age, he quit school altogether, returned to his father's house, and resolved to educate himself.

But we are not to infer that he was inattentive to his studies; for the whole of his early life was that of a severe student. He was a poet in his childhood; and in reference to this circumstance he remarks—

As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

Pope early read the works of Spenser, Waller, and Dryden, but he greatly preferred those of the latter; and while a mere boy prevailed upon a friend to accompany him to a celebrated coffee-house, which Dryden was in the habit of frequenting, that he might have the gratification of seeing an author whom he so enthusiastically admired. His first serious poetic efforts were in the epic and the dramatic way; but a little reflection convinced him that these productions were not worth preserving, and he therefore destroyed them. In 1704, when only sixteen years of age, he wrote his *Pastorals* and his *Imitations of Chaucer*. These performances placed him before his friends as an author, and introduced him to the acquaintance of the most eminent literary men of the day. The 'Pastorals' were confined to private circulation until 1709, when they were published in the same volume with those of Philips.

In 1711, when Pope was in the twenty-third year of his age, appeared his *Essay on Criticism*, though it is said to have been written two years earlier. This is, perhaps, the finest piece of argumentative poetry in the English language. The maturity of judgment that it exhibits is truly wonderful. The author's style was now thoroughly formed. His versification was based upon that of Dryden, but he gave to the heroic couplet a peculiar grace and melody as will at once be perceived from the following passage:—

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind
Pride, when Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

The 'Essay on Criticism' was soon followed by the *Rape of the Lock*, which is, in the judgment of Dr. Johnson, 'the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful, of all Pope's compositions.' The circumstance which elicited the poem was the following :—Lord Petre, the lover of a celebrated beauty, Miss Arabella Fermor, playfully stole a lock of her hair —an act that assumed so offensive an aspect to the lady and her friends that it caused an estrangement between the families. Pope's design in writing his poem was to turn the whole affair into a jest, 'and laugh them together again ;' but though he did not succeed in effecting that object, yet, by the effort, he added greatly to his own reputation.

The machinery of the poem, founded upon the Rosicrucian theory, that the elements are inhabited by spirits, which they called sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, was added at the suggestion of Dr. Garth and some other of his friends. Sylphs had been previously mentioned as invisible attendants on the fair, and the idea is shadowed forth in Shakspeare's 'Ariel,' and the amusements of the fairies in the 'Midsummer Nights' Dream.' But Pope has blended the most delicate satire with the most lively fancy, and produced the most brilliant mock-heroic-poem ever written. The following descriptions of the lady's toilet, and of Belinda are fair specimens of the work :—

And now, unvailed, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

DESCRIPTION OF BELINDA.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazer strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you 'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The *Temple of Fame*, and the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, were next published; and in 1713, appeared his *Windsor Forest*, which was chiefly written as early as 1704. The latter poem was evidently founded on Denham's 'Cooper's Hill,' but it far excels the original. Pope was, properly speaking, no mere descriptive poet. He made the picturesque subservient to views of historical events, or to sketches of life and morals. Most of the 'Windsor Forest' being composed in his earlier years, amid the shades of those noble woods which he selected for the theme of his verse, there is, in this poem, a greater display of sympathy with external objects, than in any of his other works. The lawns and glades of the forest, the russet plains, and blue hills, and even the 'purple dyes of the wild heath,' had deeply impressed his young imagination. His account of the dying pheasant is a finished picture :—

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Oh! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes;

The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold!

In 1713, the period to which our remarks have now brought us down, Pope commenced the translation of the 'Iliad.' At first the gigantic task which he had undertaken oppressed him with its difficulty, but he gradually became more familiar with the language and imagery of the original, and in a short time was able to write fifty lines a day. From this translation he realized nearly six thousand pounds; but his fame was not advanced in an equal proportion by his labors as a translator. The facility of his rhyme, the additional false ornaments which he imparted to the ancient Greek, and his departure from the nice discrimination of character and speech which prevails in Homer, are faults now universally admitted. Cowper, therefore, justly remarks, that the Iliad and Odyssey in Pope's hands 'have no more the air of antiquity than if he had himself invented them.' The success which attended the Iliad led to the translation of the Odyssey; but Pope now called in his friends, Broome and Fenton, to aid him. The labor was so arranged that the assistants performed one half of the task, but the compensation for the work was by no means so equally shared. Fenton, who was a poor country tutor, received three hundred pounds, and Broome, five hundred; while Pope obtained from his contract nearly three thousand.

Pope's Homeric labors lasted twelve years; and such was the improvement which his pecuniary resources derived from them, that he was enabled to remove from the shades of Windsor Forest to a situation nearer the metropolis. He purchased the lease of a house and grounds at Twickenham, to which he removed, with his father and mother, and where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life. This classic spot which Pope delighted to improve, and where he was visited by ministers of state, by wits, by poets, and by beauties, now bears few marks of its former elegance and taste.

In 1716, while Pope was engaged in his translation of the Iliad, he wrote, during a visit to Oxford, the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*—a production which is the most highly poetical and passionate of all his works. The delicacy of the poet, in vailing over the circumstances of the story, and at the same time preserving the ardor of Eloisa's passion, the beauty of his imagery and descriptions, the exquisite melody of his versification, rising and falling like the tones of an Eolian harp, as he successively portrays the tumults of guilty love, the deepest penitence, and the highest devotional rapture, have scarcely ever been equalled. What could be sweeter than the following lines?—

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?

Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
  Dear, fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his loved idea lies:
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
  Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn!
Ye grots and caverns shagged with horrid thorn!
Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep!
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
  Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name forever sad, forever dear;
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear!
I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quenched the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
  Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine!
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer:
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

If less genial tastes, and a love of satire withdrew Pope from those fountain-springs of the Muse, it was evidently from no want of power in the poet to display the richest hues of imagination, or the finest impulses of the human heart.

In 1733, he published his *Essay on Man*, the subject having been suggested to him by Lord Bolingbroke. The 'Essay' was intended as part of a system of ethics in verse, which the poet had projected: it is now read, not for its philosophy, but for its poetry. Its metaphysical distinctions are neglected for those splendid passages and striking incidents which irradiate the whole poem. In lines like the following, he speaks with a mingled sweetness and dignity, superior even to his great master Dryden :—

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk on milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill a humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
Nor fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

The poetic labors of Pope during the last few years of his life were confined chiefly to satire. In 1727, he had published, in conjunction with Swift, three volumes of *Miscellanies* in prose and verse, which drew down, upon the authors, a torrent of invectives and lampoons, and which eventually led to the production of Pope's *Dunciad*. This elaborate satire displays the fertile invention of the poet, the variety of his illustration, and the force and facility of his diction; but the work is now read with a feeling more allied to pity than to admiration—pity that one so highly gifted should have allowed himself to descend to things so mean, and to devote the close of a great literary life to the infliction of unnecessary pain on every humble aspirant in the world of letters. 'I have often wondered,' says Cowper, 'that the same poet who wrote the 'Dunciad' should have written these lines :—

That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Alas for Pope, if the mercy he showed to others was the measure of the mercy he received.'

Pope's satire is very different from that of Dryden. It is neither so keen nor so bright. Whom he attacks, he butchers; whom he cuts, he mangles. He shows us not the lifeless corpse of his victim, but the writhings and the tortured limbs. For the object of Dryden's satire we never feel any thing like sympathy. His fiat seems the fiat of unerring justice, which it would be almost impiety to dispute. Pope exhibits more of the accuser than of the judge. Petty interests and personal malice, instead of love of justice, and hatred of vice, appear to be the powers which nerve his arm. The victim is sure to fall beneath his blow, but the deed, however righteous, inspires us with no regard for the executioner.

Sir Walter Scott has very justly remarked that Pope must have suffered more from these wretched contentions than his antagonists. It is well-known that his temper was ultimately much changed for the worse. Misfortunes were also now gathering round him. Swift, his dearest friend, was fast verging on insanity, and was lost to the world. Atterbury and Gay died in 1732; and soon after his venerable mother, whose declining years he had watched with such affectionate solicitude, also expired. To this accumulation of sorrows we may add an important political event. The anticipated approach of the Pretender induced the government to issue a proclamation prohibiting every Roman Catholic from appearing within ten miles of London. Pope complied with the proclamation; and he was soon afterward too ill to be in town. This 'additional proclamation from the Highest of all Powers,' as he termed his sickness, he submitted to without murmuring. A constant state of excitement, added to a life of ceaseless study and contemplation, operating on a frame naturally delicate, and even deformed from birth, had completely exhausted the sinking poet's powers. He complained of want of ability to think; yet a short time before his death he said, 'I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition.' Another of his dying remarks was, 'There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue.' Pope died at Twickenham, on the thirtieth of May, 1744, having just passed the fifty-sixth year of his age.

As a poet, it would be improper to rank Pope with those great masters of the lyre—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. He belongs to the school of Dryden, and was more the poet of artificial life and manners, than the poet of nature. In comparing his versification with that of his great master, it is difficult to determine to which the preference belongs. In ease and sweetness, Pope has the advantage; but in majesty and power, Dryden left our versification at a point from which it has since rather receded than advanced. Pope, it is true, levelled and polished it; but he levelled the rocks that impelled, as well as the stones that impeded its majestic current, and he polished away much of its grandeur, as well as of its roughness. Pope, however, had a finer fancy than Dryden, and we are almost inclined to say, in opposition to the popular opinion, that he possessed more genius. We know of nothing so original and imaginative in the whole range of Dryden's poetry as the 'Rape of the Lock;' no descriptions of nature that can compare with those in the 'Windsor Forest;' and nothing so tender and feeling as many parts of the 'Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady,' and the 'Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard.' With that 'Elegy,' and the *Messiah*, we shall close our remarks upon this interesting author :—

ELEGY ON AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confined to their own palace sleep.
From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits;
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way),
Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steeled
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For other's good, or melt at other's woe.
What can atone (O ever injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.
  So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
  Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Even he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

THE MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!

See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks: ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf: and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe:
No sigh, no murmur, the wild world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand or in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,

And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs.
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflows thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

JOHN GAY was one of the most intimate friends and constant associates of Swift and Pope, and was the most artless and best beloved of all their circle of wits and poets. He was descended from the ancient family of the Le Gays of Oxford, and was born at Barnstable, Devonshire, in 1688. A number of the years of his boyhood were spent at the free school of his native town, under the instruction of a Westminster scholar, by whom his mind was imbued with a just taste for classical learning; but his father being in reduced circumstances, the future poet was apprenticed to a silk mercer, in London. This step was taken without consulting his taste or temper. The shop soon became his aversion; he was seldom seen in it; and in a few years his master, upon the offer of a small consideration, willingly released him from the terms of his indentures, and left him to follow his own inclinations. Poetry, for which he had already shown some talent, now became his delight; and he resolved that his muse should no longer be neglected. He was fortunately introduced to Dean Swift and Pope, both of whom were struck with the open sincerity and undisguised simplicity of his manners, and the sweetness of his temper.

In 1711, Gay first appeared as an author, in the publication of his *Rural Sports*, a descriptive poem, dedicated to Pope. In this early poem he thus indicates his happiness at being emancipated from the drudgery of a shop:—

But I, who ne'er was blessed by Fortune's hand,
Nor brightened ploughshares in paternal land;
Long in the noisy town have been immured,
Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured.
Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And soothed my harassed mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.

In the following year Gay obtained the appointment of secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, and was warmly congratulated by Pope on his good fortune. He soon after published his *Shepherd's Week in Six Pastorals.* This work was designed to ridicule the pastorals of Ambrose Philips; but it was found to contain so much genuine comic humor, and so many entertaining pictures of country life, that it became popular, not as a satire, but on account of its intrinsic merit, as affording 'a prospect of his own country.' The 'Shepherd's Week' was almost immediately followed by *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, and *The Fan*, a poem in three books. The former of these productions is in the mock-heroic style, and gives a graphic account of the dangers and impediments to be, at that time, encountered in traversing the narrow, crowded, ill-lighted, and vice-infested thoroughfares of the metropolis. His paintings of city life are in the Flemish style, low and familiar, but correctly and forcibly drawn. The following sketch of the frequenters of book-stalls in the streets, may still be verified:—

Volumes on sheltered stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown;
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers at leisure learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tattered page,
A mildewed Bacon, or Statgyra's sage:
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;
Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold;
And Squirts[1] read Garth till apozems grow cold.

In 1713, he produced a comedy entitled *The Wife of Bath;* but it proved unsuccessful. Lord Clarendon having been about this time appointed envoy-extraordinary to the court of Hanover, Gay relinquished his connection with the Monmouth family, and accompanied him thither as his secretary. This situation was obtained for him through the direct influence of his friends; but the death of the queen, which happened soon after, closed the embassy, and Gay, in 1714, returned to England. Ambitious of court favor, he now wrote a poem on the princess, which was so well received by the royal family that when he brought out his farce, *What D'ye Call It*, they publicly patronized it. This piece was eminently successful, and the author was stimulated to another dramatic attempt of a similar nature, entitled *Three Hours After Marriage.* Some personal satire and indecent dialogues in this play, at once sealed its fate; and Gay, being afraid that Pope and Arburthnot would be injured from their supposed connection with it, magnanimously took 'all the shame to himself.' The failure of this play so deeply affected him that he remained oppressed and dejected for some years; but in 1720, he published his poems by subscription, and cleared, by the publication, a thousand pounds. He now embarked extensively in the South Sea stock speculation, and soon lost, by that fatal delusion, his entire property, which amounted to nearly twenty thousand pounds. This serious calamity only prompted to farther literary exertions. In 1724, he brought out another drama called *The Captives*, the success of which was very moderate; and in two years after he produced a volume of fables, designed for the special improvement of the Duke of Cumberland. The accession of the prince and princess to the throne promised well for the fortunes of Gay; but the only situation offered him was that of gentleman usher to one of the young princesses; and considering this an insult, he at once rejected it.

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[1] Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy in Garth's 'Dispensary.'

In 1726, Swift, while on a visit to London, suggested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral, in which the characters should be thieves and highwaymen, and the *Beggar's Opera* was the result. The variety and spirit of the piece, and the intermixture of song and sentiment with vice and roguery, still render the 'Beggar's Opera,' a favorite with the public; but as the author has succeeded in making highwaymen agreeable, and even attractive, the work can not be commended for its moral tendency. The opera had a run of sixty-three nights, and became the rage of both town and country. Its success had also the effect of giving rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy continued by songs and music, which for a time supplanted the Italian opera, with all its exotic and elaborate graces. Gay wrote a sequel to the 'Beggar's Opera,' under the title of *Polly;* but as it was supposed to contain sarcasms on the court, the lord chamberlain prohibited its representation. The poet, therefore, had recourse to publication; and such was the activity of his friends, and the effect of party spirit, that while he realized from the 'Beggar's Opera' only four hundred pounds, 'Polly' produced a clear profit of nearly twelve hundred. Gay passed the remainder of his life with his kind friends and patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, and died at their residence, of an inflammatory fever, on the fourth of December, 1732. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and a chaste monument still points out the spot where his ashes repose.

The works of Gay have not retained the popularity that they once possessed. He has all the licentiousness of Prior, without his elegance. His fables are still, however, the best we possess; and though they have not the nationality, or rich humor and archness of those of La Fontaine, still the subjects of them are light and pleasing, and the versification, smooth and correct. In the *Court of Death* he aims at a higher order of poetry than in his fables generally, and marshals his 'diseases dire' with a strong and gloomy power. *Black-Eyed Susan*, and the ballad beginning ''Twas when the seas were roaring,' are full of characteristic tenderness and lyrical melody.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thundered from the throne:
  'This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.'
All, at the word stretched forth their hand.
  Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed:
  'I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.'
  Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppresт,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
  A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
  ''Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy.
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.'
  Stone urged his overgrowing force;
And next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferred:
  'Let none object my lingering way;
I gain, like Fabius, by delay:
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure though slow.'
  Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand.
Now expectation hushed the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:
'Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest
(Whom wary men as foes detest),
Forego your claim. No more pretend;
Intemperance is esteemed a Friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.'

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So sweet the lark high poised in the air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They 'll tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
  Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
  Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
  William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
  The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
  They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! she cries, and waved her lily hand.

A BALLAD.

'T was when the seas were roaring
  With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
  All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
  She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
  That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
  And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
  Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
  And let my lover rest:
Ah! what 's thy troubled motion
  To that within my breast?

The merchant robbed of pleasure,
  Sees tempest in despair;
But what 's the loss of treasure,
  To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
  Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
  But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
  Has nothing made in vain;
Why then, beneath the water,
  Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
  That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
  And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
  Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
  Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping
  His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
  She bowed her head, and died.

Of the poetical writers of this period we have still to notice, though we shall be compelled to do so with great brevity, Garth, Blackmore, Green, the Countess of Winchelsea, and the distinguished Scottish poet, Allan Ramsay.

Samuel Garth was of a good family, in Yorkshire, but the period of his birth has not been preserved. From some school in his native county he was sent to Peterhouse College, Cambridge, where he continued to reside till 1691, when he took the degree of doctor of medicine. He immediately after removed to London, was admitted a fellow of the medical college of that city, and soon became so distinguished for his conversational powers and other accomplishments, as to obtain a very extensive practice. He was a kind and benevolent man, as well as a great admirer of his own profession; and in 1696, he published *The Dispensary*, a poem, to aid the college of physicians in a contest in which they were then engaged with the apothecaries. 'The latter had ventured to *prescribe* as well as *compound* medicines; and the physicians, to surpass them in popularity, advertised that they would give advice *gratis* to the poor, and established a dispensary of their own for the sale of cheap medicines.'

Though a devoted whig, Garth was the benevolent patron of merit wherever found. He early fostered the genius of Pope, and when Dryden died, delivered a Latin funeral oration over his remains. With Addison, he was, politically and personally, on terms of the closest intimacy. When, in 1713, 'Cato' was brought upon the stage, he, at the author's solicitation, wrote the epilogue, which closes with the following fine lines:—

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in his chains;
Sighs with success their own soft language tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

On the accession of the House of Hanover, Dr. Garth was knighted by George the First, but he did not long live to enjoy this honor, as his death occurred soon after, January the eighteenth, 1718.

The 'Dispensary,' Sir Samuel Garth's principal poem, is a mock-heroic, in six cantos. Some of the leading apothecaries of the day are happily ridiculed; but the interest of the satire has passed away, and the work did not contain enough of the *life* of poetry to preserve it from oblivion. The following address, from a keen apothecary, is a fair specimen of the style and versification of the poem:—

Could'st thou propose that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst Russel, as we please, or starves or thrives,
Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out of consultation scarce can skill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth Street, Versailles, with riding-hoods;
The sick to the Hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air,
Our properties must on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
  To die, is landing on some sllent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempest roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought the insults of death defy;
The fools through blessed insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Richard Blackmore was the son of an attorney, and was born at Corsham in Wiltshire, but in what year is unknown. Having been for some time instructed at a country school, he was sent, at the age of thirteen, to Westminster, and thence entered Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he remained till he took the degree of master of arts. He afterward travelled in Italy, and was made a doctor of medicine at the university of Padua. On his return to his native country he commenced the practice of his profession, and soon rose to eminence as a physician. He was knighted by King William, and made censor of the medical college of London.

In 1695, Sir Richard published an epic poem entitled *Prince Arthur*, which he says he wrote 'amidst the duties of his profession, in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets,' and which Dryden charged him with writing 'to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels.' Blackmore afterward wrote a number of other epic poems, all of which have sunk into oblivion except one on the *Creation*, which Johnson says, 'wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction.' Addison admired this poet's irreproachable private character, and extended his particular friendship to him. Blackmore died on the eighth of October, 1729.

The design of the 'Creation,' by far his best performance, was to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind. The author recites the proof of a Deity from natural and physical phenomena, and afterward reviews the systems of the Epicureans and the Fatalists; concluding with a hymn to the Creator of the world. The piety of Blackmore is everywhere apparent in his writings; but the genius of poetry too often evaporates amid his common-place illustrations and prosing declamation. The following passage, addressed to the disciples of Lucretius, exhibits this author's style under its most favorable aspect:—

You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds;
Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds;
Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?
The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
And all its face in flowery scenes displayed:
The glebe untilled might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn:
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crowned, have honoured all the plains:
This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
Who formed the spacious universe designed
That man, from labour free, as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But he his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.
  But while insulting you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand;
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
No perfect statue yield, no basse relieve,
Or finished column for the palace give.
Yet if from hills unlaboured figures come,
Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, belongs to this period, but of her life and history very little is known. She was the daughter of Sir James Kingsmill of Southampton, and died in 1720. The *Nocturnal Reverie*, her principal poem, is full of calm and contemplative observation, and the versification is sweet and flowing. 'It is remarkable,' says Wordsworth, 'that, excepting 'The Nocturnal Reverie,' and a passage or two in the 'Windsor Forest of Pope,' the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Seasons,' does not contain a single new image of external nature.'

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lovely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, formed for the owl's delight,
She, halloaing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly vail the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glow-worms, but in twilight fine
Show trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright;
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sun-burnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all 's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Or pleasures seldom reached again pursued.

Besides the 'Nocturnal Reverie,' the Countess wrote many other sweet poems, of which the following gem is a specimen :—

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

How gayly is at first begun
  Our life's uncertain race!
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
  Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
  How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pizgah, with a sweet surprise,
  Did more inviting show.

How soft the first ideas prove
  Which wander through our minds!
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move,
  As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but venal air,
  But April drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst beauty compensates our care,
  And youth such vapour clears.

But oh! too soon, alas! we climb,
  Scarce feeling we ascend
The gently-rising hill of Time,
From whence with grief we see that prime,
  And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
  Fond expectation past:
The thorns which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
  Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care 's a driving harm,
  That helps to bear us down;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear 's a winter storm,
  And every look 's a frown.

MATTHEW GREEN, the last English poet of the period that we are now contemplating, was born of dissenting parents, in 1696. His advantages of early education seem to have been limited, but by persevering application he raised himself to a position of respectability, and finally obtained a situation in the custom-house, where he remained until his death, which occurred in 1737.

Green's natural disposition was cheerful, but this did not prevent occasional attacks of low spirits or spleen; and having tried all imaginable remedies for the malady, he at length conceived himself able to treat it in a philosophical spirit, and, therefore, wrote *The Spleen*, a poem which adverts to all its forms, and their apposite remedies, in a style of comic verse resembling Hudibras, but which is still allowed to be eminently original. 'The Spleen,' was first published by Glover, the author of 'Leonidas;' Gray afterward remarked that 'even the wood-notes of Green often break out into strains of real poetry and music.' As this poem is comparatively little known to modern readers, we present a larger extract from it than we otherwise should.

CURES FOR MELANCHOLY.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.
  Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools— * *
Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshiping a calf;
Deep tragedies that make us laugh;
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense;
The popish dubbing of a priest;
Fine epithets on knaves deceased;
A miser starving to be rich;
The prior of Newgate's dying speech;
A jointured widow's ritual state;
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête;
New almanacs composed by seers;
Experiments on felon's ears;
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye;
A coquette's April-weather face;
A Queen 'brough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military show,
Are sovereign for the case in view.
  If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.
  In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.

In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit;
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipped discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather. * *
Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think we speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins. * *
Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease;
A gipsy diction scarce known well
By the magi, who law fortunes tell,
I shun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the spleen. * *
I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loath to lend or run in debt.
No Compter-writs we agitate;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And then mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclined,
Enters a caveat in the mind;
Experience, joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world 's a vast design:
Like those who tug a little boat
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
And once both wind and steam contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.
Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pulled against the tide.
He, paddling by the scoffing crowd,
Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed,

And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray. * *
Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press and equal laws. * *
  Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to spleen,
Most schemes, as money snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs a-ground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship. * *
  When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And show her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And, disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things that never were.

'The Scottish muse had,' in the language of Chambers, 'been silent for nearly a century, excepting when it found brief expression in some stray song of broad humor or simple pathos, chanted by the population of the hills and dales. The genius of the country was, however, at length revived in all its force and nationality, by Allan Ramsay, whose very name is now an impersonation of Scottish scenery and manners. The religious austerity of the Covenanters still hung over the country, and damped the efforts of poets and dramatists; but a freer spirit found its way into the towns, as trade and commerce increased. The higher classes were in the habit of visiting London, though the journey was still performed with much labor; and the writings of Pope and Swift were circulated, to a very considerable extent, over the North.'

Allan Ramsay was born in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire, in 1686. His father held the situation of manager of Lord Hopeton's mines; and when Allan became a poet, he boasted that he was of the 'auld descent' of the Dalhousie family, and also collaterally 'sprung from a Douglass loin.' His father died while the poet was in his infancy, but his mother, an English lady, put him to the village school, where he acquired learning enough to enable him to read Horace 'faintly in the original.' When in the fifteenth year of his age, he was put apprentice to a wig-maker, in Edinburgh —a light employment, suited to his slender frame and boyish smartness, but not very congenial to his literary taste. His first poem was written in the twenty-sixth year of his age; and was in the form of an address to the 'Easy Club,' a convivial society of young men, of which Allan was admitted a member, and became their poet laureate. He soon after wrote several light pieces which were extremely popular.

In 1712 Ramsay greatly extended his reputation by writing a continuation to King James's 'Christ's Kirk on the Green.' This work was executed with such genuine humor and fancy, and evinced such a mastery of the Scottish language, that nothing so rich had appeared since the strains of Dunbar and Lindsay. He now left off wig-making, and opened a bookseller's shop. He also became an editor, and published *The Tea Table Miscellany* and *The Evergreen.* The former was a collection of songs, some of which were his own; and the latter was a collection of Scottish poems written before 1600. He was not well qualified for editing works of this kind, being deficient in both knowledge and taste. In 1725 Ramsay published his celebrated pastoral drama, *The Gentle Shepherd.* This work was received with universal approbation, and was republished both in London and Dublin. He now opened a larger shop, and established a circulating library, the first known in Scotland. From this time Ramsay relinquished poetry, devoted himself carefully to his business, and eventually acquired a handsome independence. His death occurred on the seventh of January, 1758, and was occasioned by a scurvy of the gums—a disease that had long affected him.

Ramsay's poetical works are both numerous and various; but his reputation rests almost exclusively on 'The Gentle Shepherd.' This is really a very remarkable production. It possesses that air of primitive simplicity and seclusion which seem indispensable in compositions of this class, and its landscapes are filled with life-like beings, who interest us from their character, their situation, and their circumstances. It is, in the opinion of Blair, the finest pastoral drama ever written. Of this important poem our space limits us to the following brief extract:—

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

Hear how I served my lass I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leal.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I leaned, glowering about,
I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lee,
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
Her coats were keltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up for 'sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her e'en sae clear;
And oh! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffiing o'er the dewy green.

Blithsome I cried, 'My bonny Meg, come here.
I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer?
But I can guess, ye're gaun to gather dew.'
She scoused away, and said, 'What's that to you?'
'Then fare-ye-weel, Meg dorts, and e'en's ye like,'
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back.
Misca'd me first; then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then with great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth,
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very soul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Den Roger, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
Do you sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wud.

Lecture the Twenty-Seventh.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE — THOMAS SHADWELL — WILLIAM WYCHERLEY — MRS. APHRA BEHN—JOHN CROWNE—THOMAS OTWAY—NATHANIEL LEE—THOMAS SOUTHERNE—NICHOLAS ROWE.

IMMEDIATELY after the Restoration, Sir William Davenant, whom we have already noticed as a miscellaneous poet, revived the English drama, and imparted to its representation a degree of splendor that it had not hitherto known. He also introduced upon the stage some very important improvements, among which were female performers, the use of movable scenery, and appropriate decorations. Females had performed on the stage previous to the Restoration, and considerable splendor and variety of scenery had been exhibited in the court masques and revels; but the public had been familiar with neither, and they now, therefore, formed a great attraction. These powerful auxiliaries were not, however, brought in to enhance the effect of the good old dramas of the age of Elizabeth and James the First, and to add grace and splendor to the creations of Shakspeare and Jonson, but were lavished on the flimsy rhyming and heroic plays which had long been fashionable in France, and a taste for which had been brought over to England by Charles the Second, on his return from the continent. They exhibited little truth of coloring or natural passion, but dealt exclusively with personages in high life and of transcendent virtue or ambition; with fierce combats and splendid processions; with superhuman love and beauty; and with extended dialogues formed alternately of metaphysical subtlety and the most extravagant and bombastic expression. The heroic plays were all written in rhyme, and, according to Dryden, 'in the richest and most ornate kind of verse, and the farthest removed from ordinary colloquial diction.'

The comedies of the same period were constructed after the model of the Spanish stage, and adapted to the taste of the king, exhibiting a variety of complicated intrigues, successful disguises, and shifting scenes and adventures. The old native English virtues of sincerity, conjugal fidelity, prudence, and propriety, were held up to constant ridicule, as if amusement could be obtained only by obliterating the moral feelings and virtues. Dryden expressly ascribes the licentiousness of the stage to the example of the king; and if this be true, awful was the inheritance of vice which that monarch bequeathed to the English nation. In part, however, we should, perhaps, ascribe it to the ascetic puritanism which prohibited all public amusements during the time of the commonwealth. Had the puritans been satisfied with regulating and purifying the theatres they would have conferred a benefit on the whole nation; but by closing them entirely, and denouncing all public recreations, they provoked a counteraction in the taste and manners of the people, the overwhelming power of which was felt as soon as the restraints were removed.

As we descend toward the close of this period, dramatic literature becomes more polished and artificial, but unfortunately not less licentious. In tragedy, a few writers still possessed the power of stirring the passions, but their language is feeble, compared with that of the great dramatists; and their general style is low and unimpressive. In comedy the national taste is apparent in its faithful and witty delineations of polished life, of which the dramas of Wycherley, Congreve, and their associates, are full. The essays of Steele and Addison, published in the Tatler and the Spectator, tended greatly to improve the taste and moral feelings of the public, and a partial reformation of those nuisances of the drama which the Restoration had introduced, followed. The master of the Revels, by whom all plays, had, at this time, to be licensed, aided also in this work of improvement; but a glance at even those *improved* plays which were popular during the reigns of William the Third, Queen Anne, and George the First, will satisfy us that ladies visiting the theatre, acted prudently by concealing their faces behind a mask. This picture of the drama is not an agreeable one, and we, therefore, leave it without any additional touches, to examine more minutely the various materials of which it is composed.

The earliest professed dramatists of this period are Etherege, Shadwell, Wycherley, Crowne, and Mrs. Behn.

Sir George Etherege was descended from an ancient family of Oxfordshire, and was born in Middlesex, near London, in 1636. He spent some time at the University of Cambridge, and afterward travelled in France and Flanders, but apparently without any other purpose than to see the world. On his return to his own country he repaired to London, and entered the Inns of Court as a student of law; but his position in society, and his natural inclinations, soon combined to divert his mind from all serious and laborious pursuits, and, with an ample fortune, he became one of the professed wits of the day. His first comedy was *The Comical Revenge*, or *Love in a Tub*. This play, written in 1664, was dedicated to the Earl of Dorset, and was remarkably successful. In 1668 he produced his second comedy, *She would if she could*, with greater success than the first. His third and last drama, *The Man of Mode*, or *Sir Fopling Flutter*, appeared eight years after, and was even more successful than either of the former. In this play Sir George gave a more sprightly air to the comic drama than it had before presented; and it also contains the first appearance of that lively humor and witty dialogue which Congreve and Farquhar afterward carried so near to perfection.

Etherege was a gay libertine in his habits, and though frequently honored with public trusts, his morals were not improved by them. While plenipotentiary at Ratisbon, he was one evening taking leave of a festive party to return to his own house, when he accidentally fell down stairs and killed himself. This event occurred, 1694. From this author's 'Comical Revenge' we select the following scene :—

[*Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick, and traverse the stage. Enter Bruce and Lovis at another door.*]

Bruce. Your friendship, noble youth, 's too prodigal;
For one already lost you venture all:
Your present happiness, your future joy;
You for the hopeless your great hopes destroy.
Lovis. What can I venture for so brave a friend?
I have no hopes but what on you depend.
Should I your friendship and my honour rate
Below the value of a poor estate?
A heap of dirt. Our family has been
To blame, my blood must here atone the sin.

[*Enter the five villains with drawn swords.*]

First Villain [*pulling off his vizard*].—Bruce, look on
me, and then prepare to die.
Bruce. O treacherous villain!
First Villain. Fall on and sacrifice his blood to my revenge.
Lovis. More hearts than one shall bleed if he must die.
[*They fight.*]

[*Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick.*]

Beau. Heavens! what is this I see? Sir Frederick, draw.
Their blood's too good to grace such villains' swords.
Courage, brave men; now we can match their force!
Lovis. We'll make you slaves repent this treachery.
Beau. So. [*The villains run.*]
Bruce. They are not worth pursuit; we'll let them go.
Brave men! this action makes it well appear
'Tis honour, and not envy, brings you here.
Beau. We come to conquer, Bruce, and not to see
Such villains rob us of our victory.
Your lives our fatal swords claim as their due;
We'd wrong'd ourselves had we not righted you

Thomas Shadwell, a popular rival and personal enemy of Dryden, was descended from a good family, and was born at Stanton-Hall, Norfolk, in 1640. He received his education at Caius College, Cambridge, and then, for some time, studied law in the Middle Temple; after which he passed some years on the continent. On his return from his travels, Shadwell applied himself to dramatic writing, and soon became conspicuous. He was the author of seventeen comedies, in all of which he affected to follow Ben Jonson. Though only known to us as the Mac-Flecknoe of Dryden's satire, still Shadwell possessed no inconsiderable degree of comic power. His pictures of society are too coarse for quotation, but they are often true and well-drawn. When the Revolution threw Dryden and other excessive loyalists into the shade, Shadwell was promoted to the office of poet laureate. His death occurred on the ninth of December, 1692, and a marble monument was afterward erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey by his son, Sir John Shadwell.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, the greatest of the comic dramatists of this class, was of a genteel family, and was born at Cleve, Shropshire, in 1640. When in the fifteenth year of his age, he was sent to France, and continued to reside in the western part of that country until a short time before the Restoration, and then returned to England and entered Queen's College, Oxford, a gentleman commoner. From the university he passed, without taking a degree, and immediately after entered the Middle Temple, as a student of law. Wit and gayety were unfortunately, at this period, the favorite roads to distinction, and Wycherley, therefore, quitted his legal pursuits, and followed the inclination of his own genius, and the taste of the age. He lived gayly 'upon town,' and, according to Pope, had 'a true nobleman look.' He wrote a number of comedies, between 1672 and 1677, the principal of which are, *Love in a Wood*, the *Gentleman Dancing Master*, the *Country Wife*, and the *Plain Dealer*. In 1704, he published a volume of miscellaneous poems, the style and versification of which are below criticism—and the morals, those of Rochester. In advanced age, Wycherley continued to indulge in all the follies and vices of youth. His name, however, stood high as a dramatist, and even Pope was proud to receive the notice of the author of the 'Country Wife.' At the age of seventy-five he married a young girl, in order to defeat the expectations of his nephew, and died eleven days afterwards, in December, 1715.

The subjects of most of Wycherley's dramas are borrowed from French and Spanish plays. He wrought up his dialogues and scenes with great care, and with considerable liveliness and wit, but without sufficient attention to character or probability. Destitute himself of moral feeling or propriety of conduct, his characters are equally objectionable, and his once fashionable plays may now be said to be 'quietly inurned' in their own profligacy and corruption.

MRS. APHRA BEHN, a contemporary of Wycherley, was a native of Canterbury, but the period of her birth is unknown. Her father being appointed governor of Surinam, she accompanied him thither, and there became acquainted with Prince Oronoko, on whose story she founded a novel, that supplied Southerne with materials for a tragedy on the unhappy fate of the African prince. She afterwards returned to England, and was employed by Charles the Second as a political spy. While residing at Antwerp in this capacity, she was enabled, through the aid of one of her lovers, to give information to the British government with regard to the intended attack of the Dutch upon Chatham. Her death occurred on the sixteenth of April, 1689, and she was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

The comedies of Mrs. Behn are so grossly indelicate, that of the whole seventeen which she wrote, not one is now read, or even remembered. She was the authoress of various novels and poems also, and some of her songs, as the following, display much genius :—

FROM THE MOOR'S REVENGE.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
  Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
  And strange tyrannic power he show'd.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
  Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 't was from mine he took desires
  Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
  From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
  And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the god have arm'd,
  And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
  Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

John Crowne, another dramatic writer of this period, was the son of a clergyman of the independent church of Nova Scotia, and was born in that province, about 1640. Being a man of some genius, he resolved to go to England and try to make his fortune by his wits. At first he was unsuccessful, but eventually his writings recommended him to the notice of the court, and he was employed by Charles the Second, on the recommendation of Rochester, to write the *Masque of Calipso.* He afterwards produced seventeen dramas, two of which, the tragedy of *Thyestes* and the comedy of *Sir Courtly Nice*, evince considerable dramatic talent. The latter is founded on an old Spanish play, and was recommended to Crowne by King Charles himself, as containing a good plot for an English comedy; and the former is based upon the following repulsive classical story :—Atreus invites his banished brother, Thyestes, to the court of Argos, and there, at a banquet, sets before him the mangled limbs of his own son, of which the father unconsciously partakes. The return of Thyestes from his retirement with the fears and misgivings that follow, are thus vividly described :—

THYESTES—PHILISTHENES—PENEUS.

Thy. O wondrous pleasure to a banish'd man,
I feel my lov'd long-looked-for—native soil!
And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day
Had from some mountain travell'd towards this place,
Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.
O sacred towers, sacred in your height,
Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,
Whither for sacred pleasures they retire:
Sacred, because you are the work of gods;
Your lofty looks boast your divine descent;
And the proud city which lies at your feet,
And would give place to nothing but to you,
Owns her original is short of yours.
And now a thousand objects more ride fast
On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs:
And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts!
Phil. O joyful sound!
Thy. But with them Atreus too—
Phil. What ails my father that he stops, and shakes,
And now retires?
Thy. Return with me my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
And faithful desert, and well-seated caves;
Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
And never seek revenge; no villany
Lies in the prospect of a humble cave.
Pen. Talk you of villany, of foes, of fraud?
Thy. I talk of Atreus.
Pen. What are these to him?
Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.
Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your mind.
Thy. The gods for all our safety put them there.
Return, return with me.
Pen. Against our oaths?
I can not stem the vengeance of the gods.
Thy. Here are no gods; they 've left this dire abode.
Pen. True race of Tantalus! who parent-like
Are doom'd in midst of plenty to be starved,
His hell and yours differ alone in this:
When he would catch at joys, they fly from him;
When glories catch at you, you fly from them.
Thy. A fit comparison; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

'Of Otway,' says Johnson, 'one of the first names in the English drama, little is known; nor is there any part of that little which his biographer can take pleasure in relating.'

Thomas Otway was the son of the Reverend Humphrey Otway, rector of Woolbeding, and was born at Trotting, in Sussex, on the third of March, 1651. He received his early education at Winchester school, and thence entered a commoner of Christ Church College, Oxford; but he left the university without a degree. In 1672 he made his appearance as an actor on the London stage. To this profession his talents were not adapted, and the result, therefore, was an entire failure. His connection with the stage was, however, attended with this advantage—that he thus acquired a knowledge of the dramatic art, which proved of great service to him when he began to write for the theatre. Otway produced, in rapid succession, three tragedies, *Alcibiades*, *Titus and Berenice*, and *Don Carlos*, all of which were successfully performed; but the proceeds from them were not sufficient to meet the demands of his extravagant habits, or shield him from poverty. In 1677, the Earl of Plymouth procured for him an appointment as cornet of dragoons, and Otway went with his regiment to Flanders. He was, however, soon cashiered for his irregular conduct, and returning to London, resumed dramatic authorship. In 1680 he produced two tragedies, *Caius Marcius*, and *the Orphan*; and in the following year *the Soldier's Fortune*, a comedy. In 1682 he brought out his last and greatest drama, *Venice Preserved*.

Together with the dramas we have mentioned, Otway wrote a number of poems, and translated from the French the 'History of the Triumvirate,' and this immense literary labor was all performed before he was thirty-four years of age. His death occurred on the fourteenth of April, 1685, and in a manner too painful to relate. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public-house on Tower-hill, where he died of want; or, according to one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. 'After long concealment he left his retreat in the rage of hunger, and almost naked; and finding a gentleman in a neighboring coffee-house, he asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; and Otway going away bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful.' Poverty and its attendants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon poor Otway in life, and his grave closed a career of almost unparalleled wretchedness.

The dramatic fame of Otway rests almost entirely on his two tragedies, the 'Orphan,' and 'Venice Preserved;' but on these it is immovably fixed. 'His scenes of passionate affection,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'rival, at least, and sometimes excel, those of Shakspeare: more tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia, than for those of Juliet and Desdemona.' The plot of the 'Orphan,' from its inherent indelicacy and painful associations, has driven this play from the stage; but 'Venice Preserved' is still one of the most popular and effective tragedies in the language. The stern plotting character of Pierre is well contrasted with the irresolute, sensitive, and affectionate nature of Jaffier; and the harsh, unnatural cruelty of Priuli serves as a dark shade, to set off the bright purity and tenderness of his daughter. The pathetic and harrowing plot is well managed, and deepens toward the close; and the genius of Otway particularly shines in his delineation of the passions of the heart, the ardor of love, and the excess of misery and despair. The versification of these dramas is sometimes rugged and irregular, and there are occasional redundancies and inflated expressions, which, had the author's life been longer spared, he would doubtless have corrected. From 'Venice Preserved' we select the following scene:—

Scene.—St. Marks.

[*Enter Priuli and Jaffier.*]

Priuli. No more! I'll hear no more! begone and leave me!
Jaffier. Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!
My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?
Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?
Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wrong'd you?
Pri. Yes, wrong'd me! in the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you 've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you look'd on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I receiv'd you;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have us'd me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh! Belvidera!
Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless had you been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you; your unskilful pilot
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety: enter'd first yourself;
Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;

When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed you thank'd me ; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she lov'd me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.
Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine!
A sterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both: continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter, and grievous still:
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.
Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vain.
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grand-sire,
And happier than his father!
Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness and want.
Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.
Pri. 'Twould, by heaven!
Jaf. Would I were in my grave!
Pri. And she, too, with thee;
For, living here, you 're but my curs'd remembrancers
I once was happy!
Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder.
Pri. You dare not do 't.
Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years have past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded:
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature,)

The world might see I lov'd her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.
Pri. No more.
Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu forever.
There 's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But 's happier than me; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet 's wither'd in the ripening.
Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats and starve.
Home, home, I say. [*Exit.*
Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart; home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love and pleas'd with ruin.
O Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

* * * * * *

[*Enter Belvidera.*]

Bel. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprighly joys.
Oh, smile, as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!
Jaf. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune chang'd thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?
Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother, when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the gods for all her travail past.
Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:

There 's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love!
Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and ev'ry list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom 's fraught.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre friend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banish'd by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be,) to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?
Bel. Oh! I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the morning.
Jaf. Hear this, you Heav'ns, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign ye monarchs, that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark already wreck'd,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, pack'd up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and sav'd only that:
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolv'd to scorn and trust my fate no more. [*Exeunt.*]

NATHANIEL LEE, another tragic poet of this period, and also the son of a clergyman, was born in Hertfordshire in 1651. He was instructed in classical learning at Westminster school, and thence passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree, in 1668; but failing to obtain a fellowship, he quitted the university to try his fortune at court. Here, being also disappointed, he had recourse to dramatic writing for a subsistence, and produced, in 1675, his first tragedy, *Nero, Emperor of Rome.* This play was so well received as to induce the author to give up all other projects, and devote himself exclusively to the drama. He produced a new play every year, until 1681, and from the effectiveness with which he read his pieces to the actors, they were led to persuade him to go on the stage. As an actor, however, he entirely failed; and the mortification consequent, upon this failure, brought upon him habits of irregularity and extravagance that frequently plunged him into the lowest depths of misery. Gifted by nature to a remarkable degree, but uncontrolled, either by moral feelings or a sense of propriety, he let loose the reins of his imagination, till at length poverty and poetic enthusiasm transported him into madness. In November, 1684, Lee was taken to a mad-house, where he remained for nearly four years, a raving maniac. At length, in 1688, his physicians pronounced him sufficiently recovered, and he was accordingly set at liberty. After his release from Bedlam Lee produced two tragedies, *The Princess of Cleve*, and *The Massacre of Paris ;* but notwithstanding the profits arising from these performances, his poverty was still so great that during the last year or two of his life he was supported by public charity. His death occurred on the sixth of April, 1692, and he was buried in St. Clement's Church, London.

Lee was the author of eleven tragedies, the best of which are *The Rival Queens*, or *Alexander the Great*, *Mithridates*, *Theodosius*, and *Lucius Junius Brutus.* In praising 'The Rival Queens' Dryden alludes to Lee's power in moving the passions, and counsels him to despise those critics who condemn

'The too great vigour of his youthful muse.'

This line indicates the source, both of Lee's strength and his weakness. In tenderness and genuine passion he excels most of his contemporaries; but his style often degenerates into bombast and extravagant frenzy—a defect which was heightened, in his later productions, by his mental malady. The author was himself aware of his weakness, and frequently alludes to it in touching terms. He wanted discretion to temper his fiery genius, and reduce his poetical conceptions to consistency and order; yet amid his wild ardor and martial enthusiasm we often find very soft and graceful lines. Few things are finer in this way than the following declaration of love :—

——I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way.
Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls:
Together drink the crystal of the stream,

Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

We shall conclude this sketch with the following scene from 'Lucius Junius Brutus.' Titus, the son of Brutus, having joined the Tarquin conspiracy, is taken prisoner, and condemned by the Consul, his own father, to suffer the death of a traitor. Brutus thus takes a last farewell of him :—

Brutus. Well, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I might take thee in the calm of nature
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee.
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gods
Look'd down and listen'd to what we were saying:
Speak then, and tell me, O my best beloved,
My son, my Titus, is all well again?
Titus. So well that saying how, must make it nothing;
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart with powerful throbs persuades me:
That were indeed to make you reparation—
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die;
And that for Titus too, would be most happy.
Bru. How's that, my son? would death for thee be happy?
Tit. Most certain, sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will forever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honour in the way
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.
Bru. But is not death a very dreadful thing?
Tit. Not to a mind resolved. No, sir; to me
It seems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blocks, and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
Yes, sir; I call the powers of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy, to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous through the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome forever:
Not but I must confess my weakness too:
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of the immortal gods.
Bru. O Titus, O thou absolute young man!

Thou flattering mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom;
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible;
Blood, the heart blood of Brutus, on his child;
For thou must die, my Titus; die, my son:
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave.
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights thy sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.
  Tit. Alas! my lord,
Why art thou moved thus? why am I worthy of thy sorrow?
Why should the godlike Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.
  Bru. They will, my Titus;
Nor Heaven, nor earth, can have it otherwise;
Nay, Titus, mark; the deeper that I search,
My harass'd soul returns the more confirm'd.
Methinks I see the very hand of fire
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate;
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fixed: O, therefore, let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.
  Tit. The axe? O heaven! Then must I fall so basely?
What! Shall I perish by the common hangman?
  Bru. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate—cement Rome's flaws,
And heal their wounded freedom with thy blood:
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons; on thee, my Titus:
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.
  Tit. Scourg'd like a bondman? Ha! a beaten slave!
But I deserve it all: yet here I fail;
The image of this suffering quite unmans me.
O sir, O Brutus, must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No signs of mercy? What! not bate me that?

Can you resolve on all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour? to behold me too?
To sit unmov'd and see me whipt to death?
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah! sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?
Bru. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that twitch the very strings of life;
Think that no other cause on earth could move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O, do not call it shameful,
That thus shall fix the glory of the world,
I own thy sufferings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.
Tit. O rise, thou violated majesty,
Rise from the earth; or I shall beg those fates
Which you would curse, to bolt me to the centre.
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of justice,
Nay all you lictors, slaves, and common hangmen;
Come strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed; whip me like furies;
And when you'll have scourg'd me till I foam and fall,
For want of spirits, grovelling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge:
By all the gods, I greedily resign it.
Bru. No more—farewell—eternally farewell:
If there be gods, they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in Heaven. One last embrace—
What is it makes my eyes thus swim again?

THOMAS SOUTHERNE, the next distinguished tragic author to be noticed, was born of good parentage, in the city of Dublin, in 1659. He early entered the university of his native city, where he remained till the eighteenth year of his age, when he removed to Oxford, and there finished his studies. From Oxford he went to the Middle Temple, London, professedly as a legal student, but there devoted himself to dramatic writing and poetry, rather than to the law. In 1682 he produced *The Persian Prince, or Loyal Brother;* and as the tory interest was not at that time triumphant in England, and the character of the 'Loyal Brother,' well drawn to compliment James, Duke of York, that prince afterward handsomely rewarded Southerne for the services thus rendered him. On his accession to the throne he conferred upon the poet a captaincy, and in that capacity he served under the king himself, in his opposition to the invasion of England by the Prince of Orange. After the Revolution Southerne returned to his studies, and prosecuted dramatic writing so successfully that he eventually acquired, by it, a very handsome fortune. The last ten years of his life were passed in retirement at Westminster, where, through his fondness for music, he became a very constant attendant on the Abbey service. His death occurred on the twenty-sixth of May, 1746, and in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Southerne was the author of ten dramas, but *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*, and *Oroonoko*, are the only ones that exhibit his characteristic powers. The latter is founded on actual occurrence; Oroonoko, an African prince, having been stolen from his native kingdom of Angola, and carried to one of the West India Islands. The impassioned grandeur of Oroonoka's sufferings, his bursts of horror and indignation at the slave-trade, and his unhappy passion for Imoinda, are both powerful and pathetic. In the following scene, the hero and heroine unexpectedly meet after a long absence :—

Oroo. My soul steals from my body through my eyes;
All that is left of life I'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.
Lieut. This is strange!
Oroo. If you but mock me with her image here:
If she be not Imoinda—
[*She looks upon him and falls into a swoon, he runs to her.*]
Ha! she faints!
Nay, then, it must be she—it is Imoinda!
My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own empire here. [*Kisses her.*]
Imoinda! oh thy Oroonoko calls.
Imo. [*Recovering.*] My Oroonoko! Oh! I can't believe
What any man can say. But if I am
To be deceived, there's something in that name,
That voice, that face— [*Stares at him.*]
Oh! if I know myself, I can not be mistaken. [*Embraces him.*]
Oroo. Never here:
You can not be mistaken! I am yours,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have;
Your tender, loving husband.
Imo. All, indeed,
That I would have: my husband! then I am
Alive, and waking to the joys I feel:
They were so great, I could not think 'em true;
But I believe all that you say to me:
For truth itself, and everlasting love,
Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.
Oroo. Take, take me all; inquire into my heart
(You know the way to every secret there),
My heart, the sacred treasury of love:
And if, in absence, I have misemployed
A mite from the rich store; if I have spent
A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you,
May I be cursed to wish and sigh in vain,
And you not pity me.
Imo. Oh! I believe,

And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,
Since last we parted, have beheld the face
Of any comfort, or once wished to see
The light of any other heaven but you,
May I be struck this moment blind, and lose
Your blessed sight, never to find you more.
Oroo. Imoinda! Oh! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness:
I can not miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad; but let me bless you all,
Who any ways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda 's found!
And every thing that I would have in her. [*Embraces her.*]
Bland. Sir, we congratulate your happiness; I do most heartily.
Lieut. And all of us: but how it comes to pass—
Oroo. That would require
More precious time than I can spare you now.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me.
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier than I
Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you,
Even you, who most have wronged me, I forgive.
I wo' not say you have betrayed me now:
I'll think you but the minister of fate,
To bring me to my loved Imoinda here.
Imo. How, how shall I receive you? how be worthy
Of such endearments, all this tenderness?
These are the transports of prosperity
When fortune smiles upon us.
Oroo. Let the fools
Who follow fortune live upon her smiles;
All our prosperity is placed in love;
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little spot of earth you stand upon
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in joys to power unknown;
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne. [*Exeunt.*]

Southerne, according to Hallam, was the first English writer who denounced, as he did in this play, the traffic in slaves, and the cruelties of their West Indian bondage. This is an honor that, in any mention of this dramatist, should never be forgotten. 'Isabella' is a more correct and regular drama than 'Oroonoko,' and the part of the heroine affords scope for a tragic actress, scarcely inferior, in pathos, to 'Belvidera.' Otway, however, has greater depth of passion, and is more vigorous in the delineation of character. The plot of 'Isabella' is very simple. In abject distress, and believing her husband, Biron, dead, Isabella is hurried into a second marriage. Biron returns, and the distress of the heroine terminates in madness and death. The following scene, embracing Biron's return, is of a very high order of dramatic writing :—

A CHAMBER.

[*Enter Isabella.*]

Isa. I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,
That have made nature start from her old course;
The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down
From her career, still paler, and subdued
To the abuses of this under world.
Now I believe all possible. This ring,
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears;
Conjured the sense of honour and of love
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself!
I dare not think of them.

[*Enter Nurse.*]

Nurse. Madame, the gentleman's below.
Isa. I had forgot; pray, let me speak with him;
[*Exit Nurse.*]
This ring was the first present of my love
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush
To think I have a second. Biron died
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my hope.
Oh, do I live to hope that he died there?
It must be so; he 's dead, and this ring left,
By his last breath to some known faithful friend,
To bring me back again;
That's all I have to trust.

[*Enter Byron.*]
[*Isabella looking at him.*]
My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all;
And let me, let me say it to myself,
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.
Bir. Have you forgot me quite?
Isa. Forgot you!
Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes!
My Isabella! [*He goes to her, she shrieks, and faints.*]
Isa. Ha!
Bir. Oh! come again;
Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—
Thy Biron speaks to thee.
Excess of love and joy for my return,
Has overpowered her. I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepared;
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
This ecstasy has made my welcome more
Than words could say. Words may be counterfeit,
False coined, and current only from the tongue,

Without the mind; but passion 's in the soul,
And always speaks the heart.
Isa. Where have I been? Why do you keep him from me?
I know his voice; my life, upon the wing,
Hears the soft lure that brings me back again;
'Tis he himself, my Biron,
Do I hold you fast,
Never to part again?
If I must fall, death 's welcome in these arms.
Bir. Live ever in these arms.
Isa. But pardon me;
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul;
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me.
Bir. Thou everlasting goodness!
Isa. Answer me:
What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again?
Oh, tell me all,
For every thought confounds me.
Bir. My best life! at leisure all.
Isa. We thought you dead; killed at the siege of Candy.
Bir. There I fell among the dead;
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave.
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too.
Isa. What a world of woe
Had been prevented but in hearing from you!
Bir. Alas! thou could'st not help me.
Isa. You do not know how much I could have done;
At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all;
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption: given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants.
Bir. My little boy!
Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive.
Bir. No more, my love; complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again!
I have a thousand things to say to thee.
Isa. Would I were past the hearing. [*Aside.*]
Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he 's living still.
Isa. Well, both; both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.
Bir. Come, no more tears.
Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss
Have mourned with me.
Bir. And all my days to come
Shall be employed in a kind recompense
For thy afflictions. Can't I see my boy?

Isa. He 's gone to bed; I'll have him brought to you.
Bir. To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself after this weary pilgrimage.
Isa. Alas! what shall I get for you?
Bir. Nothing but rest, my love. To-night I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family:
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time;
To-morrow will do better.
Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order every thing
As you would have it. [*Exit.*]
Bir. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the means
To make this wondrous goodness some amends;
And let me then forget her, if I can.
Oh! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father and his fortune for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons.
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness?
What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

[*Enter Isabella.*]

Isa. I have obeyed your pleasure;
Every thing is ready for you.
Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness; there 's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me;
I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.
Isa. Shall I attend you?
Bir. By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after?
Isa. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you. [*Exit Biron.*]
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heaven could give I have enjoyed; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what 's to come is a long life of woe;
Yet I may shorten it.
I promised him to follow—him!
Is he without a name? Biron, my husband—
My husband! Ha! What then is Villeroy?
Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner! [*Weeping.*]
What 's to be done? for something must be done.
Two husbands! married to both,
And yet a wife to neither. Hold, my brain—

Ha! a lucky thought
Works the right way to rid me of them all;
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm; no matter what can come.
'Tis but a blow; yet I will see him first,
Have a last look, to heighten my despair,
And then to rest forever.

Comic scenes are interspersed throughout Southerne's tragedies, which, though they relieve the sombre coloring of the main action and interest of the piece, are sometimes misplaced and unpleasant.

Nicholas Rowe, one of the most successful tragic poets of the present period, was descended from ancestors who distinguished themselves in the Holy Wars, and born at Little Beckford, Bedfordshire, in 1673. The first years of his classical study were passed at a private grammar-school in Highgate, after which he was sent to Westminster, where he attained to great excellence in classical learning, under the direction of the celebrated Busby. To his skill in Latin and Greek he is said to have added very considerable knowledge of the Hebrew, but from childhood poetry was his passion. His father, who was himself a lawyer, designed him for the legal profession; and with this view he took him from school at the age of sixteen, and entered him as a student in the Middle Temple. Being capable of acquiring with facility, any branch of knowledge, Rowe made great proficiency in the law, and would doubtless have risen to distinction in that profession, had not the softer graces of the muses drawn him from so laborious a pursuit. When in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he produced his first tragedy, *The Ambitious Stepmother*, the representation of which was attended with such marked success, that he at once relinquished the law, and resolved to devote himself to the drama. 'The Ambitious Stepmother' was followed by *Tamerlane*, *The Fair Penitent*, *Ulysses*, *The Royal Convert*, *Jane Shore*, and *Lady Jane Grey*. He also wrote a comedy, *The Biter*, which proved a failure.

Rowe, on rising into fame as an author, was munificently patronized. The Duke of Queensberry appointed him secretary for public affairs; and on the accession of George the First, he was made poet laureate, and surveyor of the customs. The Prince of Wales also appointed him clerk of his council, and the Lord Chancellor gave him the office of secretary for the presentations. One of the secrets of his success was, in all probability, his great personal popularity. It is remarked that his voice was so uncommonly sweet, his observations so lively, and his manners so engaging, that his friends, among whom were Addison, Swift, and Pope, always delighted in his society. With all his attractive traits of character, Rowe was a man of superficial feelings, and hence Pope declared that he had no heart. He died on the sixth of December, 1718, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, opposite the tomb of Chaucer.

Rowe's tragedies are passionate and tender, with a smooth and easy style of versification, not unlike that of Ford. His 'Jane Shore,' written professedly in imitation of Shakspeare, is still occasionally performed, and is very effective in those pathetic scenes which exhibit the sufferings of the heroine. 'The Fair Penitent,' was long a popular drama, and the 'gallant gay Lothario' was the prototype of many profligate and romantic heroes. Richardson elevated the character in his Lovelace, giving, at the same time, a purity and sanctity to the sorrows of Clarissa, which leaves Rowe's Calista immeasurably behind. 'Tamerlane' was the favorite tragedy of the author; but as the principal characters were local, the hero being intended for King William, and Bajazet, for Louis the Fourteenth, its interest has long since passed away. The incidents of Rowe's dramas are well arranged for stage effect, and were adapted to the taste of the age. His plays are, however, at present but little read. We present the following death-scene from 'Jane Shore:'—

JANE SHORE, HER HUSBAND, AND BELMOUR.

Bel. How fare you, lady?
Jane S. My heart is thrilled with horror.
Bel. Be of courage;
Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend.
Jane S. Still art thou there? still dost thou hover round me?
Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!
Bel. 'Tis he himself! he lives! look up.
Jane S. I dare not.
Oh, that my eyes could shut him out forever!
Shore. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown
A burden to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more.
Jane S. Oh! thou most injured—dost thou live, indeed?
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black vail upon my shame, oh, night!
And shield me with thy sable wing forever.
Shore. Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love.
Let us haste.
Now, while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
Jane S. What shall I say to you? But I obey.
Shore. Lean on my arm.

Jane S. Alas! I'm wondrous faint:
But that 's not strange, I have not ate these three days.
Shore. Oh, merciless!
Jane S. Oh! I am sick at heart!
Shore. Thou murderous sorrow!
Wo 't thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?
Must she then die? Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not:
Grief masters every sense.

[*Enter Catesby with a Guard*].

Cates. Seize on 'em both as traitors to the state!
Bel. What means this violence?
[*Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.*]
Cates. Have we not found you,
In scorn of the protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?
Shore. Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her.
Cates. You'll answer this at full: away with 'em.
Shore. Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together.
Cates. Convey the men to prison; but for her—
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.
Jane S. I will not part with him: for me!—for me!
Oh! must he die for me? [*Following him as he is carried off—she falls.*]
Shore. Inhuman villains! [*Breaks from the guards.*]
Stand off! the agonies of death are on her!
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.
Jane S. Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?
Oh! let me go, ye ministers of terror.
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.
Shore. Oh, my love!
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou could'st not speak?
Jane S. Forgive me! but forgive me!
Shore. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curst forever!
Jane S. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace;
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now:
Was there not something I would have bequeathed you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, heaven! [*Dies.*]

Besides his dramatic works, Rowe was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poems, in which, however, he scarcely ever rises above mediocrity. He was the earliest editor of Shakspeare entitled to the name, and the first to attempt the collection of a few biographical particulars of the immortal dramatist's life. He also translated 'Lucan's Pharsalia;' and Dr. Johnson regarded this performance as 'one of the greatest productions of English poetry,' 'for,' says he, 'there is, perhaps, none that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original.' Though this praise may be somewhat extravagant, still Rowe's 'Pharsalia' deserves much more notice than it has hitherto received; and should it be more extensively read, it would be more highly appreciated.

Lecture the Twenty-Eighth.

WILLIAM CONGREVE—SIR JOHN VANBRUGH—GEORGE FARQUHAR—COLLEY CIBBER—MRS. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE—WILLIAM LILLO—SIR RICHARD STEELE—AARON HILL.

FROM the tragic poets who occupied our chief attention during the last lecture, we pass to notice their contemporary comedy writers. Among these, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar are most conspicuous.

William Congreve was descended from a family in Staffordshire, of so great antiquity that it claims a place among the few that can trace their ancestry beyond the Norman Conquest. He was born at Bardsa, near Leeds, in 1672; but in consequence of some military appointment which his father held in Ireland, the future poet was carried, in his infancy, to that country, and there educated. This circumstance has given rise to the impression long current, that Ireland was the country of his nativity. His studies were at first conducted at the grammar-school of Kilkenny, and afterward in Dublin; and though his proficiency in classical learning was very respectable, it was attained without the aid of a university. About the time of the Revolution, when Congreve was in the seventeenth year of his age, his father sent him to study law in the Middle Temple, London, where he lived for several years, but with very little attention to statutes or reports. 'His inclination to become an author,' says Dr. Johnson, 'appeared even in his youth; for at that early period he felt that force of imagination, and possessed that copiousness of sentiment which uniformly afford intellectual pleasure.'

Congreve's first essay in authorship was a novel under the title of *Incognita*, or *Love and Duty reconciled.* This work, when we remember that the author was not yet seventeen years of age at the time it was written, must be regarded as a very unusual production. His first dramatic performance was his comedy of *The Old Bachelor*. The success of this play, after it had undergone slight revisions by Dryden and Southerne, was so great as to recommend the youthful author to the patronage of Lord Halifax, who being desirous to place so eminent a wit in a condition of ease and tranquillity, immediately made him one of the commissioners for licensing hackney coaches; and soon after appointed him to a place in the customs, from which he received six hundred pounds a year. The very remarkable success that attended 'The Old Bachelor,' induced Congreve to bring out, in the following year, 1694, his second comedy, *The Double Dealer.* This play, though highly approved and commended by the best judges, was not so successful as the first; the cause of which is supposed to have been its regularity—regular comedy then being a new thing before an English audience. The death of Queen Mary, at the close of this year, drew from Congreve a Pastoral, entitled *The Mourning Muse of Alexis*, which is simple, correct, and partially elegant, but in no respect remarkable.

In another year, 1695, Congreve's prolific pen produced *Love for Love*, a comedy more nearly allied to life, and exhibiting more real manners than either of the former. Having thoroughly established his reputation as a comic writer, he now invoked the tragic muse, and, in 1697, produced *The Mourning Bride*, a tragedy written with such skill as to show that the author was entirely qualified for either department of dramatic poetry. His last drama, *The Way of the World*, a comedy, was written in 1700. When we reflect that all his fine plays were produced before he had reached the twenty-eighth year of his age, we are prepared to overlook such dramatic defects as they may contain, and to acknowledge that among all the efforts of early genius which literary history records, not one can be produced that more surpasses the common limits of nature, than the plays of Congreve.

In 1710, Congreve published a collection of miscellaneous poems; and though none of them rise above mediocrity, yet his good fortune still followed him. On the accession of George the First, he obtained the office of secretary for Jamaica, which, though a mere nominal office, raised his annual income to twelve hundred pounds. Basking in the sunshine of opulence and courtly society, he now wished to forget that he was an author, and when Voltaire waited upon him, he said he would rather be considered a gentleman than a poet. 'If you had been merely a gentleman,' said the witty Frenchman, 'I should not have come to visit you.' In his retirement, Congreve devoted himself closely to his books, but his studies were at length interrupted by cataracts upon his eyes, which resulted in total blindness. This melancholy state was aggravated by the gout, from which he sought relief by a journey to Bath; but being overturned in his chariot, a disease in his side ensued, which eventually terminated his life, on the twenty-ninth of January, 1729. Having lain in state, in the Jerusalem Chamber, for some days, he was then buried in Westminster Abbey, and his pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, and other men of high rank. His fortune, which amounted to ten thousand pounds, he bequeathed to Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, by whom a monument was erected to his memory, and who purchased with the bequest a diamond necklace, which she wore in honor of her departed friend.

With all Congreve's genius for the drama, we are constrained to say that his plays are generally without poetry or imagination, and his comedies are inextricably associated with sensuality and profaneness. We admire his brilliant dialogue and repartee, and his exuberance of dramatic incident and character; but the total absence of the higher virtues which ennoble life—the beauty and grace of female virtue, the feelings of generosity, truth, honor, affection, modesty, and tenderness—leaves his pages barren and unproductive of any permanent interest or popularity. His glittering artificial life possesses but few charms to the lovers of nature or poetry, and is not recommended by any moral purpose of sentiment. 'The Mourning Bride' possesses higher dramatic merit than most of the serious plays of that day. Though generally destitute of passion, yet it contains numerous poetical scenes and much poetical language. The following opening lines are familiar to most readers:—

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Dr. Johnson considered the description of the cathedral in the following extract, the most poetical paragraph in the whole range of the English drama:—

[*Almeria—Leonora.*]

Alm. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen.
Leon. Hark!
Alm. No; all is hush'd and still as death. 'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.
Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place
And silence will increase your melancholy.
Alm. It may my fears, but can not add to that.
No, I will on; show me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought

Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill.

Of Congreve's comedies it is difficult, through quotations, to convey an adequate idea. It is not in particular passages that he shines, but in a constant stream of wit and liveliness, and the quick interchange of dialogue and incident. We will, however, venture the following scene from 'The Double Dealer:'—

SCANDAL AND LITERATURE IN HIGH LIFE.

CYNTHIA—LORD AND LADY FROTH—BRISK.

Lady Froth. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer. Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called 'heaven's charioteer.'

Lady F. Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half a score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here; you know what goes before—the comparison you know. [*Reads.*]

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say.

Brisk. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

Lady F. No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right; that saves all.

Lady F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see—

For as the sun shines every day
So of our coachman I may say,
He shows his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That's right; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

Lady F. [*Reads.*]

And when at night his labour's done,
Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Ay, charioteer does better—

Into the dairy he descends,
And there his whipping and his driving ends;
There he 's secure from danger of a bilk;
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make:

don't you think *bilk* (I know it's a good rhyme)—but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman?

Lady F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our John was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk. Was he? I'm answered, if John was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes; though to prevent criticism, only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, 'John was formerly a hackney coachman.'

Lady F. I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honour, let me perish!

Lord F. Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr. Sneer.

Lady F. Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr. Sneer; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop. Foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord F. O silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who? my Lady Toothless? O she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

Lord F. Foh!

Lady F. Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

Brisk. Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

Cynthia. [*Aside.*] Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

Lady F. Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that pants so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints d'ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish!

Lady F. Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk!

Brisk. Her, egad! so I did. My lord can sing it.

Cynthia. O good, my lord; let us hear it.

Brisk. 'Tis not a song neither. It's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet. I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

Lord F. [*Sings.*]

Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one
Where's the wonder now?

Brisk. Short, but there's salt in 't. My way of writing, egad!

Contemporary with Congreve were Vanburgh, Farquhar, Cibber, and Mrs. Centlivre in comedy, and Lillo in tragedy.

Sir John Vanbrugh was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, which came from France, though his name would seem to indicate a Dutch extraction. His birth occurred in 1666. His education can not be traced to any university, and in what manner it was conducted, is uncertain. His father, originally a sugar-baker, rose to eminence, and eventually became comptroller of the treasury chamber. Vanbrugh himself united the apparently incompatible geniuses of comic writer and architect, in both of which he remarkably excelled. In the nineteenth year of his age he went to France, and remained in that country a number of years, but with what specific object is unknown. In 1697, he produced his first comedy, *The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger ;* the success of which induced him to continue writing for the stage, which he did until he had produced, in rapid succession, *The Provoked Wife*, *Æsop*, *The False Friend*, *The Confederacy*, and other plays to the number of eleven. The reputation which his dramas gave him was rewarded more liberally than was usual, even in that age. Besides holding the office of secretary to the commission for endowing Greenwich hospital, Lord Carlisle appointed him clarencieux king-at-arms, a heraldic office, which highly gratified Vanbrugh's vanity. In 1706, he was commissioned, by Queen Anne, to carry the habit and ensigns of the order of the garter to the Elector of Hanover; and in the same year he commenced his design for the great national structure at Blenheim. He built various other mansions, was knighted by George the First, and died of a quinsy, at his house in Whitehall, on the twenty-sixth of March, 1726. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing a comedy, *The Provoked Husband*, which Colley Cibber afterward successfully finished.

The architectural designs of Vanbrugh have been liberally praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds and other eminent artists, for their display of imagination, and their originality of invention. Though ridiculed by Swift, and other wits of the day, for heaviness and incongruity of design, still Castle Howard and Blenheim are noble structures, and do honor to the boldness of conception and picturesque taste of their architect.

As a dramatist, the first thing in Vanbrugh's plays that attracts our attention, is the liveliness and ease of his dialogue. Congreve had more wit, but less nature, and less genuine unaffected humor and gayety. Vanbrugh drew more from living originals, and depicted more accurately the manners of his times—the coarse debauchery of the country knight, the gallantry of town-wits and fortune-hunters, and the love of French intrigue and French manners in his female characters. Lord Foppington, in the 'Relapse,' is the original of most of those empty coxcombs that abound in modern comedy, intent only on dress and fashion.

The plays of Congreve and Vanbrugh gave new life to the English stage, and restored it to reputation, when it had, in reality, for some time, been sinking in public estimation. Though their portraitures were exaggerated and heightened for dramatic effect, yet, on the whole, they are faithful and characteristic likenesses. The picture, however, is far from being a pleasing one, for it is dashed with the most unblushing licentiousness. A tone of healthful vivacity, and the absence of all hypocrisy, form its most genial feature. How much more to the credit of these splendid dramatists would it have been, had they preserved their wit from that licentious obscenity in which they so freely indulged, and exerted it, as they so easily might have done, to benefit their audiences instead of corrupting them. In the language of Lord Kames, 'if their comedies did not rack them with remorse in their last hours, they must have been lost to all sense of virtue.' It is said, indeed, that Vanbrugh lived to see his error, and in deep penitence to bewail it.

The following picture of the life of a woman of fashion, is from the 'Provoked Wife.' Sir John Brute, disguised in his lady's dress, joins in a drunken midnight frolic, and is taken by some Watchmen before a Justice of the Peace.

Justice. Pray, madam, what may be your ladyship's common method of life? if I may presume so far.

Sir John. Why, sir, that of a woman of quality.

Justice. Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example.

Sir John. Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon—I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drank three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I'm trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch, to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the play-bills.

Justice. Very well, madam.

Sir John. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Justice. So, madam.

Sir John. By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

Justice. Poor man!

Sir John. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go to visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I shall live.

Justice. So! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

Sir John. Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice. Seven's the main! Oons, sir, I set you a hundred pounds. Why, do you think women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend napkins? Oh, the Lord help your head!

Justice. Mercy on us, Mr. Constable! What will this age come to?

Const. What will it come to indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks?

FABLE.

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attacked a lady's heart together.
The Band in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take, instead
    Of vigorous youth,
    Old solemn truth,

With books and morals, into bed,
  How happy she would be!

The Bob he talked of management,
What wondrous blessings heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry:
And truly he must be so free
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powdered wig and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing—mend his soul!
But prate, and talk, and play the fool.

He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one who laboured all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he'd done,
Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
The Feather (as it might be me)
Steps out, sir, from behind the screen
With such an air and such a mien—
Like you, old gentleman—in short,
He quickly spoiled the statesman's sport.
It proved such sunshine weather,
That you must know, at the first beck
The lady leaped about his neck,
    And off they went together.

Farquhar, the next comic poet of this class to be noticed, was a better artist, in stage effect and happy combinations of incident and character, than any other of the comic writers of this period. His uncontrollable vivacity and love of adventure still render his comedies attractive both on the stage and in the closet.

George Farquhar was the son of an Irish clergyman, and was born in Londonderry, in 1678. He received the rudiments of his education in his native town, and thence was sent by his father to Trinity College, Dublin, to finish his studies. In his youth, even as early as the tenth year of his age, Farquhar discovered a remarkable genius for poetry; and from one of his first productions in this way, we extract the following thoughtful verses:—

The pliant soul of erring youth
Is like soft wax, or moistened clay,
Apt to receive all heavenly truth,
Or yield to tyrant all the sway.
Shun evil in your early years,
And manhood may to virtue rise;
But he who in his youth, appears
A fool, in age will ne'er be wise.

At the university, which Farquhar entered in 1694, he is represented to have made, for some time, great proficiency in his studies; but his gay and volatile disposition could not long relish the gravity and retirement of a college life, and he, therefore, relinquished his studies, and obtained admission into the Dublin theatrical company. Possessing a good person, he resolved to follow the stage as a permanent profession; but happening, accidentally, to wound, very seriously, a brother actor in a fencing scene, he left the boards in the eighteenth year of his age, and repaired to London, where he soon after received, from Lord Orrery, that great patron of genius and learning, a lieutenant's commission in his own regiment, in Ireland. In circumstances now to follow the bent of his own inclinations, he turned his attention to dramatic writing. His first play, *Love and a Bottle*, was produced at Drury Lane, in 1698; and two years afterwards appeared, *The Constant Couple.* The success of these two comedies was such as to induce Farquhar to apply himself with great diligence to the stage; and in six successive years he wrote *Sir Harry Wildair*, *The Inconstant*, *The Stage Coach*, *The Twin Rivals*, *The Recruiting Officer*, and *The Beaux' Stratagem*, the last of which appeared in 1707.

Farquhar was early married to a lady, the ardor of whose attachment had induced her to deceive him by representing herself to be the heiress of a large fortune. She, however, proved an affectionate, devoted wife, and with gratitude shared in his triumphs, and in submission participated in his trials. Soon after he had completed his last comedy, he sunk a victim to ill health and over-exertion, not having yet attained the thirtieth year of his age. Just before his death, which occurred in April, 1707, he wrote the following letter of touching brevity to Wilks, the actor, who had long been, to him, a constant and devoted friend:—

> Dear Bob—
>
> I have not any thing to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life, thine ———
>
> George Farquhar.

One of these daughters afterwards married 'a low tradesman,' and the other became a servant, while their mother died in circumstances of the most abject poverty.

The 'Beaux' Stratagem' is Farquhar's best comedy. The plot is admirably managed, and the dialogues between Archer and Aimwell form a ludicrous, yet natural series of incidents. Boniface, the landlord, is still one of the best representatives of the English innkeeper, and there is genius, as well as truth, in the delineation. Scrub, the servant, is equally true and amusing; and the female characters, though as free spoken, if not as frail, as the fine-bred ladies of Congreve and Vanbrugh, are sufficiently discriminated. Sergeant Kite, in the 'Recruiting Officer,' is an original picture of low life and humor, rarely surpassed. Farquhar has not the keen wit of Congreve, or of many other of the best English dramatic writers; but his characters are lively, and there is a quick succession of incidents, so amusing and so happily contrived to interest an audience, that the spectator is charmed with the variety and vivacity of the scene.

'Farquhar,' says Leigh Hunt, 'was a good-natured, reflecting man, of so high an order of what may be called the *town* class of genius, as to sympathize with mankind at large, upon the strength of what he saw of them in little, and to extract, from a quintessence of good sense, an inspiration just short of the romantic and imaginative; that is to say, he could turn what he had experienced in common life to the best account, but required, in all cases, the support of its ordinary associations, and could not project his spirit beyond them. He felt the little world too much, and the universal too little. He saw into all false pretensions, but not into all true ones; and if he had had a larger sphere of nature to fall back upon in his adversity, would probably not have died of it. The wings of his fancy were too common and grown in too artificial an air, to support him in the sudden gulfs and aching voids of that new region, and enable him to beat his way to their green islands. His genius was so entirely social, that notwithstanding what appeared to the contrary in his personal manners, and what he took for his own superiority to it, compelled him to assume, in his writings, all the airs of the most received ascendency; and when it had once warmed itself in this way, it would seem that it had attained the healthiness natural to its best conditions, and could have gone on forever, increasing, both in enjoyment and in power, had external circumstances been favorable. He was becoming gayer and gayer, when death, in the shape of a sore anxiety, called him as if from a pleasant party, and left the house ringing with his jest.'

The following scene is taken from the 'Beaux' Stratagem':—

[*Boniface—Aimwell.*]

Bon. This way, this way, sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. Oh, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. Oh, sir, what will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll show you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my anno domini. I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

Bon. Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

[*Enter Tapster with a Tankard.*]

Now, sir, you shall see—your worship's health: [*Drinks.*] Ha! delicious, delicious: fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Odds, my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one half on 't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen,' who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough: says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly!—and married you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious woman, sir. But he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—Sir, my humble service. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy Mr. Boniface; pray what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. Oh, that's right; you have a good many of these gentlemen; pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon; I'll wait on you in half a minute.

Colley Cibber, though less eminent than either of the great comic writers whom we have just considered, was still sufficiently distinguished to require a passing notice. He was born in the city of London, on the sixth of November, 1671, and was the son of Caius Gabriel Cibber, a statuary from Holstein, who removed to England towards the close of the Commonwealth. His mother was of the ancient Colley family of Glaiston, in Rutland, and from her brother Cibber received his Christian name. In 1682, when he had just passed the tenth year of his age, he was sent to the free school of Grantham, in Lincolnshire, where he remained five years, and received the entire stock of learning that he possessed when he afterwards entered upon the business of the world. In 1687, he was taken from Grantham to be presented at the election of scholars into Winchester College, in virtue of his descent, on his mother's side, from William of Wyheman, its founder. As he did not, however, succeed in obtaining his election, he urged his father to send him at once to the university; but in the mean time the revolution of 1688 occurred, and this gave a new turn to Cibber's fortune. Instead of going to the university to qualify himself for the church, for which his father had designed him, he entered the army under the command of the Earl of Devonshire, in favor of the Prince of Orange, and served throughout the campaign.

At the close of the Revolution Cibber turned his attention to the stage, for which he had early conceived a strong inclination; but for a long time he toiled in that arduous profession without meeting with much encouragement. At length he had the good fortune to be cast in the character of the chaplain, in Otway's 'Orphan,' and in that of Lord Touchwood, in Congreve's 'Double Dealer,' in both of which he succeeded to the admiration of the whole town. Congreve himself complimented him so far as to say that in the latter character, he had exceeded his expectations.

Having thus established his reputation as an actor, Cibber resolved to turn his attention to dramatic authorship, and soon after produced his first comedy, under the title of *Love's Last Shift.* In this play, which was first brought on the stage in January, 1695, he acted the part of Sir Novelty Fashion himself; and the character of the fop is so admirably executed as rarely to have been equalled in any other English drama. From this period he devoted himself constantly to dramatic writing for a number of years, and produced a series of plays of various degrees of excellence, until, in 1704, when he brought forth his master-piece, *The Careless Husband.* In 1717 he presented to the public his *Nonjuror*, which he dedicated to the king. With this compliment George the First was so highly gratified, that he sent Cibber a present of two hundred pounds; but the political principles which the play contained, though grateful to the king, were offensive to many of the author's personal friends. After the 'Nonjuror' had had its run, Cibber rarely appeared on the stage; and being made poet laureate, by George the Second, in 1730, with an annual income of two hundred pounds attached to the office, he passed the remainder of his life in comparative ease and quiet, until his death, which occurred in December, 1757.

Cibber was a lively, amusing writer, and besides his comedies has left us

An Apology for his Life; which is one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the language. When Pope, therefore, made him the hero of his 'Dunciad,' he suffered his judgment to be blinded by personal vindictiveness and prejudice. Cibber was vain, foolish, and sometimes ridiculous, but never a dunce. From his 'Careless Husband' we present the following scene: —

Lady Betty Modish's Lodgings.

[*Enter Lady Betty and Lady Easy, meeting.*]

Lady B. Oh, my dear, I am overjoyed to see you! I am strangely happy to-day. I have just received my new scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give me your opinion of it.

Lady E. Oh your servant, Madam; I am a very indifferent judge, you know. What, is it with sleeves?

Lady B. Oh, 'tis impossible to tell you what it is—'Tis all extravagance both in mode and fancy, my dear. I believe there 's six thousand yards of edging in it—Then such an enchanting slope from the elbow—something so new, so lively, so coquette and charming—but you shall see it, my dear—

Lady E. Indeed I won't, my dear; I am resolved to mortify you for being so wrongfully fond of a trifle.

Lady B. Nay, now, my dear, you are ill-natured.

Lady E. Why, truly, I'm half angry to see a woman of your sense, so warmly concerned in the care of her outside; for when we have taken our best pains about it, 'tis the beauty of the mind alone that gives us lasting virtue.

Lady B. Oh, my dear! my dear! you have been a married woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the taste of mankind. Take my word, a new fashion upon a fine woman, is often a greater proof of her value than you are aware of.

Lady E. That I can't comprehend; for you see among the men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new fashion. Those of the first sense are always the last that come unto 'em.

Lady B. That is, because the only merit of a man is his sense; but, doubtless, the greatest value of a woman is her beauty; a homely woman at the head of a fashion, would not be allowed in it by the men, and, consequently, not followed by the women; so, that, to be successful in one's fancy, is an evident sign of one's being admired, and I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty certainly is the source of power, as power, in all creatures, is the height of happiness.

Lady E. At this rate you would rather be thought beautiful than good.

Lady B. As I had rather command than obey: the wisest woman can't make a man of sense of a fool, but the veriest fool of a beauty shall make an ass of a statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a woman of spirit has any business in this world but to dress—and make the men like her.

Lady E. Do you suppose this a principle the men of sense will admire you for?

Lady B. I do suppose, that when I suffer any man to like my person, he shan't dare to find fault with my principle.

Lady E. But men of sense are not so easily humbled.

Lady B. The easiest of any; one has ten thousand times the trouble with a coxcomb.

Lady E. Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good-humour in hopes of *tendresse* from my Lord Foppington, who loves all women alike, than would have made my Lord Morelove perfectly happy, who loves only you.

Lady B. The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world: their sincerity and good-breeding throw them so entirely into one's power, and give one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to show that power—'tis impossible not to quench it.

Lady E. But, methinks, my Lord Morelove's manner to you might move any woman to a kinder sense of his merit.

Lady B. Aye, but would it not be hard, my dear, for a poor weak woman to have a man of his quality and reputation, in her power, and not to let the world see him there? Would any creature sit new dressed all day in her closet? Could you bear to have a sweet fancied suit, and never show it at the play, or the drawing-room?

Lady E. But one would not ride in 't, methinks, or harass it out when there's no occasion.

Lady B. Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask, one can't wear him out; o' my conscience, I must give him to my woman at last; I begin to be known by him: had I not best leave him off, my dear? for, poor soul, I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

Lady E. Now 'tis to me amazing how a man of his spirit can bear to be used, for four or five years together—but nothing's a wonder in love; yet pray when you found you could not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him?

Lady B. Why, what would you have one do? for my part, I could no more choose a man by my eye, than a shoe; one must draw them on a little, to see if they are right to one's foot.

Lady E. But I'd no more fool on with a man I did not like, than I'd wear a shoe that pinched me.

Lady B. Aye, but then a poor wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle, as a pair of shoes, or a heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

Lady E. Well, I confess, you are very happily distinguished among most women of fortune, to have a man of my Lord Morelove's sense and quality, so long and honourably in love with you: for, now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a man of quality in love with the woman he would marry. To be in love now, is only to have a design upon a woman, a modish way of declaring war against her virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her vanity.

Lady B. Aye, but the world knows that is not the case between my lord and me.

Lady E. Therefore, I think you happy.

Lady B. Now I don't see it; I'll swear I'm better pleased to know there are a great many foolish fellows of quality that take occasion to toast me frequently.

Lady E. I vow I should not thank any gentleman for toasting me; and I have often wondered how a woman of your spirit could bear a great many other freedoms I have seen some men take with you.

Lady B. As how, my dear? Come, pr'ythee, be free with me, for you must know, I love dearly to hear my faults—Who is 't you have observed to be too free with me.

Lady E. Why there's my Lord Foppington; could any woman but you bear to see him with a respectful fleer stare full in her face, draw up his breath, and cry—Gad you're handsome?

Lady B. My dear, fine fruit will have flies about it; but, poor things, they do it no harm: for, if you observe, people are generally most apt to choose that the flies have been busy with, ha, ha, ha!

Lady E. Thou art a strange giddy creature.

Lady B. That may be from so much circulation of thoughts, my dear.

Lady E. But my Lord Foppington's married, and one would not fool with him for his lady's sake; it may make her uneasy, and—

Lady B. Poor creature, her pride indeed makes her carry it off without taking any notice of it to me; though I know she hates me in her heart, and I can't endure malicious people, so I used to dine with her once a week, purely to give her disorder; if you had but seen when my lord and I fooled a little, the creature looked so ugly.

Lady E. But I should not think my reputation safe; my Lord Foppington's a man that talks often of his amours, but seldom speaks of favours that are refused him.

Lady B. Pshaw! will any thing a man says make a woman less agreeable? Will his talking spoil one's complexion, or put one's hair out of order?—and for reputation, look you, my dear, take it for a rule, that as amongst the lower rank of people, no woman wants beauty that has fortune; so among people of fortune, no woman wants virtue that has beauty; but an estate and beauty joined, are of an unlimited, nay a power pontifical, make one not only absolute, but infallible—a fine woman's never in the wrong, or if we were, 'tis not the strength of a poor creature's reason that can unfetter him—Oh how I love to hear a wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a—

Yet for the plague of human race
This devil has an angel's face.

Lady E. At this rate, I don't see you allow reputation to be at all essential to a fine woman.

Lady B. Just as much as honour to a great man. Power is always above scandal. Don't you hear people say the king of France owes most of his conquests to breaking his word? and would not the confederates have a fine time on't, if they were only to go to war with reproaches. Indeed, my dear, that jewel reputation is a very fanciful business; one shall not see a homely creature in town, but wears it in her mouth as monstrously as the Indians do bobs at their lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

Lady E. Have a care, my dear, of trusting too much to power alone: for nothing is more ridiculous than the fall of pride; and woman's pride at best may be suspected to be a more distrust than a real contempt of mankind: for when we have said all we can, a deserving husband is certainly our best happiness; and I don't question but my Lord Morelove's merit, in a little time, will make you think so too; for whatever airs you give yourself to the world, I'm sure your heart don't want good-nature.

Lady B. You are mistaken, I am very ill-natured, though your good-humour won't let you see it.

Lady E. Then give me a proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promised Sir Charles to bring you.

Lady B. Pray don't ask me.

Lady E. Why?

Lady B. Because, to let you see I hate good-nature, I'll go without asking, that you may'nt have the malice to say I did you a favour.

Lady E. Thou art a mad creature. [*Exeunt arm in arm.*]

Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, a most extraordinary female dramatic writer of this period, was born in Ireland, in 1667. She was the daughter of a Lincolnshire gentleman by the name of Freeman, who had been a partisan of the Commonwealth, and had deemed it prudent, on the restoration of Charles the Second, to leave his native country. When twelve years of age, Susanna was, by the death of her mother, left an orphan; and the unkind treatment which she received from those who had the care of her, induced her to adopt the wild resolution of escaping from their control, and going to London. On her way thither, on foot, she is said to have met with one

Anthony Hammond, with whom she went to Cambridge, and there, clad in boy's apparel, lived with him for some months, as his page. At the early age of sixteen she married a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox, whose death followed within twelve months. She next became the wife of an officer of the army, by the name of Carrol, who, in less than two years after their marriage, was killed in a duel. Driven by this last bereavement, and her destitute circumstances, to the necessity of providing for herself, she had recourse to the stage, and soon became an accomplished and popular actress. In 1700, she produced a tragedy, *The Perjured Husband*, which, being remarkably successful, induced her to abandon the stage, and devote herself almost exclusively to dramatic writing. Before this gifted lady had entirely left the stage, she married, in 1706, Joseph Centlivre, yeoman of the month to Queen Anne, with whom she lived happily until her death, which occurred on the first of December, 1723.

Of Mrs. Centlivre's dramas, nineteen in number, *The Busy Body*, *The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret*, and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, still keep possession of the stage, and are favorite acting plays. Her experience as an actress was of great service to her as a dramatic writer; and hence her plots and incidents are admirably arranged for stage effect, and her characters well discriminated. Sir Richard Steele, in one of the Tatlers, speaking of her 'Busy Body,' remarks that 'the plot and incidents of the play are laid with that subtlety and spirit, which is peculiar to female wit; and is seldom well performed by those of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct.' With all this writer's dramatic excellencies, it must not be concealed that her plays are deeply tinctured with the immoralities of the age. The following scene from the 'Busy Body' is one of the purest that we can select:—

[*Enter Sir Francis Gripe and Sir George Airy.*]

Sir F. Verily, Sir George, thou wilt repent throwing away thy money so, for I tell thee sincerely, Miranda, my charge, does not like young fellows; they are all vicious and seldom make good husbands: in sober sadness she can not abide 'em.

Mir. [*Peeping.*] In sober sadness you are mistaken—What can this mean?

Sir G. Lookye, Sir Francis, whether she can or can not abide young fellows is not the business: will you take the fifty guineas?

Sir F. In good truth I will not—for I knew thy father, he was a hearty wary man, and I cannot consent that his son should squander away what he saved to no purpose.

Mir. [*Peeping.*] Now, in the name of wonder, what bargain can he be driving about me for fifty guineas?

Sir G. Well, Sir Francis, since you are so conscientious for my father's sake, then permit me the favour gratis.

Sir F. No, verily; if thou dost not buy thy experience thou wilt never be wise; therefore give me a hundred and try thy fortune.

Sir G. The scruples arose, I find, from the scanty sum. Let me see—a hundred guineas. [*Takes the money out of a purse and chinks it.*] Ha! they have a very pretty sound, and a very pleasing look. But then Miranda—but if she should be cruel—

Sir F. Ay, do consider on't. He, he, he!

Sir G. No, I'll do 't. Come, to the point; here's the gold; sum up the conditions. [*Sir Francis pulls out a paper.*]

Mir. [*Peeping.*] Ay, for heaven's sake do, for my expectation is on the rack.

Sir F. Well, at your peril be it.

Sir G. Ay, ay, go on.

Sir F. Imprimis, you are to be admitted into my house in order to move your suit, to Miranda, for the space of ten minutes, without let or molestation, provided I remain in the same room.

Sir G. But out of ear-shot.

Sir F. Well, well; I don't desire to hear what you say; ha, ha, ha! in consideration I'm to have that purse and a hundred guineas.

Sir G. Take it. [*Gives him the purse.*] And this agreement is to be performed to-day.

Sir F. Ay, ay; the sooner the better. Poor fool! how Miranda and I shall laugh at him! [*Aside.*] Well, Sir George, ha, ha, ha! take the last sound of your guineas, ha, ha, ha! [*Chinks them. Exit.*]

Mir. [*Peeping*]. Sure he does not know I am Miranda.

Sir G. A very extraordinary bargain I have made, truly; if she should be really in love with this old calf now— Psha! that's morally impossible— But then, what hopes have I to succeed? I never spoke to her—

Mir. [*Peeping*]. Say you so? then I am safe.

Sir G. What though my tongue never spoke, my eyes said a thousand things, and my hopes flattered me her's answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky—if not it is but a hundred guineas thrown away. [*Mir. comes forward.*]

Mir. Upon what, Sir George?

Sir G. Ha! my incognita—upon a woman, madam.

Mir. They are the worst things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your return, Sir George, ha, ha!

Sir G. Were they more brittle than china, and dropped to pieces with a touch, every atom as her I have ventur'd at, if she is but mistress of thy wit, balances ten times the sum. Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

Mir. By no means; that may spoil your opinion of my sense.

Sir G. Rather confirm it, madam.

Patch. So rob the lady of your gallantry, sir.

Sir G. No, child, a dish of chocolate in the morning never spoils my dinner: the other lady I design for a set meal; so there's no danger—

Mir. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! what crimes have you committed against the god of love, that he should revenge 'em so severely, as to stamp husband on your forehead?

Sir G. For my folly in having so often met you here without pursuing the laws of nature and exercising her command; but I resolve ere we part now to know who you are, where you live, what kind of flesh and blood your face is; therefore unmask, and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

Mir. My face is the same flesh and blood with my hand, Sir George; which if you will be so rude to provoke—

Sir G. You'll apply it to my cheek—the ladies' favours are always welcome, but I must have that cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the Park, child; and what a terrible thing it would be to lose that pretty white hand!

Mir. And how it will sound in a chocolate-house that Sir George Airy rudely pulled off a lady's mask, when he had given her his honour that he never would, directly or indirectly, endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

Sir G. But if that lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled spirit, shall I be blamed if I inquire into the reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a female shape.

Mir. What shall I do? [*Pauses.*]

Sir G. Ay, pr'ythee, consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy service.

Patch. Suppose, sir, the lady should be in love with you?

Sir G. Oh! I'll return the obligation in a moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! that's not the way to love her, child.

Mir. If he discovers me I shall die.—Which way shall I escape?—let me see. [*Pauses.*]

Sir G. Well, madam—

Mir. I have it. Sir George, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my face, and turn your back (if you look upon me I shall sink, even masked as I am), I will confess why I have engaged you so often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir G. Well, to show you I am a man of honour, I accept the conditions: let me but once know those, and the face won't be long a secret to me.

Patch. What mean you, madam? [*Aside to Mir.*]

Mir. To get off. [*Aside to Patch.*]

Sir G. 'Tis something indecent to turn one's back upon a lady; but you command, and I obey. [*Turns his back.*] Come, madam, begin.

Mir. First, then, it was my unhappy lot to see you at Paris, [*draws back a little way, and speaks,*] at a ball upon a birthday; your shape and air charmed my eyes, your wit and complaisance my soul, and from that fatal night I lov'd you. [*Drawing back.*]

And when you left the place, grief seiz'd me so,
Nor rest my heart, nor sleep my eyes could know;
Last I resolv'd a hazardous point to try,
And quit the place in search of liberty.
[*Exit, followed by Patch.*]

Sir G. Excellent. I hope she's handsome. Well, now, madam, to the two other things, your name, and where you live. I am a gentleman, and this confession will not be lost upon me. Nay, pr'ythee, don't weep, but go on, for I find my heart melts in thy behalf. Speak quickly, or I shall turn about. Not yet. Poor lady! She expects I should comfort her, and to do her justice she has said enough to encourage me. [*Turns about.*] Ha! gone! the devil! jilted! Why, what a tale she has invented—of Paris, balls, and birth-days!—Egad, I'd give ten guineas to know who the gipsy is. A curse of my folly, I deserve to lose her. What woman can forgive a man that turns his back!

The bold and resolute in love and war
To conquer take the right and swiftest way:
The boldest lover soonest gains the fair,
As courage makes the rudest force obey:
Take no denial, and the dames adore ye;
Closely pursue them, and they fall before ye. [*Exit.*]

William Lillo will close our remarks on the dramatic writers of this period. His tragedies are all of the domestic kind, and founded on sorrows incident to real life in the lower and middling ranks of society. Born of poor parents, in 1693, he was brought up with very limited advantages of education, to the business of a jeweller; but being of a literary turn, he devoted his leisure hours to the composition of three dramas, *George Barn-*

well, *Fatal Curiosity*, and *Arden of Feversham.* A tragedy on the last of these subjects, it will be recollected, appeared about the time of Shakspeare. At that early period of the drama, the style of Lillo may be said to have been shadowed forth in the Yorkshire tragedy, and one or two other plays founded on domestic occurrences. These, however, were rude and irregular, and were driven off the stage by the romantic drama of Shakspeare and his followers. The death of this writer occurred in 1739.

Lillo possessed a competent knowledge of dramatic art, and his style is generally smooth and easy. His 'George Barnwell' describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and to an ignominious death. The characters are naturally delineated; and we have no doubt it was correctly said that 'George Barnwell' drew more tears than the rants of Alexander the Great. 'Fatal Curiosity' is a work of far higher order. Driven by destitution, an old man and his wife murder a rich stranger who takes shelter in their house, and they discover, but too late, that they have murdered their own son, who had just returned after a long absence. The harrowing details of this tragedy are powerfully depicted; and the agonies of old Wilmot, the father, constitute one of the most appalling incidents in the whole English drama. The execution of Lillo's plays is unequal, and some of his characters are dull and commonplace; but that he was a forcible painter of the dark shades of human life, will appear evident from the following scene in 'Fatal Curiosity.' Young Wilmot, unknown to his parents, enters their house, and delivers to them a casket, requesting to retire an hour for rest:—

[*Agnes, his mother, alone, with the casket in her hands.*]

Agnes. Who should this stranger be? And then this casket—
He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
His confidence amazes me. Perhaps
It is not what he says. I'm strongly tempted
To open it and see. No; let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me
To search and pry into the affairs of others,
Who have to employ my thoughts so many cares
And sorrows of my own? With how much ease
The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious.
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright 's the lustre,
How immense the worth of those fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel forever
Base poverty and all its abject train;
The mean devices we 're reduced to use
To keep out famine and preserve our lives
From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world. Possessed of these,
Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,

And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake
More wretched by the happiness I've lost;
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought. I saw and touched
The bright temptation, and I see it yet.
'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession.
Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want,
To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?
Retain it then. But how? There is a way.
Why sink my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrilled with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity suggests the thought.

[*Enter Old Wilmot.*]

Old Wilmot. The mind contented, with how little pains
The wandering senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life? He 's fallen asleep
Already—happy man! What dost thou think,
My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and pressed it to his lips;
And with a look that pierced me to the soul,
Begged me to comfort thee: and—Dost thou hear me?
What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well.
This casket was delivered to you closed:
Why have you opened it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear?

Agnes. And who shall know it?

O. Wil. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintained and cherished to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shows sovereign contempt
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

Agnes. Shows sovereign madness, and a scorn of sense!
Pursue no further this detested theme:
I will not die. I will not leave the world
For all that you can urge, until compelled.

O. Wil. To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
This warmth might be excused. But take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agnes. Nor live, I hope.

O. Wil. There is no fear of that.

Agnes. Then we'll live both.

O. Wil. Strange folly! Where 's the means?

Agnes. The means are there; those jewels.

O. Wil. Ha! take heed:
Perhaps thou dost but try me; yet take heed.
There 's nought so monstrous but the mind of man
In some conditions may be brought to approve;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.
Agnes. And add to these detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.
O. Wil. The inhospitable murder of our guest?
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure, and easy;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror?
Agnes. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life than end our own.
O. Wil. It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime:
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss. And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
O, what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborned
To plead the cause of vile assassination!
Agnes. You're too severe: reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.
O. Wil. Rest contented:
Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betrayed within: my will 's seduced,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation;
Does it to be o'ercome.
Agnes. Then nought remains
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on, or delayed.
We must dispatch him sleeping: should he wake,
'T were madness to attempt it.
O. Wil. True, his strength,
Single, is more, much more than ours united;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Generous, unhappy man! O what could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish!
Agnes. By what means?
By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death?
O. Wil. Why, what a fiend!
How cruel, how remorseless, how impatient,
Have pride and poverty made thee!

Agnes. Barbarous man!
Whose wasteful riots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first dawn had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote inhospitable land.
The loveliest youth in person and in mind
That ever crowned a groaning mother's pains!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then?
Thou cruel husband! thou unnatural father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man!
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son;
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me.
O. Wil. Dry thy tears:
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffered much; so have we both.
But chide no more: I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor ill-fated, unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclined him on the fatal couch
From which he 's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear;
And thus, unthinking, furnished us with arms
Against himself. Which shall I use?
Agnes. The sash.
If you make use of that, I can assist.
O. Wil. No.
'Tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt. Steal to the door,
And bring me word if he be still asleep. [*Exit Agnes.*]
Or I'm deceived, or he pronounced himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch!
Thy thoughts are perishing; thy youthful joys,
Touched by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are withering in their bloom. But though extinguished,
He'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment. Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch: to die well pleased
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortured soul,
He 's to be envied, if compared with me.

The *Conscious Lovers*, a drama belonging to this period, was written by Sir Richard Steele, and combines moral instruction with amusement; but in all other respects it is a languid, if not an insipid performance. The *Distressed Mother* was translated from Racine, by Ambrose Philips, and was highly successful. The 'Zara' of Voltaire was, about the same time, adapted to the English stage, by Aaron Hill, who wrote also some original dramas; none of which, however, require particular notice.

Lecture the Twenty-Ninth.

PROSE WRITERS.

ISAAK WALTON — EDMUND CALAMY — SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE — BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE—THOMAS FULLER—EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON—SIR MATTHEW HALE—JAMES HARRINGTON.

THE productions of the early part of this period, in the department of prose, possess much of the nervous force and originality of the preceding era, and, at the same time, approximate to that elegance in the choice and arrangement of words, which, in English composition, has since been attained. The principal writers in philosophical and political dissertation, besides Milton and Cowley, whom we have already noticed under the department of poetry, are Sidney, Temple, Thomas Burnet, and Locke; in history, Lord Clarendon, and Bishop Burnet; in divinity, Calamy, Baxter, Barrow, Tillotson, South, Stillingfleet, Sherlock, and Barclay; in miscellaneous literature, Walton, Fuller, L'Estrange, and Brown; and in physical science, Boyle, Barrow, Newton, and some others, whose works, however, were chiefly written in Latin. Bunyan, the celebrated author of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' belongs also to this era, but can not be ranged in either of the previous classes.

Toward the close of this period, a much higher polish and greater degree of refinement was attained in prose writing, than had previously been known; but the attainment, it must be confessed, was made at the expense of its energy and strength. A new species of literature also, at this time, originated, which consisted in short essays on men and manners, published periodically, and commenting on the events of private life, and the dispositions of ordinary men. The idea had never before been entertained, either in England or in any other country, of a work in which the writer should undertake to meet the public several times each week with a brief paper, either discussing some feature of society, or relating some lively tale, allegory, or anecdote. The credit of commencing this new branch of literature is due to Sir Richard Steele, a gentleman of English parentage, but born in Ireland, while his father acted as secretary to the Duke of Ormond, lord-lieutenant of that kingdom. Of this we shall have occasion to speak more particularly in its appropriate place. In the following remarks upon the prose writers of the age upon which we are now about to enter, we shall not attempt to observe any other classification than that which the order of time suggests.

Izaak Walton, one of the most interesting and popular writers of this age, was an English worthy of the simple antique cast, who retained, in the heart of London, and in the midst of close and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character, and an inextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes, and recreations. He possessed also a power of natural description and lively dialogue, that has rarely been surpassed. The slight tincture of superstitious credulity and innocent eccentricity which pervades his works, gives them a finer zest, and more original flavor, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight.

Walton was born in the town of Strafford, in the month of August, 1593. Of his family, his early years, and his education, we have no memorials. According to Anthony Wood, he acquired a competency, by following, in London, the occupation of a linen-draper, at first in a shop in Cornhill, seven feet and a half long, and five wide, and afterward in Fleet street, where he had one half of a shop, the other half being occupied by a hosier. He had a more pleasant and spacious study, however, in the fields and rivers in the neighborhood of London, 'in such days and times as he laid aside business, and went a-fishing with honest Nat and R. Roe.'

In 1632, Walton married Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, of Farnival's Inn, and sister of Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells. This respectable connection introduced him to the acquaintance of the eminent men and dignitaries of the church, at whose houses he passed much of his time in his latter years, especially after the death of his wife, 'a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety.' Walton retired from business in the fifty-first year of his age, and lived forty years afterwards in uninterrupted leisure. He died at Winchester, on the fifteenth of December, 1683, while residing with his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester cathedral.

Walton's first literary production was the *Life of Dr. Donne*, prefixed to a collection of the doctor's sermons, published in 1640. It was his original design not to write this work, but merely to collect the materials for Sir Henry Wotton, who was to execute the task. But Sir Henry's death intervening, Izaak 'reviewed his forsaken collections, and resolved that the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that his artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present.' The memoir is circumstantial, and one of the most deeply interesting biographies in the language. He next wrote, with equal felicity, the *Life of Sir Henry Wotton*. Walton's principal production, *The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation*, appeared in 1653, and such was its popularity, that four other editions were called for during the author's life, the last of which was published in 1676. This work is a rich storehouse of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity and benevolence. It is a production unique in English literature. In writing it the author says he made 'a recreation of a recreation,' and by mingling innocent mirth and pleasant scenes with the graver parts of his discourse, he designed it as a picture of his own disposition. The work is, indeed, essentially autobiographical, both in spirit and in execution. A hunter and a falconer are introduced as parties in the dialogues, but they serve only as foils to the venerable, and complacent Piscator, in whom the interest of the piece wholly centres.

This remarkable production deserves more than an ordinary notice. The opening scene lets us, at once, into the genial character of the work and its hero. The three interlocutors meet accidentally on Tottenham hill, near London, on a 'fine fresh May morning.' They are open and cheerful as the day itself. Piscator is going toward Ware, Venator to meet a pack of other dogs upon Amwell hill, and Anceps to Theobald's to see a hawk that a friend there *mews*, or moults for him. Piscator willingly joins with the lover of hounds in helping to destroy otters, for he 'hates them perfectly, because they love fish so well, and destroy so much.' The sportsmen proceed onward together, and they agree each to 'commend his recreation' or favorite pursuit. Piscator alludes to the virtue and contentedness of anglers, but gives the precedence to his companions in discoursing on their different crafts. The lover of hawking is eloquent on the virtues of the air, the element that he treads in, and on its varied winged inhabitants. He describes the falcon 'making her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and, in her glorious career, looking with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at.' The singing birds, 'those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art,' are descanted upon with pure poetical feeling and expression.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and throssel (song-thrush) with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock (skylark), the titlark, the linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'

The lover of hunting next takes his turn, and comments, though with less force, on the perfection of smell possessed by the hound, and the joyous music made by a pack of dogs in full chase. Piscator then unfolds his long-treasured and highly-prized lore on the virtues of water, sea, river, and brook; and on the antiquity and excellence of fishing and angling. The latter, he says, is somewhat like poetry; men must be born so. He quotes Scripture, and numbers the prophets who allude to fishing. He also remembers, with pride, that four of the twelve apostles were fishermen, and that our Saviour never reproved them for their employment or calling, as he did the scribes and money-changers; for 'He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; even of mild and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as, indeed, most anglers are.' The rhetoric and knowledge of Piscator at length fairly overcame Venator, and he agrees to accompany him in his sport, adopts him as his master and guide, and in time becomes initiated into the practice and mysteries of the gentle craft. The angling excursions of the pair give occasion to the practical lessons and descriptions of the book, and elicit what is its greatest charm, the minute and vivid painting of rural objects, the display of character, both in action and conversation, the flow of generous sentiment and feeling, and the associated recollections of picturesque poetry, natural piety, and examples and precepts of morality. Walton's style is sprinkled, but not obscured, by the antiquated idiom and expression of his times, and clear and sparkling as one of his own favorite summer streams. Toward the close of his work, he indulges in the following strain of moral reflection and admonition, and is as philosophically just and wise in his councils, as his language and imagery are chaste, beautiful, and animated :—

THANKFULNESS FOR WORLDLY BLESSINGS.

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk toward it in the cool shades of this sweet honey-suckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and the toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and, therefore, let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men can not purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich;' and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that when she seems to play, is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gim-cracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshiping or not flattering him; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller, and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this law-suit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this willful purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health, and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready-furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, 'If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind them, for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.' And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's gospel, for he there says, 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth.' Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven, but in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward the kingdom of heaven, by being humble, and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts, that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness, and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common, let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or the setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my mean was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin, 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health, and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money can not buy—and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them; and if you have a competency enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, and thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, the other in a meek and thankful heart, which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

Venator. Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions, but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget.

In addition to the works already mentioned, Walton published, in 1662, a *Life of Richard Hooker ;* in 1670, a *Life of George Herbert ;* and in 1678, a *Life of Bishop Sanderson.* These are all exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive performances. Though no man seems to have remained more composed during the troublous times in which he lived, than the venerable Walton, yet he ventured to write and publish, in 1680, two letters on the *Distempers of the times*, 'written from a quiet and conformable citizen of London to two busie and factious shopkeepers in Coventry.' His last literary performance was the publishing of the *Thealma and Clearchus* of Chalkhill, the particulars connected with which we have noticed in the life of that poet.

Edmund Calamy, an eminent divine, was born in the city of London, in February, 1600. His parents, though not distinguished, were of the better class; and having caused their son to be thoroughly prepared for college, they entered him at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1619, and that of bachelor of divinity, in 1632. The Arminian doctrines then prevailed at the university, and Calamy's attachment to the opposite party prevented him from obtaining a fellowship when he was entitled to it. Fenton, Bishop of Ely, afterwards made him one of his chaplains; and while in this situation, he is represented to have devoted sixteen hours a day to his studies. His patron, the bishop, presented him to the vicarage of St. Mary's, in Cambridgeshire; but being soon after chosen lecturer of St. Edmondsbury, in Suffolk, he removed to that place. Here he continued ten years, during the whole of which he was distinguished for the strictness of his conformity to the Established Church; but when the 'Book of Sports' was insisted on, he could conform no longer, and, therefore, publicly renounced his connection with the Church of England, and became a presbyterian.

Upon the death of Dr. Stoughten, in 1639, Calamy was chosen minister of St. Mary Aldermanbury, London; and in July of the same year he was incorporated into the university of Oxford. On the opening of the Long Parliament, in November, 1640, he distinguished himself in defence of the Presbyterian cause, and was the principal writer of the famous *Smectymnuus* —a work mentioned by Bishop Wilkins, in his 'Discourse concerning the Gift of Preaching,' as a very powerful argument against Episcopacy. In 1641, Calamy was appointed by the House of Lords a member of the subcommittee, the business of which was 'to consider the means by which ecclesiastical affairs might be accommodated.' He was afterwards an active member of the 'Assembly of Divines,' and often ordered to preach before the parliament. He was, at the same time, one of the Cornhill lecturers, and his ministerial abilities procured him great reputation and popularity throughout London. Besides his own parishioners, citizens of eminence of other parishes, and even many of the nobility, frequently attended his preaching. He was a strenuous opposer of all sectarianism, and made every effort to prevent those violent measures which were pursued toward the king after his return from the Isle of Wight. The representation of the London ministers to Cromwell and his council of war, presented on the eighteenth of January, 1648, was drawn up to enforce what Calamy and some other presbyterian ministers had before delivered in two conferences, the first with the general and his council, and the second with the chief officers of the army.

During the Commonwealth, and the administration of Cromwell, Calamy lived in a retired and comparatively private condition; and as soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself he was very active in the restoration of Charles the Second. He preached before the parliament on the very day on which that body voted the king's restoration, and was one of the divines sent over to Holland to offer him their congratulations. In June, 1660, after the Restoration, Calamy was made one of his majesty's chaplains, and was, at the same time, offered the bishopric of Coventry and Litchfield; but his conscientious opposition to Episcopacy would not permit him to accept it. On St. Bartholomew's day, 1662, he was turned out of his parish for nonconformity; and on the thirtieth of the following August he petitioned the king to allow him to continue in the exercise of his ministerial functions. Charles was inclined to grant his request, but the measure was so strenuously opposed by Seldon, Bishop of London, that, for 'consistency's sake,' the petition was refused. On the sabbath of the twenty-eighth of December, 1662, the expected preacher not having arrived at the time for commencing the service, Calamy was prevailed upon, by some of the principal members of the parish, to supply his place. This, after some hesitation, he consented to do; but the following passages in his sermon gave such offence that the Lord Mayor committed the preacher to Newgate, for contempt of the 'Act of Conformity':—

Addressing his former parishioners, he remarked—

> You have had three famous successors, Dr. Taylor, for seven years; Dr. Stoughten for seven years, and myself. I have been with you almost four-and-twenty years; and may not God now unchurch you, by suffering you to want a faithful minister to go in and out before you! This is one reason, upon which account I may safely say, the ark of God is in danger, and Aldermanbury may truly fear the loss of the ark.

And again:—

> I read that among the Romans, when any man was accused for his life, all his relations put on mourning apparel, and they followed him to his trial in mourning, thereby to show their love to the party in danger. Now did you love the gospel,

the ministers of the gospel, and the ordinances of Christ, you would all put on mourning, and lament for the gospel, the ark of God that is in danger: and because you do not, it is a sign you have no love for the gospel.

Calamy continued to reside in the parish over which he had so long presided, until his death, which occurred on the twenty-ninth of October, 1666, and which is said to have been produced by the sight of London in ashes, after the great fire. Though a very learned divine, Calamy's sermons were of a plain and practical character; and five of them published together, under the title of *The Godly Man's Ark, or a City of Refuge in the Day of his Distress*, long possessed great popularity.

Sir William Dugdale and Bulstrode Whitelocke were contemporaries of Calamy, and eminent in the departments of learning to which they respectively devoted themselves.

William Dugdale was born at Shustoke, in Warwickshire, on the twelfth of September, 1605. He received his early education at the free school in Coventry, and in the fifteenth year of his age returned to his father's house, and continued for some time to study civil law and history under paternal direction. His natural inclination leading him to the study of antiquities, he removed, in 1638, to London, and soon became acquainted with most of the distinguished antiquarians of the day. He prosecuted his researches for many years with very great success, and for his attainments was created, by Charles the Second, in 1667, a knight of the realm. His death occurred on the tenth of February, 1685, and two days after he was buried at Shustoke, in a small vault which he himself had previously caused to be made in the church of that place.

Sir William Dugdale was highly distinguished for his knowledge of heraldry and antiquities. His work entitled *The Baronage of England*, is, in its own department, one of the best in the language; and his *Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated*, published in 1656, is placed in the foremost rank of county histories. He produced also a *History of St. Paul's Cathedral;* and in 1673 three volumes of a great work entitled *Monasticon Anglicanum*, intended to embrace the history of the monastic and other religious foundations which existed in England before the Reformation. Besides several other publications, Dugdale left a large collection of manuscripts, which are now to be found in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and at the Herald's college.

Bulstrode Whitelocke, an eminent English lawyer, was the son of Sir James Whitelocke, knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and was born in Fleet street, London, on the sixth of August, 1605. He was instructed in grammar at Merchant Taylor's school, and thence he went, in 1620, to St. John's College, Oxford, of which Laud, afterward archbishop of Canterbury, was then president. For some reason not known, he left the university without taking a degree, and entered the Middle Temple, where, by the help of his father, he became eminent for his skill in the common law, as well as in other studies. He soon rose to distinction in his profession, and in the beginning of the Long Parliament was chosen a burgess for Marlow, in Bucks. In parliament he greatly distinguished himself as the advocate of liberal principles, and the opponent of every order of oppression. In the trial of the Earl of Strafford, he appeared as one of the managers for the parliament against that misguided nobleman. In 1643, when the king, at Oxford, manifested a willingness to treat with the Parliament, he was named as one of the commissioners for that purpose, and as one of the gentlemen to sit with the assembly of divines. From this period until matters were brought to a crisis, and there seemed no other alternative than that the king must be sacrificed, Whitelocke continued to occupy high and important stations; but when the question of his majesty's death was seriously agitated, he retired into the country, his execution being contrary to his judgment. Under the Commonwealth he was made one of the council of state, and high steward of Oxford, with charge of the king's library and medals, the sale of which he had already prevented. In 1653 he was sent ambassador to the queen of Sweden, and was treated by Christiana with the highest marks of honor and respect. On his return to England Cromwell summoned him to sit in the *other house*,—under the title of Bulstrode Lord Whitelocke. At the Restoration he retired into the country, and died at Chilton, in Wiltshire, on the twenty-eighth of January, 1676.

Whitelocke's principal literary performance is *Memorials of English Affairs*, from the beginning of the reign of Charles the First to the Restoration. As these 'Memorials' were not intended for publication, they were written wholly in the form of diary, and should be regarded, therefore, rather as a collection of historical materials than as history itself. In a posthumous volume of *Essays Ecclesiastical and Civil*, he strongly advocates religious toleration.

Thomas Fuller, to whom a conspicuous place in the prose literature of this period belongs, was the son of a clergyman of the same name, and was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, in 1608. He was prepared for the university at home, by his father, and so great was his proficiency under paternal instruction, that he entered Queen's College, Cambridge, in the twelfth year of his age. At the university his studies were crowned with triumphant success; and on entering life as a preacher, in that city, he acquired unbounded popularity. He afterwards passed through a rapid succession of promotions, until he acquired the lectureship of the Savoy in London. On the breaking out of the civil war, Fuller attached himself to the king's party, at Oxford, and he seems to have accompanied the army in active service, for some years, as chaplain to Lord Hopton. Even in these circumstances, his active mind was employed in collecting materials for some of the works which he afterward published. His company was, at the same time, much courted, on account of the extraordinary amount of intelligence he had acquired, and a strain of lively humor that seems to have been quite irrepressible. The quaint and familiar cast of his mind disposed him to be less particular in the selection of materials, and also in the arrangement of them, than scholars generally are. He would often sit patiently for hours, listening to the prattle of old women, in order to obtain snatches of local history, traditionary anecdote, and proverbial wisdom. These, he afterward wrought up in his work, entitled *The Worthies of England*, which is a strange melange of topography, biography, and popular antiquities.

When the heat of the civil war was past, Fuller returned to London, and soon after became lecturer at St. Bride's Church. He was now engaged on his *Church History of Britain*, which was published in 1656, in one volume folio. He afterward devoted himself to the preparation of his 'Worthies,' which he did not complete till 1660. Meanwhile, he had passed through some other situations in the church, the last of which was that of chaplain to Charles the Second, upon which the university of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity. It was thought that the king intended to confer upon him a bishopric, but he was unfortunately attacked with a fever, on his return from a visit to his uncle, the bishop of Salisbury, of which he died, on the tenth of August, 1660.

In person, Fuller was tall and handsome, and in conversational power unrivalled. As a proof of his wonderful memory, it is said that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them, and recite the whole of the signs in the principal thoroughfares of London, after once passing through it and back again.

Fuller's first literary performance was a divine poem, written while he resided at Cambridge, and published under the title of *David's Heinous Sin, Hearty Repentance, and Heavy Punishment.* Soon after he settled in London appeared his *History of the Holy War.* His only other work of importance, besides those already mentioned, are *The Profane and Holy States*, and *A Pisgah View of Palestine.* His principal work, the 'Worthies,' is rather a collection of brief memoranda than a regular composition, so that it does not admit of extract for our purpose. The style of all Fuller's works is extremely quaint and jocular; and in the power of drawing humorous comparisons, he is little, if at all, inferior to Butler himself. His 'Holy and Profane States,' contains admirably drawn characters, which are held forth as examples to be respectively imitated and avoided; such as the Good Father, the Good Soldier, and the Good Master. In this and the other productions of Fuller, there is a vast fund of sagacity and good sense, frequently expressed in language so pithy, that a large collection of admirable and striking maxims might easily be drawn from his pages. We have not, however, space for samples of these, but shall be satisfied with presenting the following admirably drawn character :—

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these:—First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skillful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabrics thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows,) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterward prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless, whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterward the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teachings; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their son's exemption from his rod, (to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction,) with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes* then *paidagogos*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence. And whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in forma pauperi*. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar can not pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping; rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would not suffer any wandering begging scholar (such as justly the statute hath ranked in the forefront of rogues), to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him), lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

He spoils not a good school to make whereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that, logic may have an action of trespass against grammar, for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school and oftentimes they are forced afterward into the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before. Out of his school he is in no way pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place, that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise in obscurity, had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Brundly school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for any thing so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, and Lord High Chancellor of England, was one of the most remarkable personages of this or any other period of English literature. Descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, and born at Dinton, in Wiltshire, on the sixteenth of February, 1608, he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, at the early age of fourteen, whence he was graduated with the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1625, not yet having attained the seventeenth year of his age. From the university, Hyde removed to London, entered the Middle Temple, and there, for a number of years, pursued the study of the law with the greatest diligence and success. While thus employed, he associated much with some of the most eminent of his contemporaries, among whom were Selden, Waller, Hales, and Chillingworth. From the conversation of these and other distinguished individuals, the characters of some of whom he has admirably drawn in his works, he considered himself to have derived a great portion of his knowledge; and he declared that 'he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company.' In the practice of the law he made so creditable a figure as to attract the attention of the most eminent of the profession; but being in easy circumstances, and having entered parliament, in 1640, he soon afterwards quitted the bar, and devoted himself, thenceforth, to public affairs. At first he abstained from connecting himself with any political party; but eventually he joined the royalists, to whose principles he was naturally inclined, though not in a violent degree. In the struggles between Charles the First, and the people, he was much consulted by the king, who, however, sometimes gave him great offence by disregarding his advice. Many of the papers issued in the royal cause during the civil war, were the productions of Hyde's pen. Charles, while holding his court at Oxford, nominated him chancellor of the exchequer, and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood.

In 1644, Hyde left the king, and accompanied Prince Charles to the west, and subsequently to Jersey, where he remained two years after the prince's departure from that island, engaged in tranquil literary pursuits, and especially in writing a history of the stormy events in which he had so lately been an actor. In 1648 he joined the prince in Holland, and the next year went as one of his ambassadors to Madrid, having previously settled his family at Antwerp. In Spain, the ambassadors were coldly received; and after suffering much from poverty and neglect, they were at length, in 1651, ordered to quit the kingdom. Hyde retired to his family at Antwerp, but in the autumn of the same year, joined the exiled prince in Paris. Thenceforth he continued to be of great service in managing the embarrassed pecuniary affairs of the court, in giving counsel to the king, and in preserving harmony among his adherents. At the same time his own poverty was such, that he remarks in one of his letters, written in 1652, 'I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season;' and in the following year he says, 'I have not had a livre of my own for three months.'

Hyde was a man of activity, integrity, and strict economy; and, therefore, Charles's indolent and extravagant habits greatly annoyed him. The prince, however, had the discernment to perceive the value of such a friend, and, therefore, expressed his approbation of his conduct, by raising him to the dignity of lord chancellor. The appointment by a king, without a kingdom, besides serving to testify royal favor, enabled the easy and indolent monarch to rid himself of clamorous applicants for future lucrative offices in

England, by referring them to one who had greater ability to resist solicitation with firmness. Of the four confidential counsellors by whose advice Charles was almost exclusively directed after the death of Oliver Cromwell, Hyde 'bore the greatest share of business, and was believed to possess the greatest influence. The measures he recommended were tempered with sagacity, prudence, and moderation.' The chancellor was a witness of the Restoration; he was with Charles at Canterbury, in his progress to London, followed his triumphal entry into the capitol, and took his seat on the first of June, 1660, as speaker of the House of Lords: he also sat on the same day in the Court of Chancery. In the same year his daughter became the wife of the Duke of York; and by this marriage Hyde was rendered the progenitor of two queens of England, Mary and Anne. At the coronation, in 1661, the earldom of Clarendon was conferred upon him, accompanied with a present from the king of twenty thousand pounds.

Clarendon enjoyed the office of chancellor till 1665, when, having incurred the popular displeasure by some of his measures, and raised up many bitter enemies in the court by his opposition to the dissoluteness and extravagance which there prevailed, he resigned the great seal at his majesty's command, and was soon after compelled to withdraw from the kingdom. He retired into France, where he occupied several years in completing his *History of the Rebellion*, and died at Rouen, on the ninth of December, 1673. His remains were afterwards brought to England and interred on the north side of King Henry the Seventh's chapel, in Westminster Abbey.

The 'History of the Rebellion,' Clarendon's great work, is not written in the studied manner usually observed in historical compositions, but in an easy flowing conversational style; and it is generally esteemed for the lively descriptions which the author gives, from his own knowledge and observations, of his most eminent contemporaries. The events are narrated with that freshness and minuteness which no writer but one concerned in them could have attained; but in judging of the characters and transactions described, some allowance must be made for the political prejudices of the author, which, as we have already observed, were those of a moderate and virtuous royalist. The principal faults of his style are prolixity and want of clearness: the narrative is also frequently interrupted by the introduction of minute discussions of accessory matters.

Lord Clarendon wrote also a variety of shorter works, among which are a life of himself, a reply to the 'Leviathan' of Hobbes, and an admirable Essay on an *Active and Contemplative Life, and why the One should be preferred before the Other.* This last work is peculiarly valuable, as the production of a man who, to a sound and vigorous understanding, added rare knowledge of the world, and much experience of life, both active and retired. He strongly maintains the superiority of an active course, as having the greater tendency to promote, not only the happiness and usefulness, but also the virtue of the individual. In the year 1811, a work of Lord Clarendon's, which had till that time remained in manuscript, was published under the title of *Religion and Policy, and the Countenance and Assistance they should give to each other; with a Survey of the Power and Jurisdiction of the Pope in the Dominions of other Princes.* The principal object of the work is to show the injury that religion has sustained by the pope's assumption of temporal authority, and that it is incumbent on Catholics living under Protestant governments to pay no regard to papal authority, in opposition to their own sovereigns. The following sketches of Charles the First and of Oliver Cromwell show Clarendon's style to great advantage:—

CHARACTER OF CHARLES I.

But it will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and, therefore, he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence. And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions, and was so severe an exacter of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him any thing that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence, and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and allay that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but, in his riper years, not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit; if he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature, and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition, when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most entire obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it, but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his council had to the war or any other fatigue. He was always a great lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English about him till he was king; and the major number of his servants being still of that nation, who he thought could never fail him. And among these, no man had such an ascendant over him, by the humblest insinuations, as Duke Hamilton had.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity, where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence, what vast draughts of wine they drank, and, 'that there was one earl who had drank most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered,' the king said, 'that he deserved to be hanged;' and that earl coming shortly after into the room where his majesty was, in some gayety, to show how unhurt he was from that battle, the king sent one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterward, the terror all men were under of the parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour, when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian, that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

He was one of those men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent*, whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests, into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, *ausum eum, quæ nemo auderet bonus, perfecisse, quæ a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent*—['He attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded.'] Without doubt, no man, with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it. * *

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so toward all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. * *

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed, 'that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government,' but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by a posterity as a brave wicked man.

Brief notices of Sir Matthew Hale and James Harrington will close our present remarks.

Matthew Hale was born at Aldersly, in Gloucester, on the first of November, 1609. His father being puritanically inclined, placed him under the care of Staunton, a noted puritan preacher of that period, by whom he was well prepared for the university, and, in 1626, he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he laid the foundation of that learning and knowledge on which he afterward raised so vast a superstructure. In 1629, he entered Lincoln's Inn as a student of law, and from the time of his admission at the bar he rose gradually until he reached the very top of his profession. He was elevated to the bench by Oliver Cromwell, and by Charles the Second, was, in 1660, knighted, and made chief baron of the exchequer; and eleven years after appointed Lord Chief Justice of the king's bench. Amidst the immorality of Charles the Second's reign, Sir Matthew Hale stands out with peculiar lustre, as an impartial, incorruptible, and determined administrator of justice. Though of a benevolent and devout, as well as righteous disposition, his manners are said to have been extremely austere. He died of dropsy, on the twenty-fifth of December 1676, and was buried, in accordance with his own request, in the churchyard of Aldersly, among his ancestors.

Besides his celebrity as a judge, Sir Matthew Hale acquired very considerable literary reputation. The productions of his pen, which are many and various, relate chiefly to natural philosophy, divinity, and law. His religious opinions were Calvinistical: and his chief theological work, entitled *Contemplations, Moral and Divine*, still retains very considerable popularity. As a specimen of his style, we present the following letter of advice to his children:—

ON CONVERSATION.

Dear Children—I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I can not spend it more to my own satisfaction, and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak any thing for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people can not believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak any thing positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors, or strangers, are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity, which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak and then think.

Some men excell in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and, at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offence, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of any body, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved; but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offence, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for every thing that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is 'taking the name of God in vain.'

If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavour to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Read these directions often; think of them seriously; and practice them diligently. You will find them useful in your conversation; which will be every day the more evident to you, as your judgment, understanding, and experience increase.

I have little further to add at this time, but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honour your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honour that you have an opportunity by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

I pray God to fill your hearts with his grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving him; and that his blessing and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all. I am your ever loving father.

James Harrington, descended from an ancient and noble family of Rutlandshire, was born at Upton, in Northamptonshire, on the first Friday in January, 1611. He was admitted, in 1629, into Trinity College, Oxford, and had the happiness to be placed under the tuition of the celebrated Chillingworth, who had recently been elected fellow of that college. He afterwards went abroad for several years, passing the principal part of his time at the courts of Holland and Denmark. While residing at the Hague, and subsequently at Venice, he imbibed many of those republican views which afterward distinguished his writings. Visiting Rome, he attracted very considerable attention by refusing to kiss the Pope's toe—conduct which he afterward adroitly justified to the King of England, by saying that, 'having had the honor of kissing his majesty's hand, he thought it beneath him to kiss the toe of any other monarch.'

During the civil war, Harrington was appointed by the parliamentary commissioners one of the personal attendants of King Charles, who, in 1647, nominated him one of the grooms of his bed-chamber. The king was fond of conversing with him on every other subject but politics; and the impression made on him by the royal condescension and familiarity, was such as to render him very desirous that a reconciliation between his majesty and the parliament might be effected, and to excite in him the most violent grief when the king was brought to the scaffold. He has, nevertheless, in his writings, placed Charles in an unfavorable light, and spoken of his execution as the consequence of a divine judgment. During the early part of Cromwell's administration, Harrington was occupied in composing his *Oceana*, which was published in 1656, and dedicated to the Protector. The work is a political romance, illustrating the author's ideas of a republic so constituted as to secure that general freedom of which he was so ardent an admirer. Hume characterizes it as 'well adapted to that age, when the plans of imaginary republics were the daily subjects of debate and conversation; and even in our time, it is justly admired as a work of genius and invention. The style of this author wants ease and fluency, but the good matter which his work contains makes compensation.'

After the publication of the 'Oceana,' Harrington continued to exert himself in diffusing his republican sentiments, by founding a debating club, called the Rota, and holding conversations with visitors at his own house. This brought the suspicions of the restored government upon him, and on pretence of treasonable practices, he was put into confinement, and there kept, until an attack of mental derangement made it necessary that he should be delivered to his friends. His death occurred at Westminster, on the eleventh of September, 1677; and he was there buried in St. Margaret's Church, on the south side of the altar, next to the grave of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Besides his 'Oceana,' which is his great work, Harrington was the author of various other productions, both in prose and verse; but after a careful examination, we have been unable to find a single passage adapted to our purpose.

Lecture the Thirtieth.

JOHN WILKINS—JOHN PEARSON—HENRY MORE—RICHARD BAXTER—JOHN OWEN—RALPH CUDWORTH—SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE—ELIAS ASHMOLE—WALTER CHARLETON—JOHN EVELYN.

THE formation of the Royal Society of England is one of the most prominent events in the history of science and literature in that country; and as Dr. Wilkins, whom we are next to notice, may be regarded as one of the few scholars with whom the idea of such an association originated, we shall here introduce Dr. Sprat's account of the circumstances out of which it arose.

'It was some space after the end of the civil wars, at Oxford, in Dr. Wilkins his lodgings, in Wadham College, which was then the place of resort for virtuous and learned men, that the first meetings were made, which laid the foundation of all this that followed. The university had, at that time, many members of its own, who had begun a free way of reasoning; and was also frequented by some gentlemen of philosophical minds whom the misfortunes of the kingdom, and the security and ease of a retirement amongst grown men, had drawn thither. Their first purpose was no more than only the satisfaction of breathing a freer air, and of conversing in quiet with one another, without being engaged in the passions and madness of that dismal age. * * For such a candid and unpassionate company as that was, and for such a gloomy season, what could have been a fitter subject to pitch upon than natural philosophy? To have been always tossing about some theological question, would have been to have made that their private diversion, the excess of which they themselves disliked in the public: to have been eternally musing on civil business, and the distresses of their country, was too melancholy a reflection: it was nature alone which could pleasantly entertain them in that estate. The contemplation of that draws our minds off from the past or present misfortunes, and makes them conquerors over things in the greatest public unhappiness: while the consideration of men, and human affairs, may affect us with a thousand disquiets that never separate us into mortal factions; that gives us room to differ without animosity, and permits us to raise contrary imaginations upon it, without any danger of a civil war.'

John Wilkins, the son of a goldsmith of Oxford, was born at Fawlsey, Northamptonshire, in 1614. He was taught Latin and Greek at a private school, conducted by Edward Sylvester, an eminent instructor of that period; and such was his proficiency that, in 1627, at thirteen years of age, he entered a student of New Inn college, Cambridge. He soon after removed to Magdalen Hall, where he remained till he had taken his master's degree, and then entered into orders. He commenced his career as a clergyman by becoming chaplain, first to Lord Say, and afterward to Charles, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and Prince Elector of the Empire, with whom he remained for some years.

When the civil war broke out Wilkins joined the parliamentary party, and took the oath of the solemn league and covenant. In April, 1648, he was made warden of Wadham College, and on the following day created bachelor of divinity. The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him in the following year; and in 1656 he married a widow lady, the sister of Oliver Cromwell, in consequence of which he forfeited the wardenship of the college, the statutes of which prohibited the marriages of such officers. He, however, obtained a dispensation from the Protector, and thus retained his office. In 1659, he was placed at the head of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Richard Cromwell; but upon the Restoration of Charles the Second, in the following year, he was ejected from his college, and became preacher of the honorable society of Gray's Inn, and rector of St. Lawrence, London. He soon after became dean of Rippon, and, in 1668, was raised, chiefly through the influence of the Duke of Buckingham, to the see of Chester. He did not, however, long survive this last preferment, but died soon after at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Tillotson, in Chancery Lane, London, on the nineteenth of November, 1672.

Bishop Wilkins, says Bishop Burnet, 'was a man of as great mind, as true judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul, as any I ever knew. Though he married Cromwell's sister, yet he made no other use of that alliance but to do good offices, and to recover the university of Oxford from the sourness of Owen and Goodwin. At Cambridge, he joined with those who studied to propagate better thoughts, to take men off from being in parties, or from narrow notions, from superstitious conceits and fierceness about opinions. He was also a great observer and promoter of experimental philosophy, which was then a new thing, and much looked after. He was naturally ambitious; but was the wisest clergyman I ever knew. He was a lover of mankind, and had a delight in good.' Bishop Wilkins, like his friend and son-in-law, Tillotson, and the other moderate churchmen of the day, was an object of violent censure to the high-church party; but fortunately he possessed, as Burnet farther remarks, 'a courage which could stand against a current, and against all the reproaches with which ill-natured clergymen studied to load him.'

The works of Bishop Wilkins were numerous, ingenious, and learned. His first publication, and perhaps his most ingenious performance, appeared in 1638, and is entitled, *The Discovery of a New World: or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon; with a Discourse concerning the Probability of a Passage thither.* In this ingenious but fantastical treatise, he supports the proposition, 'That it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world, and if there be inhabitants there, to have commerce with them.' Besides this singular work, Wilkins published several other essays of a similar nature; such as, *A Discourse concerning a New Planet, Mercury, or, The Secret and Swift Messenger, and Mathematical Magic; or, The Wonders that may be performed by Mechanical Geometry.* Of his theological works, the first that made its appearance was *Ecclesiastes: or, A Discourse of the Gift of Preaching, as it falls under the Rules of Art.* The design of this publication was to reform the prevailing cant of the times, which, to every clergyman of well-regulated taste, was extremely offensive. His next publication was *A Discourse concerning the Beauty of Providence, in all the Rugged Passages of it;* and this was soon followed by *A Discourse concerning the Gift of Prayer, showing what it is, wherein it consists, and how far it is attainable by industry.* After the death of Bishop Wilkins, Dr. Tillotson published two volumes that the bishop had left unfinished; the first of which was, *Sermons preached on Several Occasions*, and the other, *Of the Principles and Duties of Natural Religion.* We shall conclude our notice of this interesting writer with the following brief extract from his earliest production:—

HOW A MAN MAY FLY TO THE MOON.

If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour, I answer, 1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly, by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates.

2. If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can soop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle.

Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it, as shall convey him through the air. And this, perhaps, might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of any thing in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat.

This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regio-montanus a wooden eagle.

I conceive it were no difficult matter (if a man had leisure), to show more particularly the means of composing it.

Bishop Wilkins was succeeded in the see of Chester by another very learned and estimable divine, Dr. Pearson.

JOHN PEARSON was the son of Robert Pearson, rector of Creak and Snoring, in Norfolk, and was born at Snoring, on the twelfth of February, 1612. In May, 1623, he was sent to Eton school, and nine years afterwards was elected to King's College, Cambridge, where he remained to take both his bachelor's and his master's degree. In 1640, he took orders, and was immediately after appointed chaplain to Lord John Finch, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, by whom he was presented to the living of Torrington, in Suffolk. Upon the breaking out of the civil wars, Pearson became chaplain to Lord Goring, whom he attended in the army; and afterwards to Sir Robert Cook, in London. In 1650, he became the minister of St. Clement's Church. From St. Clement's he passed to the divinity chair in Cambridge, and thence to the presidency of Trinity College, in the same university. The latter situation he held until he became bishop of Chester, in 1672, where he remained until his death, which occurred on the sixteenth of July, 1686.

In 1659, Bishop Pearson published *An Exposition on the Creed*, which Bishop Burnet pronounces to be 'among the best books that our church has produced.' This work has been much admired for the melody of its language, and the clear and methodical way in which the subjects are treated. The following illustration of the Resurrection is particularly happy :—

THE RESURRECTION.

Besides the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and being corrupted, may revive and multiply: our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, and preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration, but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence into a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this, indeed, we can not be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon his power we must conclude that we may, from his will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now, the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection. For the grounding of which assurance I shall show that God hath revealed the determination of his will to raise the dead, and that he hath not only delivered that intention in his Word, but hath also several ways confirmed the same.

Dr. Henry More, another divine of the established church, to be classed with the last two noticed, was born at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, on the twelfth of October, 1614. His parents being devoted Calvinists, took especial pains to bring him up in the same faith; and with this view they placed him under the care of a private teacher of their own persuasion, with whom he remained till he was fourteen years of age. At that period, he was sent, at the instigation of his uncle, who discovered in him very uncommon genius, to Eton school, there to perfect himself in the Latin and Greek languages, in which he had already made very considerable proficiency. In 1631, after he had passed three years at Eton, he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, and having previously renounced the Calvinistic doctrines, was placed, at his own request, under the care of a tutor who did not hold those principles. In 1639 he took the degree of master of arts; and being soon after chosen fellow of his college, he resolved to take up his abode in the university, and accordingly became tutor to several persons of eminence. He devoted the whole of the remainder of his life to study and religious meditation at Cambridge, and strenuously refused to accept any preferment in the church which would render it necessary to leave what he called his paradise. The friends of this recluse philosopher once attempted to decoy him into a bishopric, and with this view they beguiled him as far as Whitehall, that he might kiss the king's hand on the occasion; but when told for what purpose they had brought him thither, he refused to go any farther, but returned at once to the university, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred on the first of September, 1687, in the seventy-third year of his age.

The principal works of Dr. More are, *The Mystery of Godliness*, *The Mystery of Iniquity*, *A Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul*, and *Ethical and Metaphysical Manuals.* His moral doctrines are pure and elevated, but some of his views are strongly tinged with mysticism, and grounded on a philosophy which, though considerable attention was paid to it at the time when he lived, has now fallen into general neglect as visionary and absurd. He was an enthusiastic and disinterested inquirer after truth, and is celebrated by his contemporaries as a man of uncommon benevolence, purity, and devotion. He once observed to a friend, 'that he was thought by some to have a soft head, but he thanked God he had a soft heart.' Among his visionary notions was the idea that supernatural communications were made to him, under the direction of God, by a particular genius or demon like that of Socrates; that he was unusually gifted with the power of explaining the prophecies of Scripture; and that when writing on that subject, he was under the guidance of a special providence. He was also credulous as to apparitions and witchcraft; but in this particular he differed very little from many of his intelligent and learned contemporaries. His works, though now little read, were extremely popular during the latter part of the seventeenth century. The following extract from his 'Mystery of Godliness' is a fair specimen of his style:—

DEVOUT CONTEMPLATION OF THE WORKS OF GOD.

Whether, therefore, our eyes be struck with that more radiant lustre of the sun, or whether we behold the more placid and calm beauty of the moon, or be refreshed with the sweet breathings of the open air, or be taken up with the contemplation of those pure sparkling lights of the stars, or stand astonished at the gushing downfalls of some mighty river, as that of Nile, or admire the height of some insuperable and inaccessible rock or mountain: or with a pleasant horror and chillness look upon some silent wood, or solemn shady grove; whether the face of heaven smile upon us, with a cheerful bright azure, or look upon us with a more sad and minacious countenance, dark pitchy clouds being charged with thunder and lightning to let fly against the earth; whether the air be cool, fresh, and healthful: or whether it be sultry, contagious, and pestilential, so that, while we gasp for life, we are forced to draw in a sudden and inevitable death; whether the earth stand firm, and prove favourable to the industry of the artificer; or whether she threaten the very foundations of our buildings with trembling and tottering earthquakes, accompanied with remungient echoes and ghastly murmurs from below; whatever notable emergencies happen from either good or bad to us, these are the Joves and Vejoves that we worship, which to us are not *many*, but *one* God, who has the only power to save or destroy. And therefore, from whatever part of this magnificent temple of his—the world—he shall send forth his voice, our hearts and eyes are presently directed thitherward with fear, love, and veneration.

In addition to his prose works, Dr. More produced a poem, under the title of A Platonic Song of the Soul, which, in his day, enjoyed a very considerable degree of popularity. The following stanzas are a fair specimen of the work:—

THE SOUL AND BODY.

Like to a light fast lock'd in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we've pass'd the peril of the way,
Arriv'd at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confin'd to these strait instruments of sense,

More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells: but when she 's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

From the ornaments of the established church whom we have just considered, we now pass to notice Baxter and Owen—two divines of no less eminence among the dissenters.

Richard Baxter was born at Rowton, in Shropshire, on the twelfth of November, 1615. His early education was committed to the care of one Wickstead, chaplain to the council of Ludlow, who was entirely unqualified for so important a task as that which he had undertaken; and Baxter, therefore, comparatively sacrificed the entire time that he spent with him. By very unusual application, however, he afterwards nearly made up for the loss of an academic education, and after a few years was appointed master of the Free-school at Dudley, in which situation he remained until 1638, when he received orders, at the hands of the bishop of Winchester.

The two years which followed his ordination, Baxter passed in much perplexity respecting the oath which was proposed by the convention at that time in session; and at length he openly declared his dislike to an unqualified submission, 'to archbishops, bishops, *et cætera*,' as he knew not what the et cætera comprehended. The result of deep and searching inquiry, was a renunciation of his connection with the established church, and, in 1640, he accepted an invitation to settle in Kidderminster, where his labors were of marked utility in improving the moral character of the inhabitants, and in increasing their respect for religion. Though he sided with the parliament, and acted as one of their chaplains during the civil wars, yet he was a zealous advocate of order and regular government, both in church and state. When Cromwell usurped the supreme power, Baxter openly expressed his disapprobation of his conduct, and, in a conference with the Protector, plainly told him that the people of England considered monarchy a blessing, the loss of which they deeply deplored.

After the Restoration, Baxter was appointed one of the royal chaplains, but when the Lord Chancellor Clarendon offered him the bishopric of Hereford, he declined it, assigning as his reason that, he desired no higher honor than to be permitted to return to Kidderminster, and there pass the remainder of his life with his humble flock. During the persecution of the nonconformists, he was occasionally much molested in the performance of his ministerial duties, particularly while he officiated at Black Friars, in London. In 1685, he was, on the most frivolous grounds, condemned, by the infamous Jeffreys, for sedition; but through the favor of the king, James the Second, who had just ascended the throne, he obtained a pardon, and release from the heavy fine imposed upon him.

Baxter was a man of enlarged and liberal views, and refrained from joining any of those sects into which the dissenters were, at that time, divided: he was, consequently, generally regarded with suspicion and dislike by the more narrow-minded among them. His character was, therefore, exposed to much obloquy during his lifetime; but is now impartially judged, posterity having agreed to look upon him as one ardently devoted to the cause of piety and morality, esteeming worth in whatever denomination it was found; and one who, to simplicity of manners, added much sagacity, as an observer of human affairs. By many even of his contemporaries his merits were amply acknowledged; and among his friends and admirers he had the honor to number Bishop Wilkins, Sir Matthew Hale, and many others of equal eminence. A few of the last years of his life were passed at Charter-house-yard, where, though far advanced in years, and oppressed with bodily infirmities, he preached every Sabbath morning, and lectured on each successive Thursday. His death occurred on the eighth of December, 1691, and he was buried in Christ's Church; a vast concourse of persons of different ranks, and many of the clergy of the established church, following his remains to the grave.

Baxter was one of the most voluminous writers in the English language. The remark of one of his biographers, that his works are sufficient to form a library of themselves, is scarcely an exaggeration; for no fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight publications are named in the catalogue of his works. Their contents, including controversies, and practical and theoretical divinity, are necessarily very various; and none of them are now much read, except the practical pieces, especially those entitled *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, and *A Call to the Unconverted.* The latter was so very popular when published, that twenty thousand copies are said to have been sold in a single year. His work entitled *The Certainty of the World of Spirits fully evinced by unquestionable Histories of Apparitions and Witchcrafts, Operations, Voices, &c.*, is interesting to the curious, even at the present time. Baxter wrote a candid, liberal, and rational *Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times*, which was published in 1696, five years after his death. It is highly instructive, and, as well as Baxter's other writings, was greatly admired by Dr. Johnson. From this important production we select the following extracts:—

HIS JUDGMENT OF HIS WRITINGS.

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for the 'Saint's Rest,' I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived;

and when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted almost all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forgot the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

* * *

And this token of my weakness so accompanied those my younger studies, that I was very apt to start up controversies in the way of my practical writings, and also more desirous to acquaint the world with all that I took to be the truth, and to assault those books by name which I thought did tend to deceive them, and did contain unsound and dangerous doctrine; and the reason of all this was, that I was then in the vigour of my youthful apprehensions, and the new appearance of sacred truth it was more apt to affect me, and be more highly valued, than afterward, when commonness had dulled my delight; and I did not sufficiently discern then how much, in most of our controversies, is verbal, and upon mutual mistakes. And withal, I knew not how impatient divines were of being contradicted, nor how it would stir up all their powers to defend what they have once said, and to rise up against the truth which is thus thrust upon them, as the mortal enemy of their honour; and I knew not how hardly men's minds are changed from their former apprehensions, be the evidence never so plain. And I have perceived that nothing so much hinders the reception of the truth as urging it on men with too harsh importunity, and falling too heavily on their errors; for hereby you engage their honour in the business, and they defend their errors as themselves, and stir up all their wit and ability to oppose you. In controversies, it is fierce opposition which is the bellows to kindle a resisting zeal; when, if they be neglected, and their opinions lie awhile despised, they usually cool, and come again to themselves. Men are so loath to be drenched with the truth, that I am no more for going that way to work; and, to confess the truth, I am lately much prone to the contrary extreme, to be too indifferent what men hold, and to keep my judgment to myself, and never to mention any thing wherein I differ from another on any thing which I think I know more than he; or, at least, if he receive it not presently, to silence it, and leave him to his own opinion; and I find this effect is mixed according to its causes, which are some good and some bad. The bad causes are, 1. An impatience of men's weakness, and mistaken forwardness and self-conceitedness. 2. An abatement of my sensible esteem of truths, through the long abode of them on my mind. Though my judgment value them, yet it is hard to be equally affected with old and common things, as with new and rare ones. The better causes are, 1. That I am much more sensible than ever of the necessity of living upon the principles of religion which we are all agreed in, and uniting in these; and how much mischief men that overvalue their own opinions have done by their controversies in the church; how some have destroyed charity, and some have caused schisms by them, and most have hindered godliness in themselves and others, and used them to divert men from the serious prosecuting of a holy life; and, as Sir Francis Bacon saith, in his Essay of Peace, 'That it is one great benefit of church peace and concord, that writing controversies is turned into books of practical devotion for increase of piety and virtue.' 2. And I find that it is much more for most men's good and edification, to converse with them only in that way of godliness which all are agreed in, and not by touching upon differences to stir up their corruptions, and to tell them of little more of your knowledge than what you find them willing to receive from you as mere learners; and therefore to stay till they crave information of you. We mistake men's diseases when we think there needeth nothing to cure their errors, but only to bring them the evidence of truth. Alas! there are many distempers of mind to be removed before men are apt to receive that evidence. And, therefore, that church is happy where order is kept up, and the abilities of the ministers command a reverend submission from the hearers, and where all are in Christ's school, in the distinct ranks of teachers and learners; for in a learning way men are ready to receive the truth, but in a disputing way, they come armed against it with prejudices and animosity.

CHARACTER OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

He was a man of no quick utterance, but spake great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech which any man had to make for himself. The pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject, who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause, was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him.

He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge, who for nothing followed the work, and, by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening he had a mind to; but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He hath himself written four volumes in folio, three of which I have read, against Atheism, Sadduceism, and infidelity, to prove first the Deity, and then the immortality of man's soul, and then the truth of Christianity and the Holy Scripture, answering the infidel's objections against Scripture. It is strong and masculine, only too tedious for impatient readers. He said he wrote it only at vacant hours in his circuits, to regulate his meditations, finding that while he wrote down what he thought on, his thoughts were the easier kept close to work, and kept in a method. But I could not persuade him to publish them.

The conference which I had frequently with him, mostly about the immortality of the soul, and other philosophical and foundation points, was so edifying, that his very questions and objections did help me to more light than other men's solutions. Those who take none for religious who frequent not private meetings, &c., took him for an excellently righteous, moral man; but I, who heard and read his serious expressions of the concernments of eternity, and saw his love to all good men, and the blamelessness of his life, thought better of his piety than my own. When the people crowded in and out of my house to hear, he openly showed me so great respect before them at the door, and never spake a word against it, as was no small encouragement to the common people to go on; though the other sort muttered, that a judge should seem so far to countenance that which they took to be against the law. He was a great lamenter of the extremities of the times, and of the violence and foolishness of the predominant clergy, and a great desirer of such abatements as might restore us all to serviceableness and unity. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well dispatch. He often offered to the lord chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Seldon's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Hobbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Seldon was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Seldon was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary of Hobbes, that he hath rated him out of the room.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH IN BAXTER'S YOUTH.

I can not forget, that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labours of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the book of sports and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town piper, hired by the year (for many years together), and the place of the dancing assembly was not an hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or sing a psalm, or catechize, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antic-dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently, to their play again.

THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSIES.

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what fathers and schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocals, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskillful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world! Experience, since the year 1643, till this year, 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sidings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices. And my endeavours have not been in vain, in that the ministers of the country where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace (rather than any endeavours of mine), are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love and peace, and was for no man as in a contrary way.

John Owen was the son of the vicar of Hadham, in Oxfordshire, and was born in that town, in 1616. His early proficiency in learning was such as to enable him to enter Queen's College, Oxford, before he was twelve years of age, and to take his master's degree before he was nineteen. The expenses of his education had been hitherto defrayed by an uncle, who designed him for the Established Church; but as he united with the Presbyterians soon after he left the university, he was abandoned by his uncle, and thrown upon his own resources. Having taken orders, he became chaplain to Lord Lovelace, with whom he resided when the civil war commenced. Owen at once sided with the parliamentary party; and though Lord Lovelace favored the king, still such was his attachment to his chaplain, that he treated him with great kindness. When Lovelace was summoned to join the king's army, Owen went up to London, and from that time identified himself with the nonconformists, both in church and state. He was highly esteemed by the parliament that executed the king, and was frequently called upon to preach before them. Cromwell, in particular, was so much pleased with him, that when he went to Ireland, he insisted that Owen should accompany him thither, for the purpose of regulating and superintending the college of Dublin. After spending six months in that city, he returned to his classical duties in England, from which, however, he was again soon called away by Cromwell, who took him, in 1650, to Edinburgh, where he also passed six months. Soon after his return to England, he was promoted to the deanery of Christ's Church College, Oxford, made doctor of divinity, and subsequently raised to the vice-chancellorship of the university, which office he held till Cromwell's death.

After the Restoration, Dr. Owen was particularly favored by Chancellor Clarendon, who solicited him to conform to the Established Church, and accept a bishopric. Owen was, however, in principle opposed to Episcopacy, and to conform, therefore, was out of the question. The persecution of the nonconformists repeatedly disposed him to emigrate to New England, but attachment to his native land prevailed, and kept him at home. Notwithstanding his decided hostility to the church, his amiable disposition and agreeable manners, procured him much esteem from many able churchmen, among whom was the king himself, who on one occasion sent for him, and after a conversation of two hours, gave him a thousand guineas to distribute among those who had suffered most from the recent persecutions. Owen continued to reside in London from the Restoration till a short time before his death, which occurred at his residence in Ealing, on the twenty-fourth of August, 1683.

Dr. Owen was a man of extensive learning and most estimable character. As a preacher, he was eloquent and graceful, and displayed a degree of moderation and liberality not very common among the sectaries with whom he was associated. His extreme industry is evinced by the voluminousness of his publications, which amount to no fewer than seven volumes, in folio, twenty in quarto, and about thirty in octavo. Of these the principal are, *A Collection of Sermons*, *An Exposition on the Epistle of the Hebrews*, *A Discourse of the Holy Spirit*, and *The Divine Original and Authority of the Scriptures*. In all his works, however, the style is very defective. He wrote too rapidly and carelessly to produce compositions either vigorous or beautiful. The graces of writing, were, indeed, confessedly held by him in contempt; and in one of his prefaces we find the following language: 'Know, reader, that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornament of speech.' His diction is, for the most part, dry, heavy, and pointless, and his ideas are seldom brought out with powerful effect. Robert Hall entertained a decided antipathy to the writings of this celebrated divine. 'I can not think how you like Dr. Owen,' said he to the great Dr. Mason of New York. 'I can not read him with any patience. I never read a page of Dr. Owen, sir, without finding some confusion in his thoughts, either a truism or a contradiction in terms.' 'Sir, he is a Dutchman, floundering in a continent of mud.' His works afford no passages suited, as literary performances, to our purpose.

Ralph Cudworth, a worthy contemporary of the divines last mentioned, was the son of the rector of Aller, in Somersetshire, and was born in that town, in 1617. He had the misfortune to lose his father before he had reached the seventh year of his age; but his mother afterwards married Dr. Stoughton, by whom Cudworth was brought up, and educated with every possible degree of care and attention. At the age of thirteen he was admitted pensioner of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and there remained until he had taken his master's degree; after which, being chosen fellow of his college, he remained attached to the university, and became a very eminent tutor. Having taken orders, he was, in 1640, presented to the rectory of North Cadbury, in Somersetshire, and soon after his literary career commenced. In 1644, Cudworth was appointed master of Clare-Hall, Cambridge, and the year following, regius professor of the Hebrew language. He now abandoned his ministerial function entirely, and henceforth applied himself exclusively to academical employments and studies. In 1651, he took the degree of doctor of divinity, and three years afterwards was chosen master of Christ's College, Cambridge, a situation in which he passed the remainder of his life, proving highly serviceable both to the university and to the church of England. His death occurred on the twenty-sixth of June, 1688, and he was buried in the chapel of the college over which he had so long presided.

Dr. Cudworth's principal work is entitled, *The True Intellectual System of the Universe*, and was published in 1678. It was designed as a refutation of the atheistical tenets which at that time extensively prevailed in England, and which had been so successively inculcated by Hobbes. The argument of the work is based on the three following principles: 'First, that all things in the world do not float without a head and governor; but that there is a God, an omnipotent understanding being, presiding over all. Secondly, that this God being essentially good and just, there is something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust; and not by arbitrary will, law, and command only. And lastly, that we are so far forth principles or masters of our own actions, as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blameworthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly.' From these positions it will be perceived that Dr. Cudworth maintains, first, the existence of a natural and everlasting distinction between justice and injustice; and, secondly, the freedom of the human will. In sustaining these positions, he displays a vast amount of erudition, and that rare degree of candor which prompts a controversialist to give a full statement of the opinions and arguments which he designs to refute.

Besides those published, Dr. Cudworth left a number of works in manuscript, among which are, *A Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*, *A Treatise on Moral Good and Evil*, *A Treatise on Liberty and Necessity*, *A Treatise on the Creation of the World, and the Immortality of the Soul*, *A Treatise on the Learning of the Hebrews*, and *A Treatise on Hobbes's Notions concerning the Nature of God and the Extension, of Spirits*, all of which are preserved in the British Museum. Cudworth's style is easy and perspicuous, and well adapted to philosophical disquisition, as will appear from the following specimen:—

GOD, THOUGH INCOMPREHENSIBLE, NOT INCONCEIVABLE.

It doth not at all follow, because God is incomprehensible to our finite and narrow understandings, that he is utterly inconceivable by them, so that they can not frame any idea of him at all, and he may therefore be concluded to be a nonentity. For it is certain that we can not comprehend ourselves, and that we have not such an adequate and comprehensive knowledge of the essence of any substantial thing as that we can perfectly master and conquer it. It was a truth, though abused by the skeptics, *akatalepton ti, something incomprehensible* in the essence of the lowest substances. For even body itself, which the atheists think themselves so well acquainted with, because they can feel it with their fingers, and which is the only substance that they acknowledge either in themselves or in the universe, hath such puzzling difficulties and entanglements in the speculation of it, that they can never be able to extricate themselves from. We might instance, also, in some accidental things, as time and motion. Truth is bigger than our minds, and we are not the same with it, but have a lower participation only of the intellectual nature, and are rather apprehenders than comprehenders thereof. This is indeed one badge of our creaturely state, that we have not a perfectly comprehensive knowledge, or such as is adequate and commensurate to the essences of things; from whence we ought to be led to this acknowledgment, that there is another Perfect Mind or Understanding Being above us in the universe from which our imperfect minds were derived, and upon which they do depend. Wherefore, if we can have no idea or conception of any thing, whereof we have not a full and perfect comprehension, then can we not have an idea or conception of the nature of any substance. But though we do not comprehend all truth, as if our mind were above it, or master of it, and can not penetrate into, and look quite through the nature of every thing, yet may rational souls frame certain ideas and conceptions, of whatsoever is in the orb of being proportionate to their own nature, and sufficient for their purpose. And though we can not fully comprehend the Deity, nor exhaust the infiniteness of its perfection, yet may we have an idea of a Being absolutely perfect; such a one as is *nostro modulo conformis, agreeable and proportionate to our measure and scantling;* as we may approach near to a mountain, and touch it with our hands, though we can not encompass it all around, and enclasp it within our arms. Whatsoever is in its own nature absolutely unconceivable is nothing; but not whatsoever is not fully comprehensible by our imperfect understandings.

It is true, indeed, that the Deity is more incomprehensible to us than any thing else whatsoever, which proceeds from the fullness of its being and perfection, and from the transcendency of its brightness; but for the very same reason may it be said also in some sense, that it is more knowable and conceivable than any thing. As the sun, though by reason of its excessive splendour it dazzles our weak sight, yet is it, notwithstanding, far more visible also than any of the *nebulosæ stellæ—the small misty stars.* Where there is more of light there is more of visibility; so, where there is more of entity, reality, and perfection, there is more of conceptibility and cognoscibility; such a thing filling up the mind more, and acting more strongly upon it. Nevertheless, because our weak and imperfect minds are lost in the vast immensity and redundancy of the Deity, and overcome with its transcendent light and dazzling brightness, therefore hath it to us an appearance of darkness and incomprehensibility; as the unbounded expansion of light, in the clear transparent ether, hath to us the apparition of an azure obscurity; which yet is not an absolute thing in itself, but only relative to our sense, and a mere fancy in us.

The incomprehensibility of the Deity is so far from being an argument against the reality of its existence, as that it is most certain, on the contrary, that were there nothing incomprehensible to us, who are but contemptible pieces, and small atoms of the universe; were there no other being in the world but what our finite understandings could span or fathom, and encompass round about, look through and through, have a commanding view of, and perfectly conquer and subdue under them, then could there be nothing absolutely and infinitely perfect, that is, no God. * * *

And nature itself plainly intimates to us that there is some such absolutely perfect Being, which, though not inconceivable, yet is incomprehensible to our finite understandings, by certain passions, which it hath implanted in us, that otherwise would want an object to display themselves upon; namely, those of devout veneration, adoration, and admiration, together with a kind of ecstacy and pleasing horror; which, in the silent language of nature, seem to speak thus much to us, that there is some object in the world so much bigger and vaster than our minds and thoughts, that it is the very same to them that the ocean is to narrow vessels; so that when they have taken into themselves as much as they can thereof by contemplation, and filled up all their capacity, there is still an immensity of it left without, which can not enter in for want of room to receive it, and therefore must be apprehended after some other strange and more mysterious manner, namely, by their being plunged into it, and swallowed up or lost in it. To conclude, the Deity is indeed incomprehensible to our finite and imperfect understandings, but not inconceivable; and therefore there is no ground at all for this atheistic pretence to make it a nonentity.

A brief notice of L'Estrange, Ashmole, Charleton, and Evelyn—writers differing widely from those whom we have just noticed—will close our present remarks.

Roger L'Estrange was descended from an ancient and honorable family, whose seat was at Hunstonton-Hall, in the county of Norfolk, and where he was born on the seventeenth of December, 1616. He was educated at Cambridge, and having espoused the royal cause in the contest between Charles the First and his parliament, he attended that monarch, in 1639, into Scotland, and during the whole of the civil wars, adhered unwaveringly to the interests of the king. Being captured, in 1646, by the parliamentary army, he was tried and condemned to death, and lay in prison almost four years, constantly expecting to be led forth to execution. He was, however, at length set at liberty, and lived from that time until the Restoration in almost total obscurity. From the establishment of monarchy until just before his death, L'Estrange was constantly occupied in the editing of newspapers and the writing of pamphlets, chiefly in behalf of the court, in consequence of which he at length received from James the Second, the honor of knighthood. His death occurred on the eleventh of September, 1704.

Sir Roger L'Estrange is generally considered to have been the first writer who sold his services in defence of any measure, good or bad. As a controversialist, he was bold, lively, and vigorous, but coarse, impudent, abusive, and regardless of truth. Besides his original compositions he translated various works, among which are Æsop's Fables, Seneca's Morals, Cicero's Offices, Erasmus's Colloquies, and the works of Josephus. In every thing he wrote, however, he was so anxious to accommodate his style to the taste of the common people, that few of his works could now be read with any pleasure. The class whom he addressed were only beginning to be readers, and as yet could relish only the meanest ideas, presented in the meanest language. The following remarks on ingratitude form a comparative exception to his general style :—

INGRATITUDE.

The principal causes of ingratitude are pride and self-conceit, avarice, envy, &c. It is a familiar exclamation, ''Tis true, he did this or that for me, but it came so late, and it was so little, I had e'en as good have been without it: if he had not given it to me, he must have given it to somebody else; it was nothing out of his own pocket.' Nay, we are so ungrateful, that he that gives us all we have, if he leaves any thing to himself, we reckon that he does us an injury. It cost Julius Cæsar his life the disappointment of his unsatiable companions; and yet he reserved nothing of all that he got to himself, but the liberty of disposing it. There is no benefit so large, but malignity will still lessen it: none so narrow, which a good interpretation will not enlarge. No man shall ever be grateful that views a benefit on the wrong side, or takes a good office by the wrong handle. The avaricious man is naturally ungrateful, for he never thinks he has enough, but without considering what he has, only minds what he covets. Some pretend want of power to make a competent return, and you shall find in others a kind of graceless modesty, that makes a man ashamed of requiting an obligation, because 'tis a confession that he has received one.

Not to return one good office for another is inhuman; but to return evil for good is diabolical. There are too many even of this sort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There's nothing more dangerous than to oblige those people; for when they are conscious of not paying the debt, they wish the creditor out of the way. It is a mortal hatred that which arises from the shame of an abused benefit. When we are on the asking side, what a deal of cringing there is, and profession. 'Well, I shall never forget this favour, it will be an eternal obligation to me.' But, within a while the note is changed, and we hear no more words on 't, till by little and little it is all quite forgotten. So long as we stand in need of a benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor any thing cheaper when we have received it. And yet a man may as well refuse to deliver up a sum of money that's left him in trust, without a suit, as not to return a good office without asking; and when we have no value any further for the benefit, we do commonly care as little for the author. People follow their interest; one man is grateful for his convenience, and another man is ungrateful for the same reason.

Elias Ashmole, founder of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, was born at Litchfield, in Staffordshire, on the twenty-third of May, 1617. He was educated at the grammar-school of his native place, and at the age of sixteen went to London to study law. He rose so rapidly in his profession that, in 1638, he became a solicitor in chancery, and three years afterwards was admitted an attorney of the Court of Common Pleas. Meantime, however, he so sensibly felt the defectiveness of his education that, in 1644, he entered Brazen Nose College, Oxford, and with unusual ardor applied himself, for nearly two years, to the study of natural philosophy, mathematics, and astronomy. After he left college he returned to London, and soon formed an intimacy with Sir James Moore, the famous astrologer, by whom he was induced to devote a number of years to that unprofitable science. He had now entirely abandoned all thoughts of the legal profession, and being of a very inquisitive disposition, turned his attention exclusively to antiquities, heraldry, and the collection of coins, medals, and other rarities. Ashmole's most celebrated work is entitled *The Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the Most Noble Order of the Garter*. It was published in 1672, and is regarded as a standard work on the subject of which it treats. This eminent antiquarian died at Lambeth, on the eighteenth of May, 1692, and over his remains, which were deposited in the church of Great Lambeth, was placed an elegant black marble monument.

Walter Charleton, an accomplished physician and vivid describer of human character, was born at Shepton, in Somersetshire, on the second of February, 1619. His father, who was a clergyman, and an eminent scholar, prepared his son himself for college, and in 1635 entered him in Magdalen Hall, Oxford, then under the care of the celebrated Dr. Wilkins, whom we have already noticed. Charleton applied himself to medical studies immediately after he left the university, and received his doctor's degree, in 1642. He was soon after made one of the physicians in ordinary to King Charles the First; and upon the decline of that prince's affairs, he removed to London, was admitted into the college of physicians there, and entered almost immediately into extensive practice. After the Restoration he became physician to Charles the Second, and, in 1689, was chosen president of the college of physicians; but the narrowness of his circumstances compelled him soon after to retire to the island of Jersey, where he died, in 1707, at the advanced age of eighty-eight.

The works of Dr. Charleton were numerous, and embraced theology, natural history, natural philosophy, medicine, and antiquities. In the last named department he produced a treatise, in 1663, which is generally regarded as his finest literary performance, and in which he maintains the Danish origin of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, in opposition to Inago

Jones, who attributed that remarkable structure to the Romans. His most popular work, however, is *A Brief Discourse concerning the Different Wits of Men*, published in 1675. It is interesting, both on account of the lively sketches of character it contains, and because the author attributes the varieties of talent found among men to the differences in the form, size, and quality of their brains. The following are, perhaps, the two happiest of his sketches :—

THE READY AND NIMBLE WIT.

Such as are endowed wherewith have a certain extemporary acuteness of conceit, accompanied with a quick delivery of their thoughts, so as they can at pleasure entertain their auditors with facetious passages and fluent discourses even upon slight occasions; but being generally impatient of second thoughts and deliberations, they seem fitter for pleasant colloquies and drollery than for counsel and design; like fly-boats, good only in fair weather and shallow waters, and then, too, more for pleasure than traffic. If they be, as for the most part they are, narrow in the hold, and destitute of ballast sufficient to counterpoise their large sails, they reel with every blast of argument, and are often driven upon the sands of a 'nonplus;' but where favoured with the breath of common applause, they sail smoothly and proudly, and like the city pageants, discharge whole volleys of squibs and crackers, and skirmish most furiously. But take them from their familiar and private conversation into grave and severe assemblies, whence all extemporary flashes of wit, all fantastic allusions, all personal reflections are excluded, and there engage them in an encounter with solid wisdom, not in light skirmishes, but a pitched field of long and serious debate concerning any important question, and there you shall soon discover their weakness, and contemn that barrenness of understanding which is incapable of struggling with the difficulties of apodictical knowledge, and the deduction of truth from a long series of reasons. Again, if those very concise sayings and lucky repartees, wherein they are so happy, and which at first hearing were entertained with so much of pleasure and admiration, be written down, and brought to a strict examination of their pertinency, coherence, and verity, how shallow, how frothy, how forced will they be found! how much will they lose of that applause which their tickling of the ear and present flight through the imagination had gained! In the greatest part, therefore, of such men, you ought to expect no deep or continued river of wit, but only a few plashes, and those, too, not altogether free from mud and putrefaction.

THE SLOW BUT SURE WIT.

Some heads there are of a certain close and reserved constitution, which makes them at first sight to promise as little of the virtue wherewith they are endowed, as the former appear to be above the imperfections to which they are subject. Somewhat slow they are, indeed, of both conception and expression; yet no whit the less provided with solid prudence. When they are engaged to speak, their tongue doth not readily interpret the dictates of their mind, so that their language comes, as it were, dropping from their lips, even where they are encouraged by familiar entreaties, or provoked by the smartness of jests which sudden and nimble wits have newly darted at them. Costive they are also in invention; so that when they would deliver somewhat solid and remarkable, they are long in seeking what is fit, and as long in determining in what manner and words to utter it. But, after a little consideration, they penetrate deeply into the substance of things and marrow of business, and conceive proper and emphatic words by which to express their sentiments. Barren they are not, but a little heavy and retentive. Their gifts lie deep and concealed; but being furnished with notions, not airy and umbratil ones borrowed from the pedantism of the schools, but true and useful—and if they have been manured with good learning, and the habit of exercising their pen—oftentimes they produce many excellent conceptions, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Having, however, an aspect very like to narrow and dull capacities, at first sight most men take them to be really such, and strangers look upon them with the eyes of neglect and contempt. Hence, it comes, that excellent parts remaining unknown, often want the favour and patronage of great persons, whereby they might be redeemed from obscurity, and raised to employments answerable to their faculties, and crowned with honours proportionate to their merits. The best course, therefore, for these to overcome that eclipse which prejudice usually brings upon them, is to contend against their own modesty, and either, by frequent converse with noble and discerning spirits, to enlarge the windows of their minds, and dispel those clouds of reservedness that darken the lustre of their faculties; or by writing on some new and useful subject, to lay open their talent, so that the world may be convinced of their intense value.

In 1670 Dr. Charleton published a vigorous translation of Epicurus's 'Morals,' prefaced by an earnest vindication of that philosopher.

John Evelyn, a gentleman of easy fortune, and the most amiable personal character, was descended from a very ancient and honorable family, and was born at the seat of his ancestors, in Surry, on the thirty-first of October, 1620. Having prepared for the university at Lewes, in Sussex, he entered, in 1637, as a gentleman commoner, Baliol College, Oxford; whence, after having for three years prosecuted his studies with the greatest diligence, he removed to the Middle Temple, London, in order to add a competent knowledge of the laws of his country to his philological and philosophical acquisitions.

Having completed his studies at home, Evelyn, in 1644, left England for the purpose of acquiring abroad, those accomplishments which foreign travel alone can impart. Wherever he went he carefully inquired into the state of the arts and sciences, and thus rendered his journeyings on the continent as advantageous as they were pleasant. He passed much of his time at Rome, and in other parts of Italy; and having, in 1647, returned to Paris, he was there introduced to Sir Richard Browne, the English minister at the French court, whose daughter Mary he soon after married. In 1651 he returned to England, and immediately afterwards retired to an estate which he had obtained through his wife, at Sayes-Court, near Deptford, and where he continued to reside during the greater part of the remainder of his long life. His death occurred on the twenty-seventh of February, 1706, and he was buried at Wotton, under a white marble monument, upon which was inscribed the following significant epitaph:—

> All is vanity, which is not honest; and
> there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.

Evelyn was the author of several scientific works, all of which were written in an easy and popular style. His *Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest*

Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions, published in 1664, was written in consequence of an application to the Royal Society by the commissioners of the navy, who dreaded a scarcity of timber in the country. This work, aided by the king's example, stimulated the land-holders to plant an immense number of oaks, which, a century after, proved of the greatest service to the nation in the construction of ships of war. *Terra, a Discourse of the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it, for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants*, appeared in 1675; and a treatise on medals, another production, soon followed. He also published a volume of *Miscellanies*, including a treatise in praise of 'Public Employment, and an Active Life,' which he wrote in reply to Sir George Mackenzie's 'Essay on Solitude.' Evelyn was one of the first in England to treat gardening and planting scientifically; and his grounds at Sayes-Court attracted much admiration, on account of the number of foreign plants which he reared in them, and the fine order in which they were kept.

In 1669, Evelyn visited the university of Oxford, and that venerable institution, through admiration of his genius and learning, bestowed upon him the degree of doctor of laws. About the same time he commenced keeping a diary, in which he entered every remarkable event with which he was in any way concerned. This work was published in 1818, in two volumes quarto, and forms a most valuable addition to the store of historical materials respecting the latter half of the seventeenth century. He chronicles familiar as well as important circumstances; but he does it without losing his dignity, everywhere preserving the tone of an educated and reflecting man. It is curious to read, in this work, of great men going *after dinner* to attend a council of state, or the business of their particular offices, or the bowling-green, or even the church; of an hour's sermon being of moderate length; of ladies painting their faces being a novelty; or of their receiving visits from gentlemen while dressing, after having just risen out of bed; of the female attendant of a lady of fashion travelling on a pillion behind one of the footmen, and the footmen riding with swords. The impression conveyed of the reign of Charles the Second is, upon the whole, unexpected, leading to the conviction, that the dissoluteness of manners attributed to it affected a narrower circle of society than is generally supposed; and that even in the court itself there were many bright exceptions to it. From this important *Diary* we select two passages—the first, a description of Sir Stephen Fox, the founder of the noble house of Holland, so remarkable for the line of distinguished statesmen it has given to England—and the second, an account of his daughter Mary, who, in March, 1685, and in the twentieth year of her age, died of small-pox.

A FORTUNATE COURTIER NOT ENVIED.

Sept. 6, (1680.)—I dined with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came first a poor boy from the quire of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterward waited on my

Lord Percy (brother to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland), who procured for him an inferior place amongst the clerks of the kitchen and green cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his majesty being in exile, and Mr. Fox waiting, both the king and lords about him frequently employed him about their affairs; trusted him both with receiving and paying the little money they had. Returning with his majesty to England after great wants and great sufferings, his majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that being advanced from Clerk of the Kitchen to that of the Green Cloth, he procured to be paymaster to the whole army; and by his dexterity and punctual dealing, he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers' moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so enrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000, honestly gotten and unenvied, which is next to a miracle. With all this, he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was. He is generous, and lives very honorably; of a sweet nature, well spoken, well bred, and is so highly in his majesty's esteem, and so useful, that, being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the Cofferer's place after Harry Brounker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her £12,000, and restored that entangled family besides. He matched his eldest son to Mrs. Trollope, who brings with her (besides a great sum) near, if not altogether, £2000 per annum. Sir Stephen's lady, an excellent woman, is sister to Mr. Whittle, one of the king's chirurgeons. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

March 10.—She received the blessed sacrament; after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction; and not to ours only, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justness of her stature, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of common-place, as out of Dr. Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deal of history and of places [geography]. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreet reflections upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough base on the harpsichord, in both which she arrived to that perfection, that of the scholars of those famous two masters, Signors Pietro and Bartholomeo, she was esteemed the best; for the sweetness of her voice and management of it added such an agreeableness to her countenance, without any constraint or concern, that when she sung, it was as charming to the eye as to the ear; this I rather note because it was a universal remark, and for which so many noble and judicious persons in music desired to hear her, the last being at Lord Arundel of Wardour's. What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour? Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of every body. Piety was so prevalent an ingredient in her constitution (as I may say), that even among equals and superiors, she no sooner became intimately acquainted, but she would endeavour to improve them by insinuating something of religions, and that tended to bring them to a love of devotion. She had one or two confidants, with whom she used to pass whole days in fasting, reading, and prayers, especially before the monthly communion and other solemn occasions. She abhorred flattery, and though she had abundance of wit, the raillery was so innocent and ingenious, that it was most agreeable; she sometimes would see a play, but since the stage grew licentious, expressed herself weary of them; and the time spent at the theatre was an unaccountable vanity. She never played at cards without extreme importunity, and for the company; but this was so very seldom, that I can not number it among any thing she could name a fault. No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, [but] with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, that some letters of hers have astonished me and others to whom she has occasionally written. She had a talent of rehearsing any comical part or poem, as, to them she might be decently free with, was more pleasing than heard on the theatre. She danced with the greatest grace I have ever seen, and so would her master say, who was Monsieur Isaac; but she seldom showed that perfection, save in gracefulness of her carriage, which was with an air of sprightly modesty not easily to be described. Nothing affected, but natural and easy in her deportment as in her discourse, which was always material, not trifling, and to which the extraordinary sweetness of her tone, even in familiar speaking, was very charming. Nothing was so pretty as her descending to play with little children, whom she would caress and humour with great delight. But she was most affected to be with grave and sober men, of whom she might learn something and improve herself. I have been assisted by her in reading and praying by me; comprehensive of uncommon notions, curious of knowing every thing to some excess, had I not sometimes repressed it. Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole days, for, as I said, she had read abundance of history, and all the best poets; even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems; she could compose happily, as in the *Mundus Muliebris*, wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to her sex; but all these are vain trifles to the virtues that adorned her soul; she was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleased as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation. She was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. Oh dear, sweet, desirable child! how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctancy of a tender parent! Thy affection, duty, and love to me, was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled; nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! to the grave shall we both carry thy memory.

Lecture the Thirty-First.

ALGERNON SIDNEY—LADY RACHEL RUSSELL—GEORGE FOX—ROBERT BARCLAY—WILLIAM PENN—THOMAS ELLWOOD—JOHN AUBREY—ANTHONY WOOD—THOMAS RYMER—JOHN FLAVEL—JOHN RAY.

FEW periods in the whole range of English history have been more remarkable for the development of character than that which embraces the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, and the Restoration; and in that important period, few characters present themselves to our contemplation, involving a deeper and more thrilling interest, than that heroic Sidney, who set up Marcus Brutus as his pattern, and like him became a willing sacrifice in the cause of liberty.

ALGERNON SIDNEY was the second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and Dorothy, eldest daughter of Henry Piercy, Earl of Northumberland. Of his birth no record has been preserved, though it is supposed to have occurred about 1620; and of his early life and education we are also ignorant. During his father's lieutenancy in Ireland, he served in the army against the rebels in that kingdom; and, in 1643, when the civil war in England broke out, he was permitted to return to that country, when he immediately joined the parliamentary forces, and, as colonel of a regiment of horse, was present and took a brilliant part in several engagements. He was likewise successively governor of Chichester, Dublin, and Dover. In 1648, such was the prominence which colonel Sidney had attained, that, though a very young man for such an office, he was named as one of the members of the court, appointed to try the king; which, however, he did not attend, though apparently not from any disapproval of the intentions of those who composed it. The usurpation of Cromwell gave much offence to Sidney, who declined to accept office under either him or his son Richard; but when the Long Parliament recovered its power, he readily consented to act as one of the council of state.

At the time of the Restoration, Sidney was engaged in a continental embassy; and, being apprehensive of the vengeance of the royalists, he remained abroad for seventeen years, at the end of which, his father, who was anxious to see him before his death, procured his pardon from the king. After his return to England, in 1677, he opposed the measures of the court, and has thus subjected himself to the censure of Hume, who thought that such conduct, after he had received the royal pardon, was ungrateful. Sidney, however, himself evidently regarded the pardon as rather a cessation of injustice, than as an obligation to an implicit submission for the future. A more serious charge against the memory of this patriot is presented in Dalrymple's 'Memoirs of Great Britain,' published nearly a century after his death. Some English patriots, with Lord William Russell at their head, intrigued with Barillon, the French ambassador, to prevent the war between France and England, the purpose being to prevent Charles the Second from having the command of the large funds, which, on such an occasion, must be entrusted to him, lest he should use it against the liberties of the nation; while Louis was not less anxious to prevent the English from joining the list of his enemies. This act would never have been regarded as a moral stain upon the patriots, if Sir John Dalrymple had not discovered, amongst the papers of Barillon, one containing a list of persons who had received bribes from the French monarch, amongst which appears the name of Sidney, together with those of several other leading Whig members of parliament. We doubt not, however, from the consummate virtue of Sidney, as shown in all the circumstances of his life, that this list of names was entirely fictitious, and formed for the purpose of concealing the embezzlement of the money by the French ambassador.

Towards the close of Charles the Second's reign, the Whigs made a strenuous effort to exclude the Duke of York from the throne; and in these proceedings Sidney took a very conspicuous part. This attempt having failed, he joined in the conspiracy for insurrection, the design of which was to accomplish the same object. This conspiracy was exposed in consequence of the detection of an inferior plot for the assassination of the king, in which the patriots Russell, Sidney, and others, were dexterously inculpated by the court. Sidney was tried for high treason before the infamous Jeffries; and, although the only witness against him was the abandoned Lord Howard, and nothing could be produced that even ostensibly strengthened his testimony, he was condemned by a servile jury, and beheaded on the seventh of December, 1683, glorying in his martyrdom for that 'old cause' in which he had been engaged from his youth.

Sidney was a man of remarkable attainments in every branch of knowledge that pertained to government; and his sagacious discernment of the character of James the Second, thoroughly evinced the depth of his penetration. The career of that monarch, and the revolution which so speedily followed his accession to the throne, form, perhaps, the best commentary that could be offered on the closing part of our patriot's eventful life. Of his writings little has been preserved besides his *Discourses on Government.* These discourses were first published in 1698, and of them Lord Orrery remarks, that 'they are admirably written, and contain great historical knowledge, and a remarkable propriety of diction; so that his name, in my opinion, ought to be much higher established in the temple of literature than I have hitherto found it placed.' As a specimen we present the following remarks :—

LIBERTY AND GOVERNMENT.

Such as enter into society must, in some degree, diminish their liberty. Reason leads them to this. No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security, whilst every one has an equal right to every thing, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise, and will probably be so many and great, that mankind can not bear them. Therefore, though I do not believe that Bellarmine said a commonwealth could not exercise its power; for he could not be ignorant, that Rome and Athens did exercise theirs, and that all the regular kingdoms in the world are commonwealths; yet there is nothing of absurdity in saying, that man can not continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him. The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another; and whilst they are equal, none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent. This is the ground of all just governments; for violence or fraud can create no right; and the same consent gives the form to them all, how much soever they differ from each other. Some small number of men, living within the precincts of one city, have, as it were, cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and by common consent joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole; and this men call perfect democracy. Others choose rather to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue; and this, according to the signification of the word, was called aristocracy; or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of monarchy. But the wisest, best, and far greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three, as shall be proved hereafter, which commonly received their respected denominations from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.

It were a folly hereupon to say, that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we can not endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery, and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone; nor can enter into a society without resigning it; for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us whilst we form governments, that we ourselves are judges how far it is good for us to recede from our natural liberty; which is of so great importance, that from thence only we can know whether we are freemen or slaves; and the difference between the best government and the worst doth wholly depend on a right or wrong exercise of that power. If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good governments; but if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use to them; but all must forever depend on the will of their lords, how cruel, mad, proud, or wicked soever they be. * *

The Grecians, amongst others who followed the light of reason, knew no other original title to the government of a nation, than that wisdom, valour, and justice, which was beneficial to the people. These qualities gave beginning to those governments which we call *Heroum Regna* (the governments of the Heroes); and the veneration paid to such as enjoyed them, proceeded from a grateful sense of the good received from them: they were thought to be descended from the gods, who in virtue and beneficence surpassed other men. The same attended their descendants, till they came to abuse their power, and by their vices showed themselves like to, or worse than others, who could best perform their duty.

Upon the same grounds we may conclude, that no privilege is peculiarly annexed to any form of government; but that all magistrates are equally the ministers of God, who perform the work for which they are instituted; and that the people which institutes them may proportion, regulate, and terminate their power as to time, measure, and number of persons, as seems most convenient to themselves, which can be no other than their own good. For it can not be imagined that a multitude of people should send for Numa, or any other person to whom they owed nothing, to reign over them, that he might live in glory and pleasure, or for any other reason than that it might be good for them and their posterity. This shows the work of all magistrates to be always and everywhere the same, even the doings of justice, and procuring the welfare of those that create them. This we learn from common sense: Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the best human authors, lay it as an immovable foundation, upon which they build their arguments relating to matters of that nature.

Lady Rachel Russell, whose heroic conduct and conjugal attachment have secured for her an elevated place in the history of her country, is no less remarkable for the literary position which she derives from her letters.

RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY, the second daughter of the Earl of Southampton, was born in 1636. When in the thirty-second year of her age, and widow of Lord Vaughan, she married Lord William Russell, son of the first Duke of Bedford. She was five years older than her second husband, and it is said that her amiable and prudent character was the means of reclaiming him from the youthful follies into which he had plunged at the time of the Restoration. His subsequent political career is known to every one familiar with English history; and if ever a man opposed the course of a government in a pure and patriotic spirit, it was he. The suspicious correspondence with Barillon, already alluded to, leaves him unsullied; for the ambassador distinctly mentions him and Lord Hollis as two who would not suffer themselves to be bribed. When brought to trial, in July, 1683, under the same circumstances as those that attended Sidney's case—with a packed jury and a brutal judge—and refused a counsel to conduct his defence, the only favor that was allowed him was to have an amanuensis. His lady stepped forth to undertake this office, to the admiration of all present. After the condemnation of her husband, she personally implored his pardon without avail. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved; and when he took his final farewell of her, he remarked, 'The bitterness of death is now past.' Lady Russell died in 1723, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. Fifty years after her death appeared that collection of her letters which gives her a name in English literature. As a specimen of these letters we present the following one, addressed to Dr. Fitzwilliam on her sorrow:—

Woborne Abbey, 27*th Nov.*, 1685.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me.

That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them, I know it can not be; but, however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned, or rather tainted, with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not naught towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertained it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs: I trust the Almighty will pass by this infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the meantime I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say with the man in the gospel, 'I believe, help thou my unbelief.'

At this period originated the Society of Friends, or, as they are usually called, Quakers. Their peculiar tenets are, that a learned education is unnecessary to a minister; that the existence of a separate clerical profession is unwarranted by the Bible; that the Creator of the world is not a dweller in temples made with hands; and that the Scriptures are not the rule either of conduct or judgment, but that man should follow 'the light of Christ within.' They believe also that they are divinely commanded to abstain from taking off their hats to any one, whatever might be his rank; to use the words *thee* and *thou* in addressing all persons with whom they communicate; to bid nobody good-morning or good-night; and never to bend the knee to any one in authority, or to take an oath, even on the most solemn occasions.

George Fox, the founder of this remarkable sect, was the son of a weaver, and was born at Drayton, Leicestershire, in 1624. The narrow circumstances of his father prevented him from receiving any thing more than a very ordinary education, and in boyhood he was apprenticed to a shoemaker who traded in wool and cattle. Thus situated, he spent much of his youth in tending sheep—an employment which allowed him to indulge his natural propensity for musing and solitude. When about nineteen years of age, he was, on one occasion, vexed with a disposition to intemperance, which he observed in two professionally religious friends whom he met at a fair. 'I went away,' says he in his journal, 'and when I had done my business, returned home ; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep ; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me, 'Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth ; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger to all.' This divine communication, as in the warmth of his imagination he considered it to be, he scrupulously obeyed. Leaving his relations and master, he betook himself, for several years, to a wandering life, which was interrupted for a few months only, during which he was prevailed upon to reside at home.

At this time Fox was evidently insane; and in the course of his melancholy wanderings, he sometimes, for weeks together, spent the night in the open air, and frequently passed entire days without sustenance. 'My troubles,' says he, 'continued, and I was often under great temptations. I fasted much, walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places until night came on; and frequently in the night walked mournfully about by myself; for I was a man of sorrows in the first workings of the Lord in me.' On another occasion he remarks, 'I was in a fast for about ten days, my spirit being greatly exercised on truth's behalf.' Throughout his life, Fox was subject to dreams and visions, and he supposed, from time to time, to supernatural messages from above. In his journal he gives an account of a particular movement of his mind in singularly beautiful and impressive language. 'One morning as I was sitting by the fire,' he says, 'a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, all things came by nature; and the elements and stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried, There is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God. Immediately after this,' he proceeds, 'the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.'

Conceiving himself now to be divinely commissioned to convert his countrymen from their sins, Fox began, about the year 1647, to preach publicly in the vicinity of Duckenfield and Manchester, whence he travelled through several neighboring counties, haranguing, at the market-places, against the vices of the age. He would sometimes even enter churches in the midst of service, and interrupt the clergymen by loudly contradicting their statements of doctrine. By these breaches of order he naturally gave great offence, which led alternately to his imprisonment, and to severe treatment from the hands of the populace. At Derby he was, at one time, imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon for a year, and at another, in a still more disgusting cell at Carlisle, for half that period. To all this ill-treatment he submitted with meekness and resignation; and out of prison, also, he had abundant opportunities for the exercise of the same qualities.

Fox's followers becoming, in the course of a few years, very numerous, the sect which he formed attracted much opposition, both from the pulpit and the press. He therefore continued to travel through the kingdom, expounding his views, and answering objections both verbally and by the publication of controversial pamphlets. In the course of his various journeyings, he still suffered frequent imprisonments, sometimes as a disturber of the peace, and sometimes because he refused to uncover his head in the presence of magistrates, or to do violence to his principles by taking the oath of allegiance. Aided by some of his educated disciples, Fox reduced the doctrine and discipline of his sect to a systematic and permanent form, after which he visited Ireland and the American colonies, employing, in this country, nearly two years in confirming and increasing his followers. He afterwards returned to England, visited Holland and other parts of the continent, and finally died in London, in 1690, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

That Fox sincerely believed in the doctrines which he preached, no rational doubt can be entertained; and that he was of a meek and forgiving disposition, is equally evident. His integrity, also, was so remarkable, that his word was regarded of equal value with his oath. Religious enthusiasm, however, amounting to madness in the earlier stages of his career, led him into many extravagancies, in which few members of the respectable society which he founded have partaken. The writings of Fox are comprised in three folio volumes, the first of which contains his *Journal;* the second, a collection of his *Epistles;* and the third, his *Doctrinal Pieces.*

During the Protectorate, Fox was, on one occasion, sent by Colonel Hacker to Cromwell, under the charge of Captain Drury. Of what followed his journal contains the subjoined particulars:—

INTERVIEW WITH OLIVER CROMWELL.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing-Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare, that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a 'carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness and to turn people from darkness to light; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to.' When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did. After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say, 'Peace be in this house;' and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God; that he might receive wisdom from him; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hands unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him, 'I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we can not hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets Christ and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit.' Then I showed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, declared freely; and declared against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was truth. I told him, 'That all Christendom (so called) had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another.' Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he catched me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said, 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other;' adding, that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him, if he did, he wronged his own soul, and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true. Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me the Lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said, 'Now I see there is a people risen that I can not win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can.' It was told him again, 'That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him.'

Barclay, Penn, and Ellwood, being closely associated with Fox in establishing the sect which he had originated, and which we have just noticed, we shall here introduce them, though not exactly in the order of time.

Robert Barclay was born at Edinburgh, in 1648. The unsettled state of Scotland induced his father, Colonel Barclay, to send him to Paris, under the care of his uncle, to receive his education. The uncle was a rigid Catholic, and presided over a college in the French capital; and taking advantage of his nephew's youth, he brought him up in strict accordance with that faith. This so displeased his father that on receiving intelligence of it, he immediately brought his son home; and though Robert was, at that time, only sixteen years of age, yet such had been his devotion to his studies that he was perfectly familiar with the French and Latin languages, and had also made very considerable proficiency in various other branches of knowledge. In 1666 his father became a convert to the faith of the Quakers, and Robert soon followed his example. In taking this step he may have acted chiefly under the dictates of his understanding; though it must be acknowledged that the following remarkable circumstance indicates the existence of a very considerable degree of enthusiasm in his disposition. Impelled, as he supposed, by a divine impulse, he passed through the streets of Aberdeen, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and thus testified the sincerity of his profession. Having now publicly entered upon his career, he travelled extensively through England, Holland, and Germany, enforcing the doctrines of his sect, wherever he went; and finally returned to his own country, where he passed the remainder of his life in retirement, at Ury House, in Kincardineshire, and died on the third of October, 1690.

Barclay wrote voluminously in defence of the doctrines of the Quakers; but his most celebrated production is *An Apology for the True Christian Divinity as the Same is held forth and Preached by the People in Scorn called Quakers.* This work, which appeared in Latin, in 1676, and in English two years after, is a learned and methodical treatise, very different from what the world expected on such a subject; and it was therefore read with avidity both in Great Britain and on the continent. Its most remarkable theological feature is, the attempt to prove that there is an internal light in men which is better fitted to guide him aright in religious matters than even the Scriptures themselves; the genuine doctrines of which he asserts to be rendered uncertain by various readings in different manuscripts, and the fallibility of translators and interpreters. 'These circumstances,' says he, 'and much more which might be alleged, puts the mind, even of the learned, into infinite doubts, scruples, and inextricable difficulties; whence we may very safely conclude, that Jesus Christ, who promised to be always with his children—to lead them into all truth, to guard them against the devices of the enemy, and to establish their faith upon an immovable rock, left them not to be principally ruled by that which was subject, in itself, to many uncertainties; and therefore he gave them his Spirit as their principal guide, which neither moths nor time can wear out, nor transcribers nor translators corrupt; which none are so young, none so illiterate, none in so remote a place, but they may come to be reached and rightly informed by it.' It would be erroneous, however, to regard this work of Barclay as an exposition of all the doctrines which have been, or are now, prevalent among the Quakers, or indeed to consider it as any thing more than the vehicle of such of his own views, as, in his character of an apologist, he thought it necessary to make. The dedication of the 'Apology' to Charles the Second has always been admired for its respectful yet manly freedom of style, and for the pathos of its free allusion to the king's own early troubles, as a reason for his extending mercy and favor to the persecuted Quakers. 'Thou hast tasted,' says he, 'of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country, to be overruled, as well as to rule and sit upon a throne; and, being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the oppressor is to both God and man: if, after all these warnings and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy heart, but forget him who remembered thee in thy distress, and give up thyself to follow lust and vanity, surely great will be thy condemnation.' From the 'Apology' we extract the following passage:—

AGAINST TITLES OF HONOUR.

We affirm positively, that it is not lawful for Christians either to give or receive these titles of honour, as Your Holiness, Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Your Eminency, &c.

First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors, neither doth the giving them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands, not in titles and designations.

Secondly, we find not that in the Scripture any such titles are used, either under the law or the Gospel; but that in speaking to kings, princes, or nobles, they used only a simple compellation, as, 'O king,' and that without any further designation, save, perhaps, the name of the person, as, O king Agrippa, &c.

Thirdly, it lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them: as some, to whom it is said, 'Your Excellency,' having nothing of excellency in them: and who is called 'Your Grace,' appears to be an enemy of grace; and he who is called 'Your Honour,' is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man, or what patent, ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil, and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me, in so doing, from the just judgment of God, that will make me count for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them. * *

Fourthly, as to those titles of 'Holiness,' 'Eminency,' and 'Excellency,' used among the Papists to the pope and cardinals, &c.; and 'Grace,' 'Lordship,' and 'Worship,' used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blasphemous usurpation. For, if they use 'Holiness' and 'Grace' because these things ought to be in a pope or a bishop, how come they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say 'Your Holiness,' and 'Your Grace,' one to another. Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practiced and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are, and as whose successors (and no otherwise) themselves, I judge, will confess any honour they seek is due to them? Now, if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honour nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can: we find no such thing in the Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination, neither saying, 'If it please your Grace,' 'your Holiness,' nor 'your Worship;' they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul; nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul; nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul; but singly Peter and Paul; and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundred of years after: so that this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostasy. For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of persons, it will not be denied but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain; the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace, and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace; and because they were holy, excellent and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious minds, which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy.

Fifthly, as to that title 'Majesty,' usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture, but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. We find in the Scripture the proud king Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who, at that time, received a sufficient reproof, by a sudden judgment which came upon him. Therefore, in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times.

William Penn, the son of Admiral Sir William Penn, and founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, was born in London on the fourteenth of October, 1644. He was educated at the school of Chigwell, in Essex, 'where, at the age of eleven,' says Wood, 'being retired in a chamber alone, he was so suddenly surprised with an inward comfort, and an external glory in the room, that he has many times said, how from that time he had the seal of divinity and immortality; that there was also a God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying his divine communications.' He afterwards went to a private school on Tower-Hill, and likewise enjoyed the advantages of a private tutor. In 1660, he entered Christ's Church College, Oxford, where, for two years, he devoted himself closely to his studies; but being at length influenced by the preaching of Thomas Loe, a Quaker, he and some other students withdrew from the form of worship of the established church, and held private meetings, where they prayed and preached among themselves. This conduct giving great offence to the officers of the university, Penn was first fined for nonconformity, but still persisting in these exercises, he was finally expelled from his college.

The principles which Penn thus early adopted gave such offence to his father, that he banished him from his house; but, at length, when it appeared evident that his son's opinions were unalterably fixed, a reconciliation took place between them. In 1668, he became a preacher amongst the Quakers, and, like many other members of that society, suffered much persecution, and was repeatedly thrown into prison. During one of his confinements in the Tower of London, he wrote the most celebrated of his works, entitled, *No Cross, no Crown*, in which the views of the Quakers are powerfully maintained, and which continues to be highly esteemed among persons of that denomination, even at the present day. After his liberation, he spent much time in defending his principles against various opponents, amongst whom was the celebrated Richard Baxter. In 1681, Penn obtained, from Charles the Second, in consideration of some unliquidated claims of the deceased Admiral Penn upon the crown, the grant of the district in America which was named Pennsylvania by the king, and of which Penn was constituted sole proprietor and governor. He immediately took measures for the settlement of the province, and drew up articles of government, among which the following is the most remarkable:—

'That all persons in this province, who confess and acknowledge the one almighty and eternal God to be the creator, upholder, and ruler of the world, and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in society, shall in no ways be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion, or practice in matters of faith and worship; nor shall they be compelled, at any time, to frequent, or maintain any religious worship, place, or ministry whatever.'

In 1682, Penn came out to his colony, and immediately proceeded to purchase land from the natives, with whom he entered into a treaty of peace and friendship, which was carefully observed as long as the power of the Quakers predominated in the colony, and which, for many years after his death, caused his memory to be affectionately cherished by the Indians. He then fixed upon the site of his capital, Philadelphia, the building of which was immediately commenced. After spending, at this time, two years in the colony, Penn returned to England, and thenceforth, until his death, which occurred in London, on the thirtieth of July, 1718, he passed his time alternately in the two countries.

Besides the work already mentioned, Penn was the author of various other productions, amongst which are, *Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Life*, and *A Key to discern the Difference between the Religion professed by the Quakers, and the Misrepresentations of their Adversaries.* He also prefixed to Fox's Journal, *A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers.* The following extract we select from his 'Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Life,' as it forms a fair specimen of his style :—

ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

Next, betake yourself to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid coveteousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and he will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not. Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income, for the good of the poor, both in our society and others; for we are all his creatures, remembering that 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world; use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them you serve them, which will debase your spirits as well as offend the Lord.

Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again.

Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose.

Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous.

Watch against anger, neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord, 'Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell upon thy holy hill? answers, 'He that walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes the vile person is contemned, but honoureth them who fear the Lord.'

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my 'No Cross, no Crown.' There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed, for it procures trouble, and is ill-manners, and very unseemly to wise men.

In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples.

Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice, but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

Thomas Ellwood, the last writer among the Quakers, whom we shall, at present, mention, was born in 1639. He was naturally endowed with more than ordinary talents, and the virtues of benevolence, perseverance, and integrity, were remarkably displayed by him, in common with many other of the early members of the society to which he belonged. His conversion to the principles of Quakerism gave deep offence to his father, who sometimes beat him with great severity, particularly when the son persisted in remaining covered in his presence. Another cause of offence was, that, whenever he had occasion to speak to his father, instead of saying 'you,' he would say 'thou' or 'thee,' as the occasion required. 'At one time,' says Ellwood, 'when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me to go to my chamber, which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs. Being come thither he gave me a parting blow, and in a very angry tone said, 'Sirrah, if ever I hear you say *thou* or *thee* to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat.' I was greatly grieved to hear him say so, and feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again, and calmly said unto him, 'Should it not be just if God should serve thee so, when thou sayest 'thou' or 'thee' to him.' Though his hand was up, I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away, and left me standing there. But I, notwithstanding, went up into my chamber and cried unto the Lord, earnestly beseeching him that he would be pleased to open my father's eyes, that he might see whom he fought against, and for what; and that he would turn his heart.' But the circumstance which has given peculiar interest to Ellwood is, that he was a pupil and a friend of Milton, and one of those who read to the poet after the loss of his sight. The object that Ellwood had in view in offering his services as a reader was, that he might obtain, in return, from Milton, some assistance in his own studies. Of the connection thus formed, he gives, in his autobiography, a very interesting account. Ellwood, after a life of great activity, died in 1713, in the seventy-third year of his age.

In the autobiography already alluded to, Elwood furnishes some interesting particulars concerning the London prisons, in which he and many of his brother Quakers were confined, and the manner in which they were treated both there and out of doors. He also wrote many controversial treatises, the most prominent of which is *The Foundation of Tithes Shaken.* Of all his works, however, his *Sacred Histories of the Old and New Testaments* are regarded as his most important productions. The following account of his relation to Milton will close this brief notice:—

INTERVIEW WITH MILTON.

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and having inquired divers things of me with respect to my former progressions in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself of such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies.

I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house (which was then in Jewin-street) as conveniently I could; and, from thenceforward, went every day, in the afternoon (except on the first days of the week), and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books, in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue (not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home), I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English (who speak Anglice their Latin) that (with some few other variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases, as C, before E, or I, like Ch; Sc, before I, like Sh, &c.) the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language.

I had, before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar (in which I had once been very ready), that I could both read a Latin author, and, after a sort hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder to me to read than it was before to understand when read. But

'Labor omnia vincit
Improbus.'

Incessant pains,
The end obtains.

And so did I, which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could; for, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me.

Thus went I on for about six weeks' time, reading to him in the afternoons, and exercising myself, with my own books, in my chamber in the forenoons. I was sensible of an improvement.

But, alas! I had fixed my studies in a wrong place. London and I could never agree for health. My lungs (as I suppose) were too tender to bear the sulphureous air of that city; so that I soon began to droop, and, in less than two months' time, I was fain to leave both my studies and the city, and return into the country, to preserve life; and much ado I had to get thither. * * * * [Having recovered, and gone back to London] I was very kindly received by my master, who had conceived so good an opinion of me, that my conversation (I found) was acceptable to him; and he seemed heartily glad of my recovery and return; and into our old method of study we fell again, I reading to him, and he explaining to me as occasion required. * *

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city, for the safety of himself and family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well-settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment.

But now, being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country.

After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem, which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the utmost attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment for the favour he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when, afterward, I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London), he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone, said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'

Brief notices of Aubrey, Wood, Rymer, Flavel, and Ray, will close our present remarks.

John Aubrey was descended from an ancient family in Wiltshire, and born at Easton-Piers, on the third of November, 1626. He received the rudiments of his education at Malmsbury grammar-school, and, in 1642, entered Trinity College, Oxford, where he pursued his studies with great diligence and attention, till 1646, when he entered the Middle Temple, London, as a student of law. On the death of his father, which happened soon after he commenced his legal studies, he relinquished the law, and assumed the charge of a number of estates to which he succeeded; all of which, however, were so much embarrassed as to involve him in a succession of law-suits which only ended in his ruin. During the whole of this period he maintained his connection with his learned friends at the university, and unremittingly prosecuted his antiquarian researches. The latter part of his life he passed as the guest of Lady Long, at her seat in Wiltshire, near Dragcot. His death occurred while on his way from Dragcot to Oxford, in 1700.

Aubrey was a man of excellent capacity, profound learning, and indefatigable application. Though an extensive writer, his only published work is a collection of popular superstitions relative to dreams, portents, ghosts, and witchcraft, under the title of *Miscellanies*. His manuscripts, of which many are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, and the library of the Royal Society, prove his researches to have been very extensive, and have furnished much useful information to later antiquaries. Aubrey's principal fault, as an antiquarian, was the want of power to discriminate the false from the true; yet he by no means deserves the severe censures that have often been heaped upon him. Three volumes, published in 1813, under the title of *Letters written by Eminent Persons in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, with Lives of Eminent Men*, are occupied principally by very curious literary anecdotes, all of which Aubrey communicated to Anthony Wood. From this interesting author we can not make any appropriate selection.

Anthony Wood, the friend and frequent associate of Aubrey, was born in the city of Oxford, on the seventeenth of December, 1632. He received his early education at New-College school, and at Thame-school, in his native city; and in 1647 entered Merton College, whence he was graduated with the degree of master of arts, in 1655. From this time Wood's life was exclusively devoted to antiquities, and the earliest fruit of his labors was the *Historia et Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis.* The manuscript of this work being shown to Dr. Fell, bishop of Oxford, the learned prelate was so much pleased with it that he prevailed upon the author to publish it in the Latin language. The bishop, into whose hands it was placed for the purpose of being rendered into Latin, committed the task of translating it to a student of the university by the name of Peers, by whom it was prepared for publication, and appeared in two volumes folio, in 1674. Wood also published, in 1691, a well-known work entitled *Athenæ Oxonienses,* being an account of the lives and writings of almost all the eminent authors educated at Oxford, and many of those who were educated at Cambridge. This book has been of much utility to the compilers of biographical works, though the composition is inelegant, and the statements not always well authenticated. The author was doubtless a respecter of truth, but was frequently misled by narrow-minded prejudices and hastily-formed opinions. Wood's death occurred at Oxford, on the twenty-ninth of November, 1695. His style is so poor that we shall not offer any illustrative extract of his writings.

Thomas Rymer, another distinguished antiquarian of this period, was a native of Yorkshire, but the period of his birth has not been preserved. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards entered Gray's Inn as a student of law; but he seems never to have followed the legal profession. Having been appointed, in 1692, royal historiographer, he availed himself of the opportunities of research which his office afforded him, and, in 1704, began to publish a collection of public treaties and compacts, under the title of *Fœdera Conventiones, et cujuscunque generis Acta Publica inter Reges Angliæ et alios Principes, ab anno* 1101. Of this work Rymer published fifteen volumes folio, being assisted in his labors by Robert Sanderson, another industrious antiquarian, by whom five more were added after Rymer's death, which occurred in 1715.

The 'Fœdera,' though immethodical and ill-digested, is a highly valuable publication, and, indeed, is indispensable to those who desire to be accurately acquainted with the history of England. Besides this great work Rymer left fifty-eight manuscript volumes containing a great variety of historical materials, and still preserved in the British museum. He also wrote a tragedy entitled *Edgar*, and a *Critical View of the Tragedies of the Last Age*, neither of which, however, possesses any comparative merit.

John Flavel, a zealous nonconformist divine, was born at Worcestershire, in 1627, and educated at University College, Oxford. He early settled at Dartmouth, and during the times of religious persecution was greatly molested. His private character was irreproachable, and in the pulpit he was distinguished for the warmth, fluency, and variety of his devotional exercises, which, like his writings, were somewhat tinged with enthusiasm. His works, occupying two folio volumes, are written in a plain and perspicuous style, and some of them are still highly valued by Calvinistic Christians. This remark applies more particularly to his *Husbandry Spiritualized* and *Navigation Spiritualized*, in which the author extracts a variety of pious lessons from natural objects and phenomena, and the common operations of life. Many of his sermons also have been published, and, in their day, were extremely popular.

John Ray, an eminent naturalist, and the son of a blacksmith, was born at Black-Notley, in Essex, on the twenty-ninth of November, 1628. He was prepared for college at Braintree school, and, in 1644, entered Catherine Hall, Cambridge. Before the second year of his collegiate life had, however, passed, he left that college and entered Trinity, where he remained to take his master's degree, and to be chosen to a fellowship. Ray early entered the ministry, but the passing of the act of uniformity, in 1662, put an end to his prospects in the church; for in that year he was deprived of his fellowship of Trinity College, on account of his conscientious refusal to comply with the injunction, that all ecclesiastical persons should make a declaration of the nullity and illegality of the solemn league and covenant. He now turned his attention to natural history, particularly to botany; and his works on that subject, which are more numerous than those of any other botanist than Linnæus, have such merit as to entitle him to be ranked as one of the great founders of the science.

In 1663, Ray, in company with a friend, visited several continental countries, previously to which he had travelled through England and Scotland; and the results of his studies and travels were soon after given to the public, as, *Observations, Topographical, Moral and Physiological, made in a Journey through part of the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and France*, and *A General History of Plants.* The latter, consisting of two large folio volumes, is a work of prodigious labor, and aims at describing and reducing to the author's system, all the plants that had been discovered throughout the world. As a cultivator of zoology and entomology also, Ray deserves to be mentioned with particular honor. For the greater part of his popular fame, however, he is indebted to an admirable treatise, published in 1691, entitled *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation.* One of his reasons for composing this work is thus stated by himself:—'By virtue of my functions, I suspect myself to be obliged to write something in divinity, having written so much on other subjects; for being not permitted to serve the church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but it may be my duty to serve it with my hand in writing; and I have made choice of this subject, as thinking myself best qualified to treat of it.' Upon natural theology, Wilkins, Henry More, Cudworth, and other able writers in England had previously written; but Ray was the first to systematize and popularize the subject. He displays, throughout his treatise, much philosophical caution with respect to the admission of facts in natural history, and good sense in the reflections, in which he is led, by his subject, to indulge.

Besides the important works that we have already mentioned, Ray published, in 1672, a *Collection of English Proverbs;* and, in 1700, *A Persuasive to a Holy Life.* The latter possesses the same rational and solid character which distinguishes his scientific and theological works. This learned and excellent man died on the seventeenth of January, 1705; and on his death-bed he wrote the following affecting letter to Sir Hans Sloane:—

> Dear Sir—The best of friends. These are to take a final leave of you as to this world: I look upon myself as a dying man. God requite your kindness expressed any ways towards me a hundred-fold; bless you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter; grant us a happy meeting in heaven. I am Sir, eternally yours,
>
> JOHN RAY.

The following extract is taken from the treatise on 'The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation.'

GOD'S EXHORTATION TO ACTIVITY.

Methinks by all this provision for the use and service of man, the Almighty interpretatively speaks to him in this manner: 'I have now placed thee in a spacious and well-furnished world; I have endued thee with an ability of understanding what is beautiful and proportionable, and have made that which is so agreeable and delightful to thee; I have provided thee with materials whereon to exercise and employ thy art and strength; I have given thee an excellent instrument, the hand, accommodated to make use of them all; I have distinguished the earth into hills and valleys, and plains, and meadows, and woods; all these parts capable of culture and improvement by thy industry; I have committed to thee for thy assistance in the labours of ploughing, and carrying, and drawing, and travel, the laborious ox, the patient ass, and the strong and serviceable horse; I have created a multitude of seeds for thee to make choice out of them, of what is most pleasant to thy taste, and of most wholesome and plentiful nourishment; I have also made great variety of trees, bearing fruit both for food and physic, those, too, capable of being meliorated and improved by transplantation, stercoration, incision, pruning, watering, and other arts and devices. Till and manure thy fields, sow them with thy seeds, extirpate noxious and unprofitable herbs, guard them from the invasion and spoil of beasts, clear and fence in thy meadows, and pastures, dress and prune thy vines, and so rank and dispose them as is most suitable to the climate; plant thee orchards, with all sorts of fruit-trees, in such order as may be most beautiful to the eye, and most comprehensive of plants; gardens for culinary herbs, and all kinds of salleding; for delectable flowers; to gratify the eye with their agreeable colours and figures, and thy scent with their fragrant odours; for odoriferous and ever-green shrubs and suffrutices; for exotic and medicinal plants of all sorts; and dispose them in that comely order as may be most pleasant to behold, and commodious for access. I have furnished thee with all materials for building, as stone, and timber, and slate, and lime, and clay, and earth, whereof to make bricks and tiles. Deck and bespangle the country with houses and villages convenient for thy habitation, provided with out-houses and stables for the harbouring and sheltering of thy cattle, with barns and granaries for the reception and custody, and storing up thy corn and fruits. I have made thee a sociable creature, *zoon politikon*, for the improvement of thy understanding by conference, and communication of observations and experiment: for mutual help, assistance, and defence, build thee large towns and cities with straight and well-paved streets, and elegant rows of houses, adorned with magnificent temples for my honour and worship, with beautiful palaces for thy princes and grandees, with stately halls for public meetings of the citizens and their several companies, and the sessions of the courts of judicature, besides public porticos and aqueducts. I have implanted in thy nature a desire for seeing strange and foreign, and finding out unknown countries, for the improvement and advance of thy knowledge in geography, by observing the bays, and creeks, and havens, and promontories, the outlets of rivers, the situation of the maritime towns and cities, the longitude and latitude, &c., of those places; in politics, by noting their government, their manners, laws, and customs, their diet and medicine, their trades and manufactures, their houses and buildings, their exercises and sports, &c. In physiology, or natural history, by searching out their natural rarities, the productions, both of land and water, what species of animals, plants, and minerals, of fruit and drugs, are to be found there, what commodities for bartering and permutation whereby thou mayest be enabled to make large additions to natural history, to advance those other sciences, and to benefit and enrich thy country by increase of its trade and merchandise. I have given thee timber and iron to build the hulls of ships, tall trees for masts, flax and hemp for sails, cables and cordage for rigging. I have armed thee with courage and hardiness to attempt the seas, and traverse the spacious plains of that liquid element; I have assisted thee with a compass, to direct thy course when thou shalt be out of all ken of land, and have nothing in view but the sky and water. Go thither for the purpose before-mentioned, and bring home what may be useful and beneficial to thy country in general, or to thyself in particular.'

I persuade myself, that the bountiful and gracious author of man's being and faculties, and all things else, delights in the beauty of his creation, and is well pleased with the industry of man, in adorning the earth, with beautiful cities and castles, with pleasant villages and country-houses, with regular gardens, and orchards, and plantations of all sorts of shrubs and herbs, and fruit, for meat, medicine, or moderate delights; with shady woods and groves, and walks set with rows of elegant trees; with pastures clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn, and meadows burthened with grass, and whatever else differenceth a civil and well-cultivated region from barren and desolate wilderness.

If a country thus planted and adorned, thus polished and civilized, thus improved to the height by all manner of culture for the support and sustenance, and convenient entertainment of innumerable multitudes of people, be not to be preferred before a barbarous and inhospitable Scythia, without houses, without plantations, without cornfields or vineyards, where the roving hordes of the savage and truculent inhabitants transfer themselves from place to place in wagons, as they can find pasture and forage for their cattle, and live upon milk, and flesh roasted in the sun, at the pommels of their saddles; or a rude and unpolished America, peopled with slothful and naked Indians—instead of well-built houses, living in pitiful huts and cabins, made of poles set endways; then surely the brute beast's condition and manner of living, to which what we have mentioned doth nearly approach, is to be esteemed better than man's, and wit and reason was in vain bestowed on him.

Lecture the Thirty-Second.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE — JOHN BUNYAN — ISAAC BARROW — JOHN TILLOTSON — RICHARD CUMBERLAND—ROBERT SOUTH—EDWARD STILLINGFLEET—WILLIAM SHERLOCK.

PROSE writing, in the English language, at the period to which our remarks have now brought us down, began to assume a form of fixed and settled elegance; and one of its chief polishers was the accomplished statesman, and miscellaneous writer, Sir William Temple.

William Temple, descended from an ancient and honorable family, was born in the city of London, in 1628. Exhibiting, in his childhood, an inquiring and penetrating genius, and a wonderful desire for knowledge, his father bestowed the utmost care on his education. He commenced his studies at Penhurst, in Kent, under the inspection of his uncle, who was then minister of that parish; and he was thence removed to a school of a more elevated character, to be particularly instructed in the Latin and Greek languages. At seventeen years of age he entered Emanuel College, Cambridge, and had the learned Dr. Cudworth for his tutor; but being designed by his father for public life, he left the university at the end of a year, in order to travel on the continent. Having spent six years abroad, during which he acquired a very thorough knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, he, on his return, went to reside with his father in Ireland, and in 1661 represented the county of Carlow in the parliament of Dublin.

Removing, two years afterwards, to London, the introductions which Temple carried to the leading statesmen of the day, speedily procured for him employment in the diplomatic service. He was sent, in 1665, on a secret mission to the bishop of Munster, and performed his duty so well, that on his return a baronetcy was bestowed upon him, and he was appointed English resident at the court of Brussels. The peace of western Europe was, at this time, in danger from the ambitious designs of Louis the Fourteenth of France, who aimed at the subjugation of the Spanish Netherlands. Temple paid a visit to the Dutch governor, De Witt, at the Hague, and with great skill brought about, in 1668, the celebrated 'triple alliance' between England, Holland, and Sweden, by which the career of Louis was, for a time, effectually checked. In the same year he received the appointment of ambassador at the Hague, where he resided in that capacity for about twelve months, on terms of intimacy with De Witt, and also with the young Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third, of England. The corrupt and wavering principles of the English court having led to the recall of Temple, in 1669, he retired from public life to his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, and there employed himself in literary occupations and gardening, for five years. In 1674 he consented, but with great reluctance, to return as ambassador to Holland; in which country, besides engaging in various important negotiations, he contributed to bring about the marriage of the Prince of Orange, with Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of York. That important and popular event took place in 1677.

Having finally returned to England, in 1679, Temple was pressed by the king to accept the office of secretary of state, which, however, he persisted in refusing. Charles was now in the utmost perplexity, in consequence of the discontents and difficulties which a long course of misgovernment had occasioned; and used to hold long interviews with Temple, on the means of extricating himself from his embarrassments. The measure which Sir William advised, was the appointment of a privy council of thirty persons, in conformity with whose advice the king should always act, and by whom all his affairs should be freely and openly debated; one half of the members to consist of the great officers of state, and the other half of the most influential and wealthy noblemen and gentlemen of the country. This scheme was adopted by the king, and produced great joy throughout the nation. The hopes of the people were, however, speedily frustrated by the turbulent and unprincipled factiousness of some of the members. Temple, who was himself one of the council, soon became disgusted with its proceedings, as well as those of the king, and in 1681, took his final leave of public life. He passed the remainder of his days chiefly at Moor Park, in Surrey, where Swift, as we have already observed, resided for some time with him, as an amanuensis. After the Revolution, King William, whose respect for the friend of his youth was most profound, often visited Sir William, in order to obtain his advice upon momentous occasions. Temple's death occurred in 1698, at his seat in Moor Park, in the seventieth year of his age.

The works of Sir William Temple consist chiefly of short miscellaneous pieces. His longest productions are his *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*, and his *Essay on the Original and Nature of Government.* The former of these was written during his first retirement at Sheen, and is considered a master-piece of its kind. The latter was composed at about the same time, but is not written with equal felicity. Besides several political tracts of temporary interest, he wrote *Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning; The Gardens of Epicures; Heroic Virtue; Poetry; Popular Discontents; Health and Long Life.* In these are to be found many sound and acute observations, expressed in the perspicuous and easy language, for which he is so noted. But of all Sir William's productions, that which is, in matter as well as in composition, the best, is *A Letter to the Countess of Essex*, on her excessive grief for the loss of a beloved daughter. As a specimen of eloquent, firm, and dignified, yet tender and affectionate expostulation, it is unsurpassed in English literature.

The style of Sir William Temple is, according to Dr. Blair, distinguished for its simplicity. 'All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness and what may be called amenity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiss style.' And Dr. Johnson, in a conversation preserved by Boswell, remarked that 'Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose: before his time, they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.' To this remark, Cowley, and perhaps some few others, form exceptions.

From the 'Letter to the Countess of Essex,' we select the following passages, and regret that our space does not allow us to introduce the whole of that masterly performance:—

AGAINST EXCESSIVE GRIEF.

The honour which I received by a letter from your ladyship was too great not to be acknowledged; yet I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters, respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject, give me leave to tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or becomes us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more use to ourselves. For, if we consider him as our Maker, we can not contend with him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust him; so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for good; and whatever happens we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save any thing by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good, which is better than that of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But this I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world; or perhaps, because he would show his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest, would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost is a child of that age; but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honour and esteem from all who know you; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to every thing else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune.

God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest: is this his fault or yours? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he has taken away? is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide: but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and, if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say, 'My friend has become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world.' Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions; to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever HE who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our demerits, rather than to injustice to God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

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Whilst I had any hopes that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it, nor ever increased it by common formal ways of attempting to assuage it: and this, I am sure, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long; but when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it ran; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than your child, your health, and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor can I end it without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of your children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion; but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percies, which never yet shrunk at any disaster, that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortune of your family not always the losses: cherish those veins of good-humour that are so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unkind to your children and to yourself; and, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honour and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honour for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

John Bunyan presents a remarkable contrast, not only to the writer last mentioned, but also to all the rest of his contemporaries. He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628; and his father being a brazier or tinker, resolved to bring up his son to the same occupation. The education he, therefore, received, extended merely to reading and writing; and even this, when we consider the extreme poverty of his father, must have been afforded him at a very considerable sacrifice. His early life has been variously represented; for while some have regarded him to have been, in all respects, a reprobate, others, among whom was Southey, have labored to show that there was little in the lad that any reasonable person would severely censure. He was certainly never a drunkard, a libertine, or a lover of sanguinary sports; and the profanity and Sabbath-breaking which afterwards so deeply preyed upon his awakened conscience, are, unhappily, in the rank of life to which he belonged, too frequent to render their perpetrator conspicuous. The truth is, that which gave Bunyan notoriety in his youthful days, and which made him afterwards appear to himself such a monster of iniquity, was the energy which he threw into all his doings. He had a zeal for idle amusements, and an enthusiasm in mischief, which were the perverse manifestations of a forceful character, and which may have well entitled him to Southey's epithet, 'a blackguard.'

The strong depraving element in Bunyan's character was *ungodliness.* He walked according to the course of this world, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, feeling no other restraining influence than that of terror. Under the power of this passion his days were often gloomy, through forebodings of the wrath to come; and his nights were scared with visions, which the boisterous diversions and adventures of his waking-day could not always dispel. As he grew older, however, he became more hardened in iniquity; and though he experienced some remarkable providences, they neither startled nor melted him. On two occasions he narrowly escaped being drowned—once, by falling into the sea, and once by falling from a boat, into Bedford river. In the civil war he was 'drawn' as a soldier to go to the siege of Leicester; but just before his departure, a comrade sought leave to take his place. Bunyan consented; his companion went; and, soon after, while standing sentry, was shot through the head, and instantly killed. But these remarkable interpositions made, at the time, comparatively no impression upon him. Soon after, however, he happened to hear a sermon on the sin of Sabbath-breaking, which fell with such weight upon his conscience, as to haunt him throughout the day; and when he went to his usual diversions in the afternoon, its cadence was still knelling in his troubled ear. He was engaged in a game of 'Cat,' and had already struck the ball one blow, and was about to deal another, when, in his own language, 'a voice darted from heaven into his soul, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?'' The conviction thus fastened on Bunyan's mind was soon after deepened by a reproof from a woman of notoriously bad character, who declared to him that his awful oaths were shocking even to her. He resolved, from this time, to leave off profane swearing altogether, and endeavor to reform his life. With this view he commenced the careful study of the Scriptures; but as his nature was made up of vivid fancy and vehement emotions, he seldom believed what he really felt and saw. Hence it was that year after year passed away before his faith and hope were firmly established. At length the Rev. John Gifford became pastor of the Baptist church at Bedford, and under his public ministry and private instructions Bunyan's mind was relieved of the burthen which had so long borne it down; and, in 1654, when in the twenty-seventh year of his age, he became, by public profession, a member of that church.

Bunyan had not long been a member of the church before he was called upon to exercise its actual ministry. Gifford had gone to his everlasting rest; and as a substitute for his labors, until another pastor could be found, a few of the brethren volunteered to speak the word of exhortation to the rest. Of these Bunyan was one; and his exercises having afforded the utmost satisfaction to his warm-hearted but judicious hearers, he was urged forward to more public services. These he was too humble to covet, and too earnest to refuse. Though his education was extremely rude, yet God had given him an athletic mind, and a glowing heart—that strong logic and teeming fancy, whose bold strokes and burning images heat the Saxon temper to the welding point, and form the popular orator of the English multitude. The secret of the success of Bunyan's ministry, from its very commencement, is, that it was heartfelt, and hence its solemnizing and subduing power. The whole town came out to hear him; and though some mocked, many were deeply moved.

Bunyan continued to preach the gospel with zeal and success until the Restoration, immediately after which he was apprehended as a maintainer and upholder of such assemblies for religious purposes, as had recently been declared unlawful. The sentence pronounced upon him was perpetual banishment from the kingdom; but this was afterwards commuted for imprisonment in Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve and a half years. During that long period he employed his time partly in writing pious works, and partly in making tagged laces to support himself and his family. His library, while in prison, consisted of but two books, the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs, with both of which his own productions show him to have become extremely familiar. Having, in 1672, been liberated, through the benevolent exertions of Dr. Barlow, bishop of Lincoln, he resumed his occupation of itinerant preacher, and continued to exercise it until the proclamation of liberty of conscience, by James the Second. After that event, he was enabled, through the aid of contributions from his friends, to erect a meeting-house in Bedford, where his preaching attracted crowded congregations during the remainder of his life. During this time he frequently visited and preached to the nonconformists of London; and such was the general anxiety to hear him, that it was no unusual thing for assemblages of twelve or fourteen hundred persons to meet for that purpose at seven o'clock of a winter's morning. On one of these occasions, after great exposure and exhaustion, arising out of a mission of peculiar benevolence, he was seized with a fever of which, after an illness of ten days, he expired, on the thirty-first of August, 1688.

Of the various works composed by Bunyan during his imprisonment in Bedford jail, *The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come*, is much the most remarkable. It is, indeed, one of the most extraordinary productions of any age or country; and its popularity is, perhaps, unrivalled. It has passed through innumerable editions, and been translated into most of the languages of Europe. The object of this remarkable work, it is hardly necessary to remark, is to give an allegorical view of the life of a Christian, his difficulties, temptations, encouragements, and ultimate triumphs; and all this is done with such skill and graphic effect, that the book, though upon the most serious of subjects, is read by children with as much pleasure as are the fictions written professedly for their amusement. 'The style of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' says Southey, 'is a homespun not a manufactured one. If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English, the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is, in some degree, beholden for his general popularity; his language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible in its manner of narration to a child.'

In addition to the ease and simplicity of Bunyan's style, another circumstance which contributes to his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as he does the understanding. This is attributable to the vividness of his own imagination, which, as his history shows, could not, sometimes, distinguish ideal impressions from real ones. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader, perhaps, sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline only of the picture is presented to him, and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers.

Another allegorical production of Bunyan, which is still often read, though less frequently than 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' is *The Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World, or the Losing and Retaking of Mansoul.* In this work the fall of man is typified by the capture of the flourishing city of Mansoul by Diabolus, the enemy of its rightful sovereign, Shaddai, or Jehovah; whose son Immanuel recovers it after a tedious siege. Bunyan's *Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, is an interesting narrative of his own life and religious experience. His other works, though numerous, and chiefly of the emblematic class, have now passed into almost total oblivion.

We have extended our remarks upon the life and genius of Bunyan so far, that we can afford space for a single extract only from his great allegory.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof: for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard the voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh! behold, his reward is with him!' Here all the inhabitants of the country call them 'The holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,' &c.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing nearer to the city yet, they had a more perfect view thereof: it was built of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease: wherefore here they lay by it awhile, crying out, because of their pangs, 'If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims: so the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties; he also showed them there the King's walks and arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now, I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of the vineyard to go down so sweetly, as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city (for the city was pure gold) was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came? and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in the way? and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian and his companion then asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, thereof, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you can not come to the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate? To which they answered, Yes, but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then (especially Christian) began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the man if the waters were all of a depth? They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case; For, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters: the billows go over my head, all the waters go over me. Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death hath encompassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also, here, in a great measure, he lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here, also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then ere awhile he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful did also endeavour to comfort him, by saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us; but Christian would answer, It is you; it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah! brother, said he, surely if I was right, he would now rise to help me; but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare and left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot the text where it is said of the wicked, 'There are no bonds in their death, but their strength is firm; they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.' These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom, also, Hopeful added these words, Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh! I see him again; and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; but thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along towards the gate. Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up the hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them, that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is 'Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.' You are going now, said they, to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower regions upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, 'for the former things are passed away.' You are now going to see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness. The men then asked, What must we do in this holy place? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruits of all your prayers and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One, for, 'there you shall see him as he is.' There, also, you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy places after you. There, also, you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also, when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him.

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them: to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, These are the men who loved our Lord when they were in the world, and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.' There came also out at this time to meet them several of the king's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious and loud noises, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world, and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if Heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sounds, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them: and now were these two men, as it were in Heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that forever and ever. Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed? Thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate, the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c., to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the city of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, honour, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever.'

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now, while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance coming up to the river side; but he soon got over, and that without half the difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-Hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over; so he, as the other, I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was coming up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him: but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, Whence come you, and what would you have? He answered, 'I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our streets.' Then they asked for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, You have none! but the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw on the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction. 'So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.'

From the 'tinker of Bedford' with whom we have so long lingered, and of whose preaching Dr. Owen said to Charles the Second—'May it please your Majesty, could I possess the tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning'—we pass to notice some of those ornaments of the Church of England of this period, who have, to this day, had no superiors in her communion; such as Barrow, Tillotson, Cumberland, South, Stillingfleet, and Sherlock.

ISAAC BARROW was descended from an ancient family of Suffolk, and born in London in October, 1630. He commenced his studies at the Charter House school, where he was rather remarkable for a belligerent disposition than for study; but being removed to Felsted, in Essex, he soon made amends for past negligence, and became distinguished for scholarship. He entered Peter-House College, Cambridge, in 1643, but at the end of two years he became a member of Trinity, where he remained to take his degree, soon after which he was chosen to a fellowship. He now designed to enter the church; but perceiving that the theological opinions which then prevailed differed from his own, he turned his views to the medical profession, and engaged in the study of anatomy, botany, and chemistry. After some time thus spent, he resumed his theological studies, devoting also much attention to mathematics and astronomy. In 1655, having been disappointed in his expectations of obtaining the Greek professorship at Cambridge, he went abroad, and passed several years on the continent, visiting France, Italy, Turkey, Germany, and Holland. At Constantinople, where he spent twelve months, he studied, with great delight, the works of St. Chrysostom, which were composed in that city.

Barrow returned to England in 1659, and in the following year obtained, without opposition, the professorship for which he had formerly been a candidate; and to this appointment was added, in 1662, that of professor of geometry, in Gresham College, London. Both these positions he relinquished in 1663, on becoming Lucasian professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge. After filling the last of these offices with great ability for six years, toward the end of which he published a valuable and profound work on optics, he resolved to devote himself more exclusively to theology, and in 1669, accordingly, resigned his chair, to Isaac Newton. In 1670 Barrow was made doctor of divinity, and appointed one of the king's chaplains; and two years afterwards the king nominated him to the mastership of Trinity College, observing, on the occasion, that 'he had bestowed it on the best scholar in England.' To complete his honors, he was, in 1675, chosen vice-chancellor of the university; but this last appointment he survived only two years, having been cut off by a fever, in 1677. His death occurred on the fourth of May, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey, with an elegant monument over his remains.

In personal character, Dr. Barrow was distinguished for scrupulous integrity, great candor, modesty, disinterestedness, and mental serenity. His manners and external aspect were rather those of a student than of a man of the world; and he took no pains to improve his appearance by attention to his dress. On one occasion, when he preached before a London audience who did not know him, his aspect on ascending the pulpit, made so unfavorable an impression, that nearly the whole congregation immediately left the church. Though second only to Newton, as a mathematician, it is as a theological writer mainly that he is known to the public. His works, in this department, consist of *sermons*, *Expositions of the Creed*, *the Lord's Prayer*, *the Decalogue*, *the Doctrine of the Sacraments*, and treatises on *the Pope's*

Supremacy, and *the Unity of the Church.* His sermons, though his style is not polished, are, for their depth and copiousness of thought, and nervous eloquence, still held in high estimation. 'As a writer,' says Stewart, 'Barrow is equally distinguished by the redundancy of his matter, and by the pregnant brevity of his expression; but what more peculiarly characterizes his manner, is a certain air of powerful and conscious facility in the execution of whatever he undertakes. Whether the subject be mathematical, metaphysical, or theological, he seems always to bring to it a mind which feels itself superior to the occasion; and which, in contending with the greatest difficulties, puts forth but half its strength.' Barrow's severe mathematical training led him into the habit of composing with such care, that he generally transcribed his sermons three or four times before their language satisfied him. Hence, his style is less poetical than that of Jeremy Taylor. We select, as examples of this profound writer's style, the following passages :—

WISE SELECTION OF PLEASURES.

Wisdom is exceedingly pleasant and peaceable; in general, by disposing us to acquire and to enjoy all the good delight and happiness we are capable of; and by freeing us from all the inconveniences, mischiefs, and infelicities our condition is subject to. For whatever good from clear understanding, deliberate advice, sagacious foresight, stable resolution, dexterous address, right intention, and orderly proceeding, doth naturally result, wisdom confers: whatever evil blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill-contrivance, backwardness, inability, unwieldiness, and confusion of thought beget, wisdom prevents. From a thousand snares and treacherous allurements, from innumerable rocks and dangerous surprises, from exceedingly many needless incumbrances and vexatious toils of fruitless endeavours, she redeems and secures us.

Wisdom instructs us to examine, compare, and rightly to value the objects that court our affections and challenge our care; and thereby regulates our passions and moderates our endeavours, which begets a pleasant serenity and peaceable tranquillity of mind. For, when, being deluded with false shows, and relying upon ill-grounded presumptions, we highly esteem, passionately affect, and eagerly pursue things of little worth in themselves or concernment to us; as we unhandsomely prostitute our affections, and prodigally misspend our time, and vainly lose our labour, so that the event not answering our expectation, our minds thereby are confounded, disturbed, and distempered. But when, guided by right reason, we conceive great esteem of, and zealously are enamoured with, and vigorously strive to attain, things of excellent worth and weighty consequence, the conscience of having well placed our affections and well employed our pains, and the experience of fruits corresponding to our hopes, ravishes our mind with unexpressible content. And so it is: present appearance and vulgar conceit ordinarily impose upon our fancies, disguising things with a deceitful vanish, and representing those that are vainest with the greatest advantage; whilst the noblest objects, being of a more suitable and spiritual nature, like fairest jewels enclosed in a homely box, avoid the notice of gross sense, and pass undiscerned by us. But the light of wisdom, as it unmasks specious imposture, and bereaves it of its false colours, so it penetrates into the retirements of true excellency, and reveals its genuine lustre.

HONOUR TO GOD.

God is honoured by a willing and careful practice of all piety and virtue for conscience' sake, or an avowed obedience to his holy will. This is the most natural expression of our reverence towards him, and the most effectual way of promoting the same in others. A subject can not better demonstrate the reverence he bears towards his prince, than by (with a cheerful diligence) observing his laws; for by so doing, he declares that he acknowledgeth the authority and revereth the majesty which enacted them; that he approves the wisdom which devised them, and the goodness which designed them for public benefits; that he dreads his prince's power, which can maintain them, and his justice, which will vindicate them; that he relies upon his fidelity in making good what of protection or of recompense he propounds to the observers of them. No less pregnant a signification of our reverence towards God do we yield in our gladly and strictly obeying his laws, thereby evidencing our submission to God's sovereign authority, our esteem of his wisdom and goodness, our awful regard to his power and justice, our confidence in him, and dependence upon his word. The goodliness to the sight, the pleasantness to the taste, which is ever perceptible in those fruits which genuine piety beareth, the beauty men see in a calm mind and a sober conversation, the sweetness they taste from works of justice and charity, will certainly produce veneration to the doctrine that teacheth such things, and to the authority which enjoins them. We shall especially honour God by discharging faithfully those offices which God hath entrusted us with; by improving diligently those talents which God hath committed to us; by using carefully those means and opportunities which God hath vouchsafed us of doing him service and promoting his glory. Thus, he to whom God hath given wealth, if he expend it, not to the nourishment of pride and luxury, not only to the gratifying his own pleasure or humour, but to the furtherance of God's honour, or to the succour of his indigent neighbour, in any pious or charitable way, he doth thereby in a special manner honour God. He also on whom God hath bestowed wit and parts, if he employ them not so much in contriving projects to advance his own petty interests, or in procuring vain applause to himself, as in advantageously setting forth God's praise, handsomely recommending goodness, dexterously engaging men in ways of virtue, he doth thereby remarkably honour God. He likewise that hath honour conferred upon him, if he subordinate it to God's honour, if he use his own credit as an instrument of bringing credit to goodness, thereby adorning and illustrating piety, he by so doing doth eminently practice this duty.

John Tillotson was the son of a clothier, at Sowerby, near Halifax, in Yorkshire, and was born in October, 1630. His father was a rigid Calvinist, and caused his son's studies, preparatory to the university, to be conducted on strictly Puritan principles. In 1647, Tillotson entered Clare Hall, Cambridge, and such was the success which attended his studies, that in 1654, he took his master's degree, having been previously chosen a fellow of his college. He entered the ministry as a Presbyterian; but on reading 'Chillingworth's Religion of the Protestants,' his early notions became so considerably modified, that at the passing of the act of uniformity, in 1662, he submitted to the law without hesitation, and accepted a curacy. After this he soon became noted as a preacher, and began rapidly to rise in the church. His sermons first attracted general attention while he was lecturer in St. Lawrence church, Jewry, in the city of London; and having thus acquired a position of importance, he endeavored to use the influence which it gave him, in favor of his old associates, the nonconformists, whom he was anxious to bring within the pale of the establishment: but all his efforts, though, perhaps, prompted mainly by benevolent feeling, proved entirely unavailing.

In 1664, Tillotson married the niece of Oliver Cromwell, and by this alliance he became, as we have already observed, connected with the celebrated Dr. Wilkins, the second husband of his wife's mother. In 1666, he took the degree of doctor of divinity, and the same year was promoted to a prebend in the church of Canterbury, and also of St. Paul's church, London; and in 1672, was made dean of Canterbury. His moderate principles as a churchman, and his respectable character, made him the friend and confidential adviser of the princess Anne of Denmark, and her brother-in-law, King William; and he was accordingly raised, soon after the Revolution, to the archbishopric of Canterbury. In this situation he exerted himself to remove the abuses that had crept into the church, and, in particular, manifested a strong desire to abolish non-residence among the clergy. These proceedings, and his settled opposition to the Romish Church, excited great enmity against him, and subjected him to much annoyance. Conscious, however, of the purity of his principles, and the correctness of his motives, the archbishop was not to be swerved from his purpose; and at his death, which occurred on the twenty-fourth of November, 1694, the sorrow of the nation for his loss was more general than had ever been before known to be for a subject.

The beneficence of Tillotson's life had been such, that at his death the only property he left his widow was his manuscript sermons. These, however, from the great popularity of their author, were purchased by a bookseller for the large sum of two thousand five hundred guineas; and even to the present time they continue to be held in high estimation, as instructive, rational, perspicuous, and impressive discourses. Though the style is frequently careless and languid, the sentences tedious and unmusical, the words ill-chosen and unskillfully arranged, and the metaphors deficient in dignity, yet there is so much warmth and earnestness in the author's manner, such purity and clearness of expression, so entire a freedom from the appearance of affectation and art, and so strong an infusion of excellent sense and virtuous feeling, that, notwithstanding all their defects, these sermons must ever be attractive to the admirers of sound practical religion and philosophy. Many detached passages might be selected, in which important truths are conveyed with admirable force and precision; but we shall present only the following:—

ADVANTAGES OF TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skillful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed; and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiceth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they can not look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by-ways never so indirect, they can not see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spend his reputation all at once, and ventured it at a throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Richard Cumberland, another amiable and learned divine of the church of England, was born in London, on the fifteenth of July, 1632. His classical studies, preparatory to the university, were pursued at St. Paul's school, whence, in 1649, he removed to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he took his second degree, in 1656. After he was graduated, he, for a short time, turned his attention to medical studies, but abandoning the idea of becoming a physician, he took orders, and was immediately presented to the rectory of Brampton, in Northamptonshire, in the rural retirement of which he thought of little else than his ministerial functions and his studies. In 1672, Cumberland published a Latin work, *De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitio Philosophica*, or 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Laws of Nature;' in which their form, order, promulgation, and obligation, are investigated from the nature of things; and in which, also, the philosophical principles of Hobbes, moral as well as civil, are considered and refuted.' This modest and erudite, but verbose production contains many sound, and, at that time, novel views on moral science, together with others of very doubtful soundness. The laws of nature are deduced from the results of human conduct, regarding that to be commanded by God which conduces to the happiness of man.

In 1686, Cumberland wrote a very learned *Essay towards the Recovery of the Jewish Weights and Measures, comprehending their Monies*, and a translation of *Sanchoniatho's Phœnician History*. Two years after the publication of this last work, King William raised Cumberland to the see of Peterborough, and in the performance of his episcopal duties he displayed a rare degree of activity, moderation, and benevolence. When his friends expostulated with him on account of the severity of his labors, he replied, I will do my duty as long as I can; a man had better wear out than rust out! He lived, however, to the advanced age of eighty-six, in the enjoyment of such mental vigor, that he successfully studied the Coptic language only three years before his death, which occurred on the ninth of October, 1718. From his 'Essay' we take the following extract:—

THE TABERNACLE AND TEMPLE OF THE JEWS.

The fit measures of the tabernacle and temple, to the uses of the whole nation of the Jews, demonstrate God's early care to settle his people Israel, in the form of one entire national church, under Moses, Aaron, and the other priests, who were general officers for all Israel. The church in the wilderness, mentioned by Saint Stephen (Acts vii. 38), was thus national, and is the first collective body of men called a church in the Scripture language, by a man full of the evangelical spirit.

Synagogues for particular neighbourhoods' convenience, in the public exercise of religion, were introduced long after, by the pious prudence of the national governors of the Jewish church and state, and accordingly were all subordinate to them. It is to be observed, also, that this limited place for public national worship was within their own nation, in the midst of their camp in the wilderness, in their own land in Canaan. No recourse from it to a foreign church by appeals, but all difference finally decided within their own nation, and therein all, even Aaron although the high-priest, and elder brother to Moses, yet was subject to Moses, who was King in Jesurun. By these means all schismatical setting up of one altar against another was prevented; national communion in solemn and decent piety, with perfect charity, was promoted; which being no shadows, but the most substantial concerns of religion, are to be preserved in the gospel times.

Hereby is more evidently proved the magnificence, symmetry, and beauty that was in the structure of the temple; and the liberal maintenance which God provided for the Levites his ministers. For if the cubit by me proposed determine the area both of the temple and of the priests' suburbs (as the Scriptures set them both out by cubits), they must be much longer; and if they were set out by so many shorter cubits (suppose cubits of 18 inches), in such proportion as the squares of these different cubits bear to each other, by the 19th and 20th proposition of Euclid's 6th book. But the squares of these different cubits are in foot measure, which is here more convenient, as 3, 82, to 2, 25: the bigger of which is near half as much more as the less. Therefore the areas of the temple, and of the priests' suburbs, are, according to my measure, near half as big again as they would be if determined by that shorter cubit.

Such greatness of the temple Solomon intimates to the king of Tyre to be requisite, as best suiting with the greatness of God (2 Chronicles ii. 5). This reason, alleged by Solomon to a heathen, must be of moral or natural, and therefore perpetual force, continuing to evangelical times; and therefore intimating to us that even now magnificent and stately buildings are useful means to signify what great and honourable thoughts we have of God, and design to promote in those that come to the places of his public worship. And from God's liberal provision of land in the Levites' suburbs, besides other advantages, we are taught by Saint Paul, that even so those that preach the gospel should live of the gospel (1 Cor. ix. 14).

The fitness, safety, and honour of keeping to the use of such indifferent things, as have been determined by law or custom, is clearly proved by the constancy of Israel's using those measures (although others might be assigned as the Greek or Roman measures, to serve the same ends) from the time of Moses, and probably before, to the captivity and after. And this notwithstanding they were used by the Egyptians and Canaanites, which altered not their nature in the least. And this instance proves undeniably that such indifferent practices, as the use of the measures, may be highly useful to the greatest moral duties, the public honour of God, and the preservation of justice among them.

Robert South, reputed the wittiest of English divines, was the son of a London merchant, and was born at Hackney, Middlesex, in 1633. He was educated at Westminster school, under Dr. Busby, where he acquired a large share of grammatical and philological learning; and being a king's scholar, he was, in 1651, elected a student of Christ Church college, Oxford. Having passed through a brilliant career of scholarship at Oxford, until he was elected public orator of the university, he had an opportunity to attract the notice of the Earl of Clarendon, when that nobleman was made chancellor, and through him obtained a succession of good appointments, amongst which was the rectory of Islip, in Oxfordshire, where, it is recorded to his honor, he gave his curate the unprecedented salary of a hundred pounds, and spent the remainder of his income in educating poor children, and improving the church and parsonage-house. South himself lived at this time at Caversham, near Reading; and though some of his opponents have declared that he was eager after higher preferment, yet it is known that he not only refused an English bishopric, but an archbishopric in Ireland. At the Restoration he took the oath of allegiance, but attained to no ecclesiastical preferment.

In 1693, Dr. South, in his *Animadversions* upon Dr. Sherlock's 'Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity,' attacked that writer in the most acrimonious and indecent manner. This drew forth a reply from Dr. Sherlock, and the violence and personality displayed by both parties on this occasion, gave deep offence to the friends of religion and the church; and at length, after the controversy had raged with unabating violence for some time, the king was induced by the bishops to put an end to it, by ordaining 'that all preachers should carefully avoid all new terms, and confine themselves to such ways of explication as have been commonly used in the church.' Notwithstanding his intolerant and fiery temper, South was fully conscious of the nature of that Christian spirit in which a clergyman, above all others, should act. His life, therefore, affords another proof only, of the trite observation, that even good men are too frequently unable to reduce to practice the virtuous principles which they really and honestly hold. During the reign of Queen Anne he remained comparatively inactive, and his death occurred on the eighth of July, 1716. From his numerous sermons we select the following brief but characteristic passage :—

INGRATITUDE AN INCURABLE VICE.

As a man tolerably discreet ought by no means to attempt the making of such an one as his friend, so neither is he, in the next place, to presume to think that he shall be able so much as to alter or meliorate the humour of an ungrateful person by any acts of kindness, though never so frequent, never so obliging.

Philosophy will teach the learned, and experience may teach all, that it is a thing hardly feasible. For, love such an one, and he shall despise you. Commend him, and, as occasion serves, he shall revile you. Give him, and he shall but laugh at your easiness. Save his life; but, when you have done, look toyour own.

The greatest favours to such an one are but the motion of a ship upon the waves; they leave no trace, no sign behind them; they neither soften nor win upon him; they neither melt nor endear him, but leave him as hard, as rugged, and as unconcerned as ever. All kindnesses descend upon such a temper as showers of rain or rivers of fresh water falling into the main sea; the sea swallows them all, but is not at all changed or sweetened by them. I may truly say of the mind of an ungrateful person, that it is kindness-proof. It is impenetrable, unconquerable; unconquerable by that which conquers all things else, even by love itself. Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart can not; no, not by the strongest and the noblest flame. After all your attempts, all your experiments, for any thing that man can do, he that is ungrateful will be ungrateful still. And the reason is manifest; for you may remember that I told you that ingratitude sprang from a principle of ill nature: which being a thing founded in such a certain constitution of blood and spirit, as, being born with a man into the world, and upon that account called nature, shall prevent all remedies that can be applied by education, and leaves such a bias upon the mind, as is beforehand with all instruction.

So that you shall seldom or never meet with an ungrateful person, but, if you look backward, and trace him up to his original, you will find that he was born so; and if you could look forward enough, it is a thousand to one but you will find that he also dies so; for you shall never light upon an ill-natured man who was not also an ill-natured child, and gave several testimonies of his being so to discerning persons long before the use of his reason.

The thread that nature spins is seldom broken off by any thing but death. I do not by this limit the operation of God's grace, for that may do wonders: but humanly speaking, and according to the method of the world, and the little correctives supplied by art and discipline, it seldom fails but an ill principle has its course, and nature makes good its blow. And, therefore, where ingratitude begins remarkably to show itself, he surely judges most wisely who takes alarm betimes, and auguring the fountain from the stream, concludes that there is ill-nature at the bottom; and so reducing his judgment into practice, timely withdraws his frustraneous baffled kindnesses, and sees the folly of endeavouring to stroke a tiger into a lamb, or to court an Ethiopian out of his colour.

Edward Stillingfleet, so distinguished in early life by his writings in defence of the doctrines of the church, was descended from an ancient family at Stillingfleet, near York; and was born at Cranbourn, in Dorsetshire, on the seventeenth of April, 1635. After pursuing his preparatory studies at a private grammar-school, he was sent, in 1648, to St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was chosen fellow, in 1653, having previously taken his bachelor's degree. Stillingfleet passed the first two or three years of his life, after he left the university, as tutor to a young gentleman of the family of Pierrepoint; and having, meantime, taken orders, he was appointed, in 1657, to the rectory of Sutton. In 1662, while residing at Sutton, he published *Origines Sacræ; a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural and Revealed Religion;* a work, which, for extensive and profound learning, solidity of judgment, strength of argument, and perspicuity of language, would have done the highest honor to a man of any age; and, therefore, was really marvellous from one who had just completed his twenty-seventh year. The fame of this extraordinary work contributed to advance the author rapidly, until 1689, when he was promoted to the see of Worcester, the duties of which he continued to discharge with great fidelity, till the twenty-seventh of March, 1699, when death closed his earthly labors.

Towards the end of his life, bishop Stillingfleet published *A Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, in which some passages in Locke's 'Essay on Human Understanding,' were attacked as subversive of fundamental doctrines of Christianity; but in the controversy which ensued, the philosopher was generally considered to have come off victorious. So great was the bishop's chagrin at this result, that it was thought to have hastened his death. The prominent matters of discussion in this controversy were the resurrection of the body, and the immateriality of the soul. On these points Locke argued, that although the resurrection of the dead is revealed in Scripture, the re-animation of the identical bodies which inhabited this world is not revealed; and that even if the soul were proved to be material, this would not imply its mortality, since an Omnipotent Creator may, if he pleases, impart the faculty of thinking to matter as well as to spirit.

After Stillingfleet's death, a collection of fifty of his sermons was published, all of which deservedly bear a high character for good sense, sound morality, energy of style, and knowledge of human nature. From one of these sermons we take the following extract:—

TRUE WISDOM.

That is the truest wisdom of a man which doth most conduce to the happiness of life. For wisdom as it refers to action, lies in the proposal of a right end, and the choice of the most proper means to attain it: which end doth not refer to any one part of a man's life, but to the whole as taken together. He therefore only deserves the name of a wise man, not that considers how to be rich and great when he is poor and mean, nor how to be well when he is sick, nor how to escape a present danger, nor how to compass a particular design; but he that considers the whole course of his life together, and what is fit for him to make the end of it, and by what means he may best enjoy the happiness of it. I confess it is one great part of a wise man never to propose to himself too much happiness here; for whosoever doth so is sure to find himself deceived, and consequently is so much more miserable as he fails in his greatest expectations. But since God did not make man on purpose to be miserable, since there is a great difference as to men's conditions, since that difference depends very much on their own choice, there is a great deal of reason to place true wisdom in the choice of those things which tend most to the comfort and happiness of life.

That which gives a man the greatest satisfaction in what he doeth, and either prevents, or lessens, or makes him more easily bear the troubles of life, doth the most conduce to the happiness of it. It was a bold saying of Epicurus, 'That it is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason, than to be happy in going against it;' and I can not tell how it can well agree with his notion of felicity: but it is a certain truth, that in the consideration of happiness, the satisfaction of a man's own mind doth weigh down all the external accidents of life. For, suppose a man to have riches and honours as great as Ahasuerus bestowed on his highest favourite, Haman, yet by his sad instance we find that a small discontent, when the mind suffers it to increase and to spread its venom, doth so weaken the power of reason, disorder the passions, make a man's life so uneasy to him, as to precipitate him from the height of his fortune into the depth of ruin. But, on the other side, if we suppose a man to be always pleased with his condition, to enjoy an even and quiet mind in every state, being neither lifted up with prosperity nor cast down with adversity, he is really happy in comparison with the other. It is a mere speculation to discourse of any complete happiness in this world; but that which doth either lessen the number, or abate the weight, or take off the malignity of the troubles of life, doth contribute very much to that degree of happiness which may be expected here.

The integrity and simplicity of a man's mind doth all this. In the first place, it gives the greatest satisfaction to a man's own mind. For although it be impossible for a man not to be liable to error and mistake, yet, if he doth mistake with innocent mind, he hath the comfort of his innocency when he thinks himself bound to correct his error. But if a man prevaricates with himself, and acts against the sense of his own mind, though his conscience did not judge aright at that time, yet the goodness of the bare act, with respect to the rule, will not prevent the sting that follows the want of inward integrity in doing it. 'The backslider in heart,' saith Solomon, 'shall be filled with his own ways, but a good man shall be satisfied from himself.' The doing just, and worthy, and generous things, without any sinister ends and designs, leaves a most agreeable pleasure to the mind, like that of a constant health, which is better felt than expressed. When a man applies his mind to the knowledge of his duty, and when he doth understand it (as it is not hard for an honest mind to do, for, as the oracle answered the servant who desired to know how he might please his master, 'If you will seek it, you will be sure to find it'), sets himself with a firm resolution to pursue it; though the rain falls, and the floods arise, and the winds blow on every side of him, yet he enjoys peace and quiet within, notwithstanding all the noise and blustering abroad; and is sure to hold out after all, because he is founded upon a rock. But take one that endeavours to blind, or corrupt, or master his conscience, to make it serve some mean end or design; what uneasy reflections hath he upon himself, what perplexing thoughts, what tormenting fears, what suspicions and jealousies do disturb his imagination and rack his mind! What art and pains doth such a one take to be believed honest and sincere! and so much the more, because he doth not believe himself: he fears still he hath not given satisfaction enough, and by overdoing it, is the more suspected. * * Secondly, because integrity doth more become a man, and doth really promote his interest in the world. It is the saying of Dio Chrysostom, a heathen orator, that 'simplicity and truth is a great and wise thing, but cunning and deceit is foolish and mean; for, saith he, 'observe the beasts: the more courage and spirit they have, the less art and subtilty they use; but the more timorous and ignoble they are, the more false and deceitful.' True wisdom and greatness of mind raises a man above the need of using little tricks and devices. Sincerity and honesty carries one through many difficulties, which all the arts he can invent could never help him through. For nothing doth a man more real mischief in the world than to be suspected of too much craft; because every one stands upon his guard against him, and suspects plots and designs where there are none intended; insomuch that, though he speaks with all the sincerity that is possible, yet nothing he saith can be believed. * * But 'he that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart,' as the Psalmist describeth the practice of integrity, may possibly meet with such as will be ready to condemn him for hypocrisy at first; but when they find he keeps to a certain rule, and pursues honest designs, without any great regard to the opinion which others entertain concerning him, then all that know him can not but esteem and value him; his friends love him, and his enemies stand in awe of him. 'The paths of the just,' saith the wise man, 'is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' As the day begins with obscurity and a great mixture of darkness, till by quick and silent motions the light overcomes the mists and vapours of the night, and not only spreads its beams upon the tops of the mountains, but darts them into the deepest and most shady valleys; thus simplicity and integrity may at first appearing look dark and suspicious, till by degrees it breaks through the clouds of envy and detraction, and then shines with a greater glory.

William Sherlock, whom we are still briefly to notice, was born in Southwark, in 1641, and educated at Eton school, where he early distinguished himself, by the vigor of his genius and application to his studies. Thence he removed to Peter-House College, Cambridge, where he took his second degree, in 1665, five years after which he became rector of St. George's, London. In 1680, he took the degree of doctor of divinity, and in 1691, was made dean of St. Paul's, a situation which he continued to fill until his death, which occurred at Hampstead, in Middlesex, on the nineteenth of June, 1707.

In 1691, Dr. Sherlock published a *Vindication of the Doctrine of the Holy and Ever-Blessed Trinity*, in which he proposed the hypothesis, that 'there were three eternal minds, two of them issuing from the Father, but that they were one by a mutual consciousness in the three to every of their thoughts.' This publication led to the famous controversy with Dr. South, to which we have already alluded. Sherlock's *Practical Discourse Concerning Death*, published in 1690, is one of the most popular theological works in the English language. He also wrote a treatise *On the Immortality of the Soul*, in which, while inferring the high probability of a future life from arguments drawn from the light of nature, he maintains that only in revelation can evidence perfectly conclusive be found. From this work we take the following extract:—

LONGING AFTER IMMORTALITY.

Let us now consider the force of this argument; how far these natural desires of immortality prove that we are by nature immortal. For [say the objectors] is there any thing in the world more extravagant than some men's desires are; and is this an argument, that we shall have whatever we desire, because we fondly and passionately, and, it may be, very unreasonably desire it? And, therefore, to explain the force of this argument, I shall observe two things; 1st, That all natural passions and appetites are immediately implanted in our nature by God; and 2dly, That all natural passions have their natural objects.

As for the first, it is certain, as I have already shown at large, that our passions and appetites are the life and sense of the soul, without which it would be dead and stupid, without any principle of vital sensation. For what is life without fear, and love, and hope, and desire, and such like passions, whereby we feel all things else, and feel ourselves? Now, whatever fancies men may have about our notions and ideas, that they may come into our minds from without, and be formed by external impressions, yet no man will be so absurd as to say, that external objects can put a principle of life into us; and then they can create no new passions in us, which are essential to our natures, and must be the work of that God who made us.

And, therefore, secondly, every natural desire must have its natural object to answer that desire, or else the desire was made in vain; which is a reproach to our wise Maker, if he have laid a necessity on us of desiring that which is not nature, and therefore can not be had. We may as well suppose that God has made eyes without light, or ears without sounds, as that he has implanted any desires in us which he hath made nothing to answer. There is no one example can be given of this in any kind whatsoever; for should any man be so extravagant as to desire to fly into the air, to walk upon the sea, and the like, you would not call these the desires of our nature, because our natures are not fitted for them; but all the desires which are founded in nature have their natural objects. And can we then think, that the most natural and most necessary desire of all has nothing to answer it? that nature should teach us above all things to desire immortality, which is not to be had? especially when it is the most noble and generous desire of human nature, that which most of all becomes a reasonable creature to desire; nay, that which is the governing principle of all our actions, and must give laws to all our other passions, desires, and appetites. What a strange creature has God made man, if he deceives him in the most fundamental and most universal principle of action; which makes his whole life nothing else but one continued cheat and imposture!

Lecture the Thirty-Third.

THOMAS BURNET—THOMAS SPRAT—GILBERT BURNET—ROBERT BOYLE—JOHN LOCKE—SIR ISAAC NEWTON—MATTHEW HENRY—WILLIAM WOTTON.

FROM the eminent divines of the established church, who occupied so much of our attention during our last remarks, we pass to notice Thomas Burnet, Thomas Sprat, and Gilbert Burnet—three authors who shone with equal splendor in the different departments of literature to which they respectively devoted themselves.

Thomas Burnet was born at Croft, Yorkshire, in 1635. When in the sixteenth year of his age he entered Clare Hall College, Cambridge, but afterwards removed to Christ's College, of which he was chosen fellow, in 1657. In the following year he took his master's degree, and three years afterwards was chosen senior proctor of the university. From this period he passed many years in the capacity of private tutor to different young noblemen, the last of whom was the Earl of Ossery, grandson to the Duke of Ormond. Through the influence of the duke, Burnet was chosen, in 1685, master of Charter House College, though he was not then in clerical orders. The election was irregular, and was, therefore, strenuously opposed by those bishops who were of the number of the electors; but the influence of Ormond prevailed, and Burnet being soon ordained, all opposition to him was at once silenced. In this station he took a noble stand against an attempt of James the Second to impose a papist, by the name of Popham, as a pensioner upon the foundation of that house. After the Revolution he was appointed chaplain in ordinary to King William, and also clerk of the closet; and would have succeeded, on the death of Tillotson, to the see of Canterbury, had not some parts of his writings been regarded as skeptical. His death occurred on the twenty-seventh of September, 1715, and he was buried in Charter House chapel.

Dr. Burnet acquired great celebrity by the publication, in 1680, of a work entitled *The Sacred Theory of the Earth; containing an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of all the General Changes which it hath already undergone, or is to undergo, till the Consummation of all Things.* In a geological point of view this treatise is, from its want of basis in ascertained facts, totally worthless; but it abounds in fine composition, and magnificent description, and well deserves perusal as an eloquent and ingenious philosophical romance. The author's attention seems to have been attracted to the subject by the unequal and rugged appearance of the earth's surface, which seemed to indicate the globe to be the ruin of some more regular structure. He remarks that in a journey across the Alps and Apennines, 'the sight of these wild, vast, and indigested heaps of stones and earth did so deeply strike my fancy that I was not easy till I could give myself some tolerable account how that confusion came in nature.' The theory which he formed was as follows:—

The globe, in its chaotic state, was a dark fluid mass, in which the elements of air, water, and earth were blended into one universal compound. Gradually, the heavier parts fell toward the centre, and formed a nucleus of solid matter. Around this floated the liquid ingredients, and over them was the still lighter atmospheric air. By and by, the liquid mass became separated into two layers, by the separation of the watery particles from those of an oily composition, which being the lighter, tended upwards, and when hardened by time became a smooth and solid crust. This was the surface of the antediluvian globe. 'In this smooth earth,' he proceeds, 'were the first scenes of the world, and the first generations of mankind; it had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body; no rocks nor mountains, no hollow caves nor gaping channels, but even and uniform all over. And the smoothness of the earth made the face of the heavens so too; the air was calm and serene; none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours, which the mountains and the winds cause in ours.' ''Twas suited to a golden age, and to the first innocency of nature.' By degrees, however, the heat of the sun, penetrating the superficial crust, converted a portion of the water beneath into steam, the expansive force of which at length burst the superincumbent shell, already weakened by the dryness and cracks occasioned by the solar rays. When, therefore, the 'appointed time was come that all-wise Providence had designed for the punishment of a sinful world, the whole fabric brake, and the frame of the earth was torn in pieces, as by an earthquake; and those great portions or fragments into which it was divided fell into the abyss, some in one posture and some in another.' The waters of course now appeared, and the author gives a fine description of their tumultuous raging caused by the precipitation of the solid fragments into their bosom. The pressure of such masses falling into the abyss, 'could not but impel the water with so much strength as would carry it up to a great height in the air, and to the top of any thing that lay in its way; any eminency, or high fragment whatsoever: and then rolling back again, it would sweep down with it whatsoever it rushed upon—woods, buildings, living creatures—and carry them all headlong into the great gulf. Sometimes a mass of water would be quite struck off and separate from the rest, and tossed through the air like a flying river; but the common motion of the waves was to climb up the hills, or inclined fragments, and then return into the valleys and deeps again, with a perpetual fluctuation going and coming, ascending and descending, till the violence of them being spent by degrees, they settled at last in the places allotted for them; where bounds are set that they can not pass over, that they return not again to pass over the earth.'

We deem it unnecessary to follow our author any farther, or to attempt to analyze the ingenious, though fallacious reasoning by which he endeavors to defend his theory from the inseparable objections which the plainest facts of geology and natural philosophy furnish against it. The concluding part of his work relates to the final conflagration of the world, by which, he supposes, the surface of the new chaotic mass will be restored to smoothness, and 'leave a capacity for another world to rise from it.' Here the style of the author rises into a magnificence worthy of the sublimity of the theme, and he concludes with impressive and appropriate reflections on the transient nature of earthly things. The following is the passage, and it is appropriately termed, by Addison, the author's funeral oration over the globe:—

THE FINAL CONFLAGRATION OF THE GLOBE.

But 'tis not possible, from any station, to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth, for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke while it is consecrating, and none can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself; for fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or that place uses to be described; and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that tophet that is prepared of old (Isaiah xxx.). Here are lakes of fire and brimstone, rivers of melted glowing matter, ten thousand volcanos vomiting flames all at once, thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes; mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire. These things will all be literally true concerning that day and that state of the earth. And if we suppose Beelzebub and his apostate crew in the midst of this fiery furnace (and I know not where they can be else), it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell, as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath gotten an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued every thing to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for, when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name? What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous: she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come; she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire, (Rev. xv. 3.) Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Hallelujah.

Thomas Sprat was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Tallaton, Devonshire, in 1636. He studied at a private school until 1651, and then entered Wadham College, Oxford, where he remained to take his master's degree, soon after which he was chosen fellow. In 1659, he first appeared as an author, by the publication of a panegyric on the virtues of Oliver Cromwell, whose death had recently occurred. This poem was dedicated to Dr. Wilkins, under whom Sprat had studied mathematics at Oxford, and at whose house, as we have already observed, the philosophical inquirers who originated the Royal Society, were accustomed, at that time, to meet. Sprat's intimacy with Dr. Wilkins led to his elevation as a member of the society soon after its incorporation; and in 1667, he published the history of that learned body, in order to dissipate the prejudice and suspicion with which it was regarded by the public.

Previous to the publication of his *History of the Royal Society*, Sprat had been appointed chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham; and he is supposed to have aided that nobleman in writing the 'Rehearsal.' He also became chaplain to the king; and under these circumstances ecclesiastical promotion could hardly fail to follow: accordingly, after several other advancing steps, the see of Rochester was attained, in 1684. During the next year he served the government, by writing and publishing an account of the Ryehouse plot; but for this work he found it convenient, after the Revolution, to send forth an apology: and having submitted to the new government, he was allowed, notwithstanding his well-known attachment to the abdicated monarch, to remain unmolested in his bishopric. In 1692, however, he was involved in trouble by a false accusation of joining in a conspiracy for the restoration of King James; but after a confinement of eleven days, he clearly proved his innocence of the charge preferred against him. But so deep was the impression made by this event upon his mind, that he ever afterwards, during his life, observed the anniversary of his deliverance as a day of thanksgiving; and thenceforth until his death, which occurred on the twentieth of May, 1713, he lived in comparative retirement.

Besides the works already mentioned, Dr. Sprat wrote the *Life of Cowley* usually prefixed to the works of that poet; a volume of *Sermons*, and one or two other minor productions. Of his style Dr. Johnson speaks as that of 'an author whose pregnancy of imagination and eloquence of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature.' Though, perhaps, this praise is somewhat extravagant, yet it must be confessed that Sprat's excellence is unquestionably such, as to entitle him to be mentioned among the leading prose writers of this period. The qualities which particularly characterize his style, are strength, neatness, smoothness, and precision; with little, however, of the splendor which the eulogy of the great critic would induce a reader to expect. Having already given, in the life of Dr. Wilkins, an extract from Sprat's 'History of the Royal Society,' we shall close these remarks with the following passage from the 'Life of Cowley':—

COWLEY'S LOVE OF RETIREMENT.

Upon the king's happy restoration, Mr. Cowley was past the fortieth year of his age; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturbed the peace of all our neighbour states as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would contemn it a right; for to scorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does commonly proceed from ill manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of court; which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all public employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of fortune. * *

In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude, which, from his very childhood, he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the city and court were very few; his stays in town were only as a passenger, not an inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the bank of the Thames. During this recess, his mind was rather exercised on what was to come than what was past; he suffered no more business nor cares of life to come near him than what were enough to keep his soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few friends and books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his constant companions. * *

I acknowledge he chose that state of life, not out of any poetical rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of human things. But, however, I can not applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

GILBERT BURNET, the son of a Scottish advocate of high reputation, was born in Edinburgh, on the eighteenth of September, 1643. His father having refused to acknowledge Cromwell's authority, was thrown out of employment during the Protector's ascendency, and, therefore, assumed, himself, the care of his son's education. The result was all that could have been anticipated; for so prodigiously rapid was the youth's progress in his studies, that before he had reached the tenth year of his age, he entered the university of Aberdeen. Having successfully completed his collegiate course, he entered life as a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, and afterwards held, for a number of years, the divinity professorship in the university of Glasgow. From Glasgow he removed to a benefice in London, and through his talents and consummate address, soon rendered himself the confidant of many persons of great political influence.

In 1679 Burnet greatly increased his reputation by publishing the first volume of a *History of the Reformation in England*. The appearance of this work at the time when the Popish plot was absorbing public attention, procured, for the author, the thanks of both houses of parliament, with a request that he would complete the history. This he eventually did, by publishing two additional volumes, the one in 1681, and the other in 1714; and the work is much the best account extant of the important occurrences of which it treats. The conduct of Charles the Second, toward the conclusion of his reign, was highly offensive to Burnet, who consequently formed an intimate connection with the opposition party, and even wrote a letter to the king, freely censuring both his public acts and private vices. As his opinions, thus unreservedly expressed, brought him under the displeasure of the court, Burnet retired to the continent, where he was most graciously received by both the Prince and Princess of Orange, into whose service he immediately entered; and accompanying them, at the Revolution, to England, he was soon after rewarded for his services with the bishopric of Salisbury. The remainder of his life he passed in the quiet discharge of his prelatical duties, and in literary pursuits, and his death occurred on the seventeenth of March, 1715.

Bishop Burnet left in manuscript his celebrated *History of My Own Times*, giving an outline of the events of the civil war and commonwealth and a full narration of what took place from the Restoration to the yea

1713, during which period the author passed from the seventeenth to the seventieth year of his age. As he had, under various circumstances, personally known the conspicuous characters of a whole century, and penetrated most of the state secrets of a period nearly as long, he has been able to exhibit all these in his work with a felicity not inferior to Clarendon's, though allowance must, in his case, also, be made for political prejudices. Foreseeing that the freedom with which he had delivered his opinions concerning men of all ranks and parties, would give offence to many, Burnet ordered, in his will, that his history should not be published till six years after his death; and it did not, therefore, appear until 1723. Its publication, as was expected, was the sequel for the commencement of numerous attacks on the reputation of the author, whose veracity and fairness were loudly impeached. It fell under the lash of such Tory wits as Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot; but in the judgment of a more impartial posterity there is no good reason to suppose that the author, in any case, willingly distorts the truth, though in his preface he admits that some things may have been over-colored.

In addition to those works already mentioned, Bishop Burnet wrote *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton; An Account of the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester*, whom he attended on his penitent death-bed; *The Lives of Sir Matthew Hale, and Bishop Bedell;* a translation of Sir Thomas More's Utopia: and various theological treatises, among which is an *Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England.* His style, though too unpolished to place him in the first class of historical writers, is both spirited and vigorous; while his works afford sufficient evidence that to various and extensive knowledge he added great acuteness in the discrimination of human character. As he composed with ease and rapidity, and avoided long and intricate sentences, his works are read with more facility than those of Clarendon. From the 'History of the Reformation' we select the first of the following extracts, and the other we take from the 'History of My Own Times.'

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF EDWARD VI.

In the beginning of January this year (1553), he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than lessen it. He was so ill when the parliament met, that he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness, Bishop Ridley preached before him, and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the king to the quick; so that, presently after the sermon, he sent for the bishop. And, after he had commanded him to sit down by him, and be covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked upon himself as chiefly touched by it. He desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that particular. The bishop, astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince,* burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overjoyed to see such inclinations in him; but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the lord-mayor and court of aldermen. So the king writ by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor; such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots; such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons; and such as, by their idleness, did cast themselves into poverty. So the king ordered the Grey-friars' church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans; St. Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, to be an hospital; and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were willfully idle. He also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St. Thomas in Southwark, which he had erected and endowed in August last. And when he set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the fifth of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design. So he was the first founder of those houses, which, by many great additions since that time, have risen to be amongst the noblest in Europe.

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* The king was sixteen years of age.

He expressed in the whole course of his sickness, great submission to the will of God, and seemed glad at the approaches of death; only, the consideration of religion and the church touched him much; and upon that acccount he said he was desirous of life. * * His distemper rather increased than abated; so that the physicians had no hope of his recovery. Upon which a confident woman came, and undertook his cure, if he might be put into her hands. This was done, and the physicians were put from him, upon this pretence, that, they having no hopes of his recovery, in a desperate case desperate remedies were to be applied. This was said to be the Duke of Northumberland's advice in particular; and it increased the people's jealousy of him, when they saw the king grow sensibly worse every day after he came under the woman's care; which becoming so plain, she was put from him, and the physicians were again sent for, and took him into their charge. But if they had small hopes before, they had none at all now. Death thus hastening on him, the Duke of Northumberland, who had done but half his work, except he had got the king's sisters in his hands, got the council to write to them in the king's name, inviting them to come and keep him company in his sickness. But as they were on the way, on the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk, that he found death approaching; and so he composed himself to die in the most devout manner. His whole exercise was in short prayers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words: 'Lord God deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen: howbeit, not my will but thine be done; Lord, I commit my spirit to thee. Oh, Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet, for thy chosen's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. Oh, my Lord God, bless my people, and save thine inheritance. Oh, Lord God, save thy chosen people of England; Oh, Lord God, defend this realm from papistry, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ, his sake.' Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were so near and had heard him; but with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after, the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms, 'I am faint; Lord have mercy on me, and receive my spirit;' and so he breathed out his innocent soul.

Thus died King Edward VI., that incomparable young prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time. He was not only learned in the tongues, and other liberal sciences, but knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a book in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices of the peace over England: in it he had marked down their way of living, and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money; so that he understood it well, as appears by his journal. He also understood fortification and designed well. He knew all the harbours and ports, both of his own dominions, and of France and Scotland; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them. He had acquired great knowledge of foreign affairs; so that he talked with the ambassadors about them in such a manner that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible; which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension; and, being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost every thing he heard; he writ these first in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand them; and afterwards writ them out in his journal. He had a copy brought him of every thing that passed in council, which he put in a chest, and kept the key of that always himself.

In a word, the natural and acquired perfections of his mind were wonderful; but his virtues and true piety were yet more extraordinary. * * [He] was tender and compassionate in a high measure; so that he was much against taking away the lives of heretics; and therefore said to Cranmer, when he persuaded him to sign the warrant for the burning of Joan of Kent, that he was not willing to do it, because he thought that was to send her quick to hell. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hath been already shown. He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons; and gave Dr. Cox special charge to see that their petitions were speedily answered, and used oft to consult with him how to get their matters set forward. He was an exact keeper of his word; and, therefore, as appears by his journal, was most careful to pay his debts, and to keep his credit, knowing that to be the chief nerve of government; since a prince that breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrusts and extreme contempt. He had, above all things, a great regard to religion. He took notes of such things as he heard in sermons, which more especially concerned himself; and made his measures of all men by their zeal in that matter. * * All men who saw and observed these qualities in him, looked on him as one raised by God for most extraordinary ends; and when he died, concluded that the sins of England had been great, that had provoked God to take from them a prince, under whose government they were like to have seen such blessed times. He was so affable and sweet natured, that all had free access to him at all times; by which he came to be most universally beloved; and all the high things that could be devised, were said by the people, to express their esteem of him.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM III.

Thus lived and died William III., King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little, and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to every thing. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into every thing he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution, that he could never shake off; though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin. Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment, than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good. But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people, to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of those who served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking, more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complacence, yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour, almost in every thing, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by balancing the two parties one against another; but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him, and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers, and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these, because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well, or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had upon his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe; for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that he broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him, when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs; and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent, if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters. His favourites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice except when it was asked. It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favour that he showed, in the highest instances, to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men not only of different but of opposite characters. Secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully; so, after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was, in many great instances, much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him; I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. The series of the five princes of Orange that was now ended in him, was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in history. And the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence, that in the words of David, he may be called 'The man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself.' After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed any other can afford. He died in a critical time for his own glory, since he had formed a great alliance, and had projected the whole scheme of the war; so that if it succeeds a great part of the honour of it will be ascribed to him; and if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder, when he who gave it life was withdrawn. Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral; but it seemed not decent to run into unnecessary expense, when we were entering on a war that must be maintained at a vast charge. So a private funeral was resolved on. But for the honour of his memory, a noble monument, and an equestrian statue were ordered. Some years must show whether these things were really intended, or if they were only spoke of to excuse the privacy of his funeral, which was scarce decent, so far was it from being magnificent.

We pass from these divines to notice, without any prefatory remarks, the three most distinguished philosophers that England ever, perhaps, produced—The Honorable Robert Boyle, John Locke, and Sir Isaac Newton. Boyle followed up and made application of the principles that had been pointed out by Bacon, and showed, by experiment, how truly his great predecessor had indicated the proper means of enlarging human knowledge. Locke was equally eminent in intellectual, and Newton, in natural philosophy.

Robert Boyle was the son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, and was born at his father's mansion of Lismore, in the province of Munster, Ireland, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1627. He commenced his collegiate studies at Eton, but afterwards removed to the college of Geneva, in Switzerland, where he remained, till 1644, and then, travelling through Italy and other continental countries, he returned to England, and immediately applied himself to those studies and experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy, which continued to engage his attention throughout the remainder of his life. During the civil war, some ingenious men began to hold weekly meetings at Oxford, for the cultivation of what was then called 'the new philosophy;' first, as we have already observed, at the lodgings of Dr. Wilkins, and subsequently chiefly at the residence of Boyle. These scientific men, with others who afterwards joined them, were incorporated by Charles the Second, in 1662, under the title of the Royal Society. Boyle, after settling in London, in 1668, was one of the most active members, and many of his treatises originally appeared in the Society's 'Philosophical Transactions.' His death occurred on the thirtieth of December 1691, when in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

The works of Boyle are so numerous as to occupy six thick quarto volumes. They consist chiefly in accounts of his experimental researches in chemistry and natural philosophy, particularly with respect to the mechanical properties of the air. The latter subject was one in which he felt a deep interest; and by means of the air-pump, which he invented, or at least greatly improved, about 1678, he succeeded in making many pneumatic discoveries which have thrown new light on the works of creation. Theology, likewise, being a favorite subject with him, he published various works, both in defence of Christianity, and in explanation of the benefits accruing to religion from the study of the divine attributes, as displayed in the material world. Indeed, so earnest was he in the cause of Christianity, that he not only devoted much time and money in contributing to its propagation in foreign countries, but, by a codicil in his will, made provision for the delivery of eight sermons yearly in London, by some learned divine, 'for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels, namely atheists, theists, pagans, Jews, and Mahometans; not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves.'

In 1660, Boyle was solicited by Chancellor Clarendon to adopt the clerical profession, in order that the church might have the support of those eminent abilities and virtues by which he was distinguished. Two important considerations, however, induced him not to yield to this solicitation. In the first place, he thought that he could more effectually advance religion by his writings, in the character of a layman, than if he were in the more interested position of one of the clergy—whose preaching, there was a general tendency to look upon, as the remunerated exercise of a profession. And secondly, he felt the obligations, importance, and difficulties of the pastoral care to be so great, that he wanted the confidence to undertake it; 'especially,' says Bishop Burnet, 'not having felt within himself an inward motion to it by the Holy Ghost.' He valued religion chiefly for its practical influence in improving the moral character of men, and had a decided aversion to controversy on abstract doctrinal points. His disapprobation of severities and persecutions on account of religious belief was very strong; 'and I have seldom,' says Burnet, 'observed him to speak with more heat and indignation than when that came in his way.'

The works of Boyle, which possess most attraction for the general reader, are, *Considerations on the Usefulness of Experimental Philosophy; Considerations on the Style of the Holy Scriptures; A Free Discourse against Customary Swearing; Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion, and the Possibility of a Resurrection; A Discourse of Things above Reason; A Discourse of the High Veneration Man's Intellect owes to God, particularly for his Wisdom and Power; A Disquisition into the Final Causes of Natural Things; The Christian Virtuoso, showing that by being addicted to Experimental Philosophy, a man is rather assisted than indisposed to be a good Christian;* and *A Treatise of Seraphic Love.* Boyle also published, in 1665, *Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects;* but as these were mostly written in early life, they are of comparatively little importance. His works on natural theology are still preferred to any other treatises on that subject in the whole range of English literature. His style is clear and precise; with a tendency, however, to too great length in his sentences. The following specimen is all that the illustration of this author's style requires:—

THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY FAVOURABLE TO RELIGION.

The first advantage that our experimental philosopher, as such, hath toward being a Christian, is, that his course of studies conduceth much to settle in his mind a firm belief of the existence, and divers of the chief attributes, of God; which belief is, in the order of things, the first principle of that natural religion which itself is pre-required to revealed religion in general, and consequently to that in particular which is embraced by Christians.

That the consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies, the excellent structure of animals and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to man, may justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and (in a word) many ways admirable system of things, that we call the world, was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise, and good, can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer. And this is strongly confirmed by experience, which witnesseth, that in almost all ages and countries the generality of philosophers and contemplative men were persuaded of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of the phenomena of the universe, whose fabric and conduct, they rationally concluded, could not be deservedly ascribed either to blind chance, or to any other cause than a Divine Being.

But though it be true 'that God hath not left himself without witness,' even to perfunctory considerers, by stamping upon divers of the more obvious parts of his workmanship such conspicuous impressions of his attributes, that a moderate degree of understanding and attention may suffice to make men acknowledge his being, yet I scruple not to think that assent very much inferior to the belief that the same objects are fitted to produce in a heedful and intelligent contemplator of them. For the works of God are so worthy of their author, that, besides the impresses of his wisdom and goodness that are left, as it were, upon their surfaces, there are a great many more curious and excellent tokens and effects of divine artifice in the hidden and innermost recesses of them; and these are not to be discovered by the perfunctory looks of oscitant and unskillful beholders; but require, as well as deserve, the most attentive and prying inspection of inquisitive and well-instructed considerers. And sometimes in one creature there may be I know not how many admirable things, that escape a vulgar eye, and yet may be clearly discerned by that of a true naturalist, who brings with him, besides a more than common curiosity and attention, a competent knowledge of anatomy, optics, cosmography, mechanics, and chemistry. But treating elsewhere purposely of this subject, it may here suffice to say, that God has couched so many things in his visible works, that the clearer light a man has, the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly and distinctly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument, drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God; which is a proposition of that vast weight and importance, that it ought to endear every thing to us that is able to confirm it, and afford us new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things. * *

To be told that an eye is the organ of sight, and that this is performed by that faculty of the mind which, from its function, is called visive, will give a man but a sorry account of the instruments and manner of vision itself, or of the knowledge of that Opificer who, as the Scripture speaks, 'formed the eye.' And he that can take up with this easy theory of vision, will not think it necessary to take the pains to dissect the eyes of animals, nor study the books of mathematicians, to understand vision; and accordingly will have but mean thoughts of the contrivance of the organ, and the skill of the artificer, in comparison of the ideas that will be suggested of both of them to him that, being profoundly skilled in anatomy and optics, by their help takes asunder the several coats, humours, and muscles, of which that exquisite dioptrical instrument consists; and having separately considered the figure, size, consistence, texture, diaphaneity, or opacity, situation, and connection of each of them, and their coaptation in the whole eye, shall discover, by the help of the laws of optics, how admirably this little organ is fitted to receive the incident beams of light, and dispose them in the best manner possible for completing the lively representation of the almost infinitely various objects of sight. * * It is not by a slight survey, but by a diligent and skillful scrutiny of the works of God, that a man must be, by a rational and affective conviction, engaged to acknowledge with the prophet, that the Author of nature is 'wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.'

JOHN LOCKE, the son of a gentleman in Somersetshire, was born at Wrington, near Bristol, in 1632. After having received his elementary education at Westminster school, he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he remained until he had taken his master's degree, in 1658. As he was designed for a physician, he commenced the study of medicine immediately after he left the university; but after a few years of close application to preparation for that arduous profession, he found the delicacy of his constitution an obstacle in the way of successful practice, and he therefore abandoned his design. In 1664, he accompanied, in the capacity of secretary, Sir Walter Vane, who was sent by Charles the Second, as envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg, during the Dutch war. At the close of the same year Locke returned to Oxford, and soon afterwards received an offer of considerable preferment in the Irish church, if he would consent to take orders. This, after due consideration, he declined, assigning as his reason that, 'it is not enough for such places, to be in orders, and I can not think that preferment of that nature should be thrown open to a man who has never given any proof of himself, nor ever tried the pulpit.'

In 1666, Locke became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury; and so valuable did his lordship find the medical advice and general conversation of the philosopher, that a close and permanent friendship sprang up between them, and Locke became an inmate of his lordship's house. This brought him into the society of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and other celebrated wits of the age, to whom his conversation was highly acceptable. The following anecdote shows the easy and familiar terms in which he stood with these noblemen. On one occasion, when several of them were at Lord Ashley's house, the party, soon after assembling, sat down to cards, so that scarcely any conversation took place. Locke, after looking on for some time, took out his note-book, and began to write in it, with great appearance of gravity and deliberation. One of the party observing this, inquired what he was writing. 'My lord,' he replied, 'I am endeavoring to profit as far as I am able in your company; for having waited with impatience for the honor of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained this good fortune, I thought that I could not do better than write down your conversation; and indeed I have set down the substance of what has been said for this hour or two.' A very brief specimen of what he had written was sufficient to make the objects of his irony abandon the card-table, and engage in rational discourse.

While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education, first of his lordship's son, and subsequently of his grandson, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, who flourished as an elegant philosophical and moral writer, in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1672, when Lord Ashley received an earldom, and the office of chancellor, he gave Locke the appointment of secretary of presentations, which the philosopher enjoyed only till the following year, when his patron lost favor with the court, and was deprived of the seals. The delicate state of Locke's health induced him, in 1675, to visit France, where he resided several years, first at Montpelier, and afterwards at Paris, where he had opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of the most eminent French literary men of the day. When Shaftsbury regained power, in 1679, he recalled Locke to England; and, on taking refuge in Holland three years afterwards, was followed thither by his friend, whose safety likewise was in jeopardy, from the connection which subsisted between them. After the death of his patron, in 1683, Locke found it necessary to prolong his stay in Holland, and even there was obliged, by the machinations of his political enemies at home, to live for upwards of a year in concealment. In 1686, however, it became safe for him to appear in public, and in the following year he instituted, at Amsterdam, a literary society, the members of which met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation.

The revolution of 1688, finally restored Locke to his native country, to which he was conveyed by the same fleet that conveyed the princess of Orange over to England. He soon became a prominent defender of civil and religious liberty, in a succession of works which have exerted a highly beneficial influence on subsequent generations, not only in England, but also throughout the whole civilized world. While residing in Holland, he had written, in Latin, *A Letter concerning Toleration:* this appeared at Gouda, in 1689, and translations of it were immediately published in Dutch, French, and English. The liberal opinions which it maintained were controverted by an Oxford writer, in reply to whom Locke successively wrote three additional *Letters.* In 1690, he published his celebrated *Essay concerning Human Understanding,* in the composition of which he had been engaged eighteen years. The style of this work is plain, clear, and expressive; and the influence which it has exerted upon the aims and habits of philosophical inquirers, as well as upon the minds of educated men in general, has been extremely beneficial. 'Few books,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which nature has prescribed to the human understanding, than this 'Essay.'

In the same year that the 'Essay concerning Human Understanding' appeared, Locke published two *Treatises on Civil Government,* in defence of the principles of the Revolution, the design of which was, as he himself expresses it, 'to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title in the consent of the people, which, being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin.' His other principal productions are *Thoughts concerning Education; The Reasonableness of Christianity;* two *Vindications* of that work, and an admirable tract *On the Conduct of the Understanding,* published after the author's death. In reference to the writings of Locke, Sir James Mackintosh observes, that justly to understand their character, it is necessary to take a deliberate survey of the circumstances in which the writer was placed. 'Educated among the English dissenters, during the short period of their political ascendency, he early imbibed that deep piety and ardent spirit of liberty which actuated that body of men; and he probably imbibed also in their schools the disposition to metaphysical inquiries which has everywhere accompanied the Calvinistic theology. Sects founded in the right of private judgment, naturally tend to purify themselves from intolerance, and in time learn to respect in others the freedom of thought to the exercise of which they owe their own existence. By the Independent divines, who were his instructors, our philosopher was taught those principles of religious liberty which they were the first to disclose to the world.'

Immediately after the Revolution, Locke was solicited to accept of employment in the diplomatic service, but he declined on account of ill health. In 1695, having aided government with his advice on the subject of the coin, he was appointed a member of the Board of Trade, which office, however, his want of health soon compelled him to resign. The closing years of his life were passed at Oates, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, who had invited him to make that mansion his home. Lady Masham, a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Cudworth, and to whom Locke was attached by strong ties of friendship, palliated, by her kind attention, the infirmities of his declining years. He expired on the twenty-eighth of October, 1704, in the seventy-third year of his age.

The following passages exhibit, as nearly as any that we could select from his works, the character of this great writer's thoughts and opinions, as well as the style in which they are expressed:—

CAUSES OF WEAKNESS IN MEN'S UNDERSTANDINGS.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst men of equal education there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavour to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent and very observable.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own nor hearken to other people's reason, any farther than it suits their humour, interest, or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of a matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connection with it. From this defect, I think, no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as come short with him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for, since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our differ-

ent, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain; but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is that the principles from which we conclude, the grounds upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but apart; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact. * *

In this we may see the reason why some men of study and thought, that reason right, and are lovers of truth, do make no great advances in their discoveries of it. Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds, their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments. The reason whereof is, they converse but with one sort of men, they read but one sort of books, they will not come in the hearing of but one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast expansum they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They have a petty traffic with known correspondents in some little creek; within that they confine themselves, and are dexterous managers enough of the wares and products of that corner with which they content themselves, but will not venture out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature hath stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what has fallen to their lot in the admired plenty and sufficiency of their own little spot, which to them contains whatsoever is good in the universe. Those who live thus mewed up within their own contracted territories, and will not look abroad beyond the boundaries that chance, conceit, or laziness, has set to their inquiries, but live separate from the notions, discourses, and attainments of the rest of mankind, may not amiss be represented by the inhabitants of the Marian islands, which, being separated by a large tract of sea from all communion with the habitable parts of the earth, thought themselves the only people of the world. And though the straitness and conveniences of life amongst them had never reached so far as to the use of fire, till the Spaniards, not many years since, in their voyages from Acapulco to Manilla, brought it amongst them, yet, in the want and ignorance of almost all things, they looked upon themselves, even after that the Spaniards had brought amongst them the notice of variety of nations abounding in sciences, arts, and conveniences of life, of which they knew nothing, they looked upon themselves, I say, as the happiest and wisest people in the universe.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention; to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations, a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies, nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts (if I may so call it) run adrift without any direction or design, and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearance there, as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy lethargic dream. It has, therefore, pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with, might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, 'that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us.' This, their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm they will do, and as advices to withdraw from them. But He, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many cases, annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation; which is wisely and favourably so ordered by nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures can not but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For, though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consist in a moderate degree of warmth, or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, 'with whom there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

ORTHODOXY AND HERESY.

The great division among Christians is about opinions. Every sect has its set of them, and that is called Orthodoxy; and he that professes his assent to them, though with an implicit faith, and without examining, is orthodox, and in the way to salvation. But if he examines, and thereupon questions any one of them he is presently suspected of heresy; and if he oppose them, or hold the contrary, he is presently condemned as in a damnable error, and in the sure way to perdition. Of this one may say, that there is nor can be nothing more wrong. For he that examines, and upon a fair examination embraces an error for a truth, has done his duty more than he who embraces the profession (for the truths themselves he does not embrace) of the truth without having examined whether it be true or no. And he that has done his duty according to the best of his ability, is certainly more in the way to heaven than he who has done nothing of it. For if it be our duty to search after truth, he certainly that has searched after it, though he has not found it, in some points has paid a more acceptable obedience to the will of his Maker than he that has not searched at all, but professes to have found truth, when he has neither searched nor found it. For he that takes up the opinions of any church in the lump, without examining them, has truly neither searched after nor found truth, but has only found those that he thinks have found truth, and so receives what they say with an implicit faith, and so pays them the homage that is due only to God, who can not be deceived, nor deceive. In this way the several churches (in which, as one may observe, opinions are preferred to life, and orthodoxy is that which they are concerned for, and not morals) put the terms of salvation on that which the Author of our salvation does not put them in. The believing of a collection of certain propositions, which are called and esteemed fundamental articles, because it has pleased the compilers to put them into their confession of faith, is made the condition of salvation.

Isaac Newton, the most eminent natural philosopher of ancient or modern times, was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas-day, 1642. At twelve years of age he was placed at Grantham grammar-school, with the view of becoming prepared to superintend, as a country gentleman, the small estate which his father had left him; but manifesting an ardent desire for learning, he was entered, in 1660, into Trinity College, Cambridge, where he soon distinguished himself in mechanics and mathematics. In 1664, before he had taken his bachelor's degree, he discovered a new method of infinite series and fluxions; and his thoughts being next turned to the phenomena of colors, he ascertained by experiment that light was not homogeneous, but a heterogeneous mixture of refrangible rays. While reflecting on this important discovery, and before he had reduced his observations to any systematic theory, he was compelled, by the plague of 1665, to leave Cambridge, and retire into the country. Though thus separated from his laboratory and his books, his wonderful mind was not unemployed; and accordingly, while he was sitting alone in his garden, the falling of an apple from a tree near him, led his thoughts to the subject of gravity; and reflecting that this power is not sensibly diminished at the remotest distance from the centre of the earth, even at the top of the highest mountains, he concluded that it must extend much farther. Perhaps, thought he, it may extend to the moon, and even embrace the whole planetary system. The magnitude of the bare conception overwhelmed his mighty mind; and he therefore deferred the farther investigation of the subject till after his return to Cambridge.

Having been chosen, in 1667, fellow of his college, and taken his master's degree, Newton, in 1669, succeeded Dr. Barrow as Lucasian professor of mathematics in the university. He now devoted all his energies to those vast subjects to which we have already alluded, and to his unrivalled genius and sagacity the world is indebted for a variety of stupendous discoveries in natural philosophy and mathematics; among which his exposition of the laws which regulate the movement of the solar system, may be regarded as the most brilliant. The law of gravitation, which he discovered, he clearly demonstrated affected the vast orbs that revolve around the sun, not less than the smallest objects on our own globe. The work in which he explained this system was written in Latin, and appeared in 1687, under the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica.* Newton's discoveries in optics also were such as to change so entirely the aspect of that science, that he may justly be considered its founder. His optical investigations occupied his attention for many years, in the course of which he demonstrated the divisibility of light into rays of seven different colors, all possessing different degrees of refrangibility. The admirable work in which he has given a detailed account of these discoveries is entitled *Optics: or a Treatise of the Reflections, Refractions, Inflections, and Colors of Light.* Besides these, he published various profound mathematical works, which it is not necessray here to enumerate.

Like his illustrious contemporaries, Boyle and Locke, Newton devoted much attention to theology, as well as to natural sciences. The mystical doctrines of religion were those which he chiefly investigated; and to his great interest in them we are indebted for his *Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John*, published after his death. Among his manuscripts are found many other theological pieces, mostly on such subjects as the Prophetic Style, the Host of Heaven, the Revelations, the Temple of Solomon, the Sanctuary, the Working of the Mystery of Iniquity, and the Contest between the Host of Heaven and the transgressors of the Covenant. The manuscripts left by Newton were perused by Dr. Pellet, at the request of his executors, with the view to publish such as were thought fit for the press; the report returned, however, was that of the whole mass, nothing but a work on the *Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms*, was fit for publication. That treatise accordingly appeared; and many years afterward, *An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture*, from Newton's pen, was published by Dr. Horsley.

Notwithstanding the extent of Sir Isaac Newton's scientific and literary labors, his whole life was not passed in his laboratory, or as a recluse student. He served repeatedly in parliament as member for the university; was appointed, in 1695, warden of the mint; and in 1703, became president of the Royal Society, over which he continued to preside during the remainder of his life. In 1705, Queen Anne bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood. The death of this truly wonderful man occurred on the twentieth of March, 1727; and after having lain in state in the Jerusalem chamber eight days, his body was deposited in Westminster Abbey, and a stately monument erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription, of which the following is a literal translation:—

'Here lies interred Isaac Newton, knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had even suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners he expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature.'

The following extract from Sir Isaac's remarks on the Prophetic Language of the Scriptures, may serve as a specimen of his style:—

THE PROPHETIC LANGUAGE.

For understanding the prophecies, we are, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural, and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly, the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signify the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them; the creating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal power and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness; darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic.

Fire and meteors refer to both heaven and earth, and signify as follows:—Burning any with fire, is put for the consuming thereof by war; a conflagration of the earth, or turning a country into a lake of fire, for the consumption of a kingdom by war; the being in a furnace, for the being in slavery under another nation; the ascending up of the smoke of any burning thing forever and ever, for the continuation of a conquered people under the misery of perpetual subjection and slavery; the scorching heat of the sun, for vexatious wars, persecutions, and troubles inflicted by the king; riding on the clouds, for reigning over much people; covering the sun with a cloud, or with smoke, for oppression of the king by the armies of an enemy; tempestuous winds, or the motion of clouds, for wars; thunder, or the voice of a cloud, for the voice of a multitude; a storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and an overflowing rain, for a tempest of war descending from the heavens and clouds politic on the heads of their enemies; rain, if not immoderate, and dew, and living water, for the graces and doctrines of the Spirit; and the defect of rain, for spiritual barrenness.

In the earth, the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; embittering of waters, for great affliction of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic, that is, for their dissolution; the overflowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic, by the people of the waters; drying up of waters, for the conquest of their regions by the earth; fountains of waters for cities, the permanent heads of rivers politic; mountains and islands for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting up of idols in their temples; houses and ships for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea.

Animals also, and vegetables, are put for the people of several regions and conditions; and particularly trees, herbs, and land animals, for the people of the earth politic; flags, reeds, and fishes, for those of the waters politic; birds and insects, for those of the politic heaven and earth; a forest, for a kingdom; and a wilderness, for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees, are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore, the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom; and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic; and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended to other significations; as a tree, when called the 'tree of life' or 'of knowledge;' and a beast, when called 'the old serpent,' or worshipped.

A passing notice of Matthew Henry, and William Wotton, will close our present remarks.

Matthew Henry was the son of the Rev. Philip Henry, and was born in 1662. His education, until the eighteenth year of his age, was conducted exclusively by his father, under whose care he became remarkably accomplished in the learned languages, especially in the Hebrew. He first selected the law as his profession, and accordingly entered Gray's Inn as a student; but yielding to a strong desire for the office of the ministry, he turned his attention to theology, and studied it for some time, with great diligence and zeal. In 1685, he was chosen pastor of a dissenting church at Chester, where he officiated about twenty-five years, and in 1711, he changed the scene of his labors to Hackney, where he continued till his death, which occurred in 1714.

Of a variety of theological works published by this excellent divine, the largest and best known is his *Commentary on the Bible.* It was originally printed in five volumes folio, the *Commentary on the Epistles* being afterwards added by various other divines. Considered as an explanation of the sacred volume, this popular production is not of great value; but its practical remarks are peculiarly interesting, and have secured for it a place in the very first class of expository works. The following extract from the exposition of the twenty-fourth verse of the sixth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, may be taken as a specimen of the nervous and pointed remarks with which the work abounds:—

YE CAN NOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON.

Mammon is a Syriac word that signifies gain, so that whatever is, or is accounted by us to be gain, is mammon. 'Whatever is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life'—is mammon. To some, their belly is their mammon, and they serve that; to others, their ease, their sports and pastimes, are their mammon; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments: the praise and applause of men was the Pharisees' mammon: in a word, self—the unity in which the world's trinity centres—sensual, secular self, is the mammon which can not be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, it is in competition with him, and in contradiction to him. He does not say we *must* not, or we *should* not, but we *can* not serve God and Mammon; we can not love both. or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance, trust, and dependence, for they are contrary the one to the other. God says, 'My son, give me thine heart;' Mammon says, —'No—give it me.' God says, 'Be content with such things as ye have;' Mammon says, 'Grasp at all that ever thou canst'—"Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem"—'money, money, by fair means or by foul, money.' God says, 'Defraud not; never lie; be honest and just in thy dealings;' Mammon says, 'Cheat thy own father if thou canst gain by it.' God says, 'Be charitable;' Mammon says, 'Hold thy own; this giving undoes us all.' God says, 'Be careful for nothing;' Mammon says, 'Be careful for every thing.' God says, 'Keep holy the Sabbath day;' Mammon says, 'Make use of that day as well as any other, for the world.' Thus inconsistent are the commands of God and Mammon, so that we can not serve both. Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but, choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' and abide by your choice.

William Wotton was the son of Henry Wotton, rector of Wrentham, in Suffolk, and was born at Wrentham, on the thirteenth of August, 1660. In childhood his talent for languages was so extraordinary and precocious, that when only five years of age, he was able to read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, almost as well as English. At the age of twelve he took the degree of bachelor of arts, previously to which he had gained an extensive acquaintance with several additional languages, including Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee; as well as with geography, logic, philosophy, chronology, and mathematics. As in many similar cases, however, the expectations excited by his early proficiency, were not realized by any great achievements in after-life. His death occurred on the thirteenth of February, 1726. The following passage from his *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning*, very briefly records the change of manners which took place among literary men during the seventeenth century :—

DECLINE OF PEDANTRY IN ENGLAND.

The last of Sir William Temple's reasons of the great decay of modern learning is pedantry; the urging of which is an evident argument that his discourse is levelled against learning, not as it stands now, but as it was fifty or sixty years ago. For the new philosophy has introduced so great a correspondence between men of learning and men of business; which has also been increased by other accidents amongst the masters of other learned professions; and that pedantry which formerly was almost universal is now in a great measure disused, especially amongst the young men, who are taught in the universities to laugh at that frequent citation of scraps of Latin in common discourse, or upon arguments that do not require it; and that nauseous ostentation of reading and scholarship in public companies, which formerly was so much in fashion. Affecting to write politely in modern languages; especially the French and ours, has also helped very much to lessen it, because it has enabled abundance of men, who wanted academical education, to talk plausibly, and some exactly, upon very many learned subjects. This also has made writers habitually careful to avoid those impertinences which they know would be taken notice of and ridiculed; and it is probable that a careful perusal of the fine new French books, which of late years have been greedily sought after by the politer sort of gentlemen and scholars, may in this particular have done abundance of good. By this means, and by the help also of some other concurrent causes, those who were not learned themselves being able to maintain disputes with those that were, forced them to talk more warily, and brought them, by little and little, to be out of countenance at that vain thrusting of their learning into every thing, which before had been but too visible.

Lecture the Thirty-Fourth.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE—JOHN STRYPE—HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX—CHARLES LESLIE—ANDREW FLETCHER—WILLIAM NICOLSON—MATTHEW TINDAL—WILLIAM LOWTH—RICHARD BENTLEY—FRANCIS ATTERBURY—WILLIAM WHISTON—JOHN ARBUTHNOT—DANIEL DEFOE.

DURING the period which we are now contemplating, Scotland produced many men, eminent for both genius and learning, but scarcely any who attempted to compose in the English language. The difference between the common speech of the two countries, had been widening ever since the days of Chaucer and James the First, but particularly since the acquisition of James the Sixth to the English throne—the Scotch language remaining stationary or declining, while the English was advancing in refinement, both in structure and pronunciation. Accordingly, except the works of William Drummond, who had studied and acquired the language of Jonson and Drayton, there appeared, in Scotland, no estimable specimen of vernacular prose or poetry, between the time of Maitland and Montgomery, and that of Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate for Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution.

George Mackenzie, descended from an ancient and noble family, was the nephew of the Earl of Seaforth, and was born at Dundee, in the county of Angus, in 1636. He gave early proofs of remarkable genius, having made the necessary preparations, and entered the university of Aberdeen, before he had reached the tenth year of his age. Thence he passed to St. Andrews, where he finished his studies in his sixteenth year, immediately after which he turned his thoughts, with great application, to the study of the civil law; with a view to perfect himself in which, he travelled into France, and applied himself, in the university of Bourges, very closely to his studies, for about three years. On his return to Scotland he was immediately admitted as an advocate at the bar, though he had not yet attained the legal age. In the course of a few years he attained to such eminence as a pleader, that, in 1661, he was chosen to plead the cause of the Marquis of Argyle, who was beheaded at Edinburgh, for high-treason, on the twenty-seventh of May of the same year. In pleading this case he allowed some unwary expressions in favor of his client to escape him, for which he was reprimanded; but he replied with great quickness, as well as boldness, that 'it was impossible to plead for a traitor without speaking treason.'

Though Mackenzie made the law his profession and chief study, yet he did not suffer his abilities to be confined entirely to that province. He composed some poems, which, if they have no other merit, are, at least, written in pure English, and appear to have been fashioned after the best models of the time: he also wrote some moral essays, that possess the same merits. These are entitled, *On Happiness; The Religious Stoic; Solitude Preferred to Public Employment; Moral Gallantry; The Moral History of Frugality;* and *Reason.* Mackenzie is one of the standard writers on the law of Scotland, and the author also of various political and antiquarian tracts. An important historical production of his pen, entitled *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland from the Restoration of Charles II.*, lay undiscovered in manuscript till the present century, and was not printed until 1821.

Soon after the trial and condemnation of the Earl of Argyle, Mackenzie was raised to the office of a judge in the criminal court; and such was the credit and reputation with which he discharged the duties which that important station devolved upon him, that, in 1674, he was knighted by his majesty, made king's advocate, and one of the lords of the privy-council of Scotland. Though personally disposed to humanity and moderation, yet the severities which Sir George was instrumental in perpetrating against the covenanters, in his capacity of Lord Advocate under a tyrannical government, excited, against him, a degree of popular odium which has never entirely subsided. He is more honorably distinguished as the founder of the library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, than as a judge. At the Revolution, he retired into England, and took up his residence in the university of Oxford, where he intended to pass the remainder of his days; but he died soon after, while on a visit to London, on the second of May, 1691.

The following extracts are taken from Sir George Mackenzie's moral essays:—

AGAINST ENVY.

We may cure envy in ourselves either by considering how useless or how ill these things were, for which we envy our neighbours; or else how we possess as much or as good things. If I envy his greatness, I consider that he wants my quiet: as also I consider that he possibly envies me as much as I do him; and that when I begun to examine exactly his perfections, and to balance them with my own, I found myself as happy as he was. And though many envy others, yet very few would change their condition even with those whom they envy all being considered. And I have oft admired why we have suffered ourselves to be so cheated by contradictory vices, as to contemn this day him whom we envied the last; or why we envy so many, since there are so few whom we think to deserve as much as we do. Another great help against envy is, that we ought to consider how much the thing envied costs him whom we envy, and if we would take it at the price. Thus, when I envy a man for being learned, I consider how much of his health and time that learning consumes: if for being great, how he must flatter and serve for it; and if I would not pay his price, no reason I ought to have what he has got. Sometimes, also, I consider that there is no reason for my envy: he whom I envy deserves more than he has, and I less than I possess. And by thinking much of these, I repress their envy, which grows still from the contempt of our neighbour and the overrating ourselves. As also I consider that the perfections envied by me may be advantageous to me; and thus I check myself for envying a great pleader, but am rather glad that there is such a man, who may defend my innocence: or to envy a great soldier, because his valour may defend my estate or country. And when any of my countrymen begin to raise envy in me, I alter the scene, and begin to be glad that Scotland can boast of so fine a man; and I remember, that though now I am so angry at him when I compare him with myself, yet if I were discoursing of my nation abroad, I would be glad of that merit in him which now displeases me. Nothing is envied but what appears beautiful and charming; and it is strange that I should be troubled at the sight of what is pleasant. I endeavour also to make such my friends as deserves my envy; and no man is so base as to envy his friend. Thus, whilst others look on the angry side of merit, and thereby trouble themselves, I am pleased in admiring the beauties and charms which burn them as a fire, whilst they warm me as the sun.

AVARICE.

The best plea that avarice can make, is, that it provides against those necessities which otherwise would have made us miserable; but the love of money deserves not the name of avarice, whilst it proceeds no farther. And it is then only to be abhorred, when it cheats and abuses us, by making us believe that our necessities are greater than they are, in which it treats us as fools, and makes us slaves. But it is indeed most ridiculous in this, that ofttimes, after it has persuaded men that a great estate is necessary, it does not allow them to make use of any suitable proportion of what they have gained; and since nothing can be called necessary but what we need to use, all that is laid up can not be said to be laid up for necessity. And so this argument may have some weight when it is pressed by luxury, but it is ridiculous when it is alleged by avarice.

I have, therefore, ofttimes admired how a person that thought it luxury to spend two hundred pounds, toiled as a slave to get four hundred a year for his heir. Either he thought an honest and virtuous man should not exceed two hundred pounds in his expense, or not; if he thought he should not, why did he bribe his heir to be luxurious, by leaving him more? If he thought his heir could not live upon so little, why should he who gained it defraud himself of the true use?

I know some who preserve themselves against avarice, by arguing often with their own heart that they have twice as much as they expected, and more than others who they think live very contentedly, and who did bound their designs in the beginning with moderate hopes, and refuse obstinately to enlarge, lest they should thus launch out into an ocean that has no shore.

To meditate much upon the folly of others who are remarkable for this vice, will help somewhat to limit it; and to rally him who is ridiculous for it, may influence him and others to contemn it. I must here beg rich and avaricious men's leave, to laugh as much at their folly as I could do at a shepherd who would weep and grieve because his master would give him no more beasts to herd, or at a steward, because his lord gave him no more servants to feed. Nor can I think a man, who, having gained a great estate, is afraid to live comfortably upon it, less ridiculous than I would do him, who, having built a convenient, or it may be a stately house, should choose to walk in the rain, or expose himself to storms, lest he should defile and profane the floor of his almost idolized rooms. They who think that they are obliged to live as well as others of the same rank, do not consider that every man is only obliged to live according to his present estate. * * * And he who, having a paternal estate of a hundred pounds a year, will not be satisfied to live according to it; will meet with the same difficulty when he comes to an estate of ten thousand pounds; and, like the wounded deer, he flies not from the dart, but carries it along with him. We are but stewards, and the steward should not be angry that he has not more to manage; but should be careful to bestow what he has; and if he do so, neither his master nor the world can blame him.

From our brief excursion into Scotland, on a visit to Sir George Mackenzie, we return again to our literary friends in England. Of these the first to be noticed are Strype, Prideaux, Leslie, Fletcher, Nicolson, and Tindal.

JOHN STRYPE was the son of a German refugee who fled to England on account of his religion, and there followed the business of a silk merchant. The son was born in London, in 1643, and educated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge. At that university, and also at Oxford, he took his master's degree, in 1671. Entering into orders, he became successively curate of Theydon-Boys, in Essex, preacher in Low Leyton, rector of Terring, in Sussex, and lecturer at Hackney. He resigned his clerical charges in 1724, and from that time till his death, which occurred in 1737, he resided at Hackney, with an apothecary, who had married his grand-daughter.

Strype was an industrious and even laborious collector of literary antiquities. His works afford ample illustrations of ecclesiastical history and biography, at periods of deep national interest and importance, and they are now ranked among the most valuable of English standard memorials. His writings consist of a *Life of Archbishop Cranmer*; a *Life of Sir Thomas Smith*; a *Life of Bishop Alymer*; a *Life of Sir John Cheke*; *Annals of the Reformation*, in four volumes; a *Life of Archbishop Grindal*; *Life and Letters of Archbishop Parker*; *Life of Archbishop Whitgift*; and *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, in three volumes. He also edited Stow's Survey of London, and part of Dr. Lightfoot's works. Faithful and impartial in his literary labors, Strype was highly respected by the dignitaries of the church of England; but his works are not such as to require illustration by extract. A correct and elegant edition of his works has recently proceeded from the Clarendon press at Oxford.

HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX was born at Padstow, in Cornwall, on the third of May, 1648. After having passed some years at a private school in his native county, he was removed to Westminster, then under the care of the celebrated Dr. Busby, where he continued three years. Being a king's scholar, he entered, as a commoner, Christ's Church College, Oxford, in 1668, and eight years after took his master's degree. In 1676, the year after he left the university, he published a commentary upon the inscriptions on the Arundelian marbles; and being ordered to present a copy of the work to the Lord Chancellor Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, he was thus introduced to the patronage of that nobleman, who soon after placed a son under his instructions, and, in 1679, presented him to the rectory of St. Clements, near Oxford. In 1686, Prideaux was created doctor of divinity, and thenceforth his life was passed in parochial duties, and in literary pursuits. His death occurred on the first of November, 1724.

Dr. Prideaux, as a writer, is clear, strong, intelligent, and learned, rather than brilliant. Besides the work already alluded to, he was the author of a *Life of Mahomet*, *Directions to Churchwardens*, *A Treatise on Titles*, and the *Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament.* Prideaux's 'Connection,' is a work of great research, connecting the Old with the New Testament by a luminous historical summary. Few books have had a greater circulation than this, and to all students of divinity it is an invaluable aid. The author was, for a short time, Hebrew Lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford; and his extensive library of oriental books has been preserved in Clare Hall, Cambridge, to which college it was presented by himself.

CHARLES LESLIE, the son of Bishop Leslie, of Clogher, in Ireland, was born in 1650. After having passed through Trinity College, Dublin, and taken his master's degree, he removed to London, and entered the Inner Temple as a student of law. In 1680, he, however, abandoned the legal profession, and took orders, and so rapid was his advancement in the church that, in 1687, he became chancellor of the cathedral church of Connor. Here he distinguished himself by several disputations with Catholic divines; and by the boldness with which he opposed the pro-popish designs of King James. Nevertheless, at the Revolution, he adopted a decisive tone in favor of Jacobitism, from which he never swerved through life. Removing to London, he was chiefly engaged for several years in writing controversial works against Quakers, Socinians, and Deists; of which, however, none are now remembered excepting *A Short and Easy Method with the Deists*, which is still popular. Leslie also wrote many occasional and periodical tracts in behalf of the house of Stuart, to whose cause his talents and celebrity certainly lend no small lustre. Being, for one of these publications, obliged to leave England, he repaired, in 1713, to the court of the Chevalier at Bar le Duc, and was well received. James allowed him to have a chapel fitted up for the English service, and was even expected to lend a favorable ear to his arguments against Popery; but this expectation proved vain. It was not possible for an earnest and bitter controversialist like Leslie to remain long at rest in such a situation, and he therefore returned to England in 1721, and died on the thirteenth of the following April, at his residence of Glaslough, in Ireland.

The works of Leslie were collected and published at Oxford, in 1832, in seven volumes; and it must be confessed that they place their author very high in the list of controversial writers, the ingenuity of the arguments being only equalled by the keenness and pertinacity with which they were on all occasions followed out; but a modern reader sighs to think of vivid talents spent, with life-long perseverance, on discussions which have tended so little to benefit mankind.

Andrew Fletcher, the son of Sir Robert Fletcher, was born at Saltoun, in Scotland, in 1653. He was educated under the care of Bishop Burnet, and having early succeeded to the family estate, he represented the shire of Lothian, in the Scottish parliament, in the reign of Charles the Second. He opposed the arbitrary designs of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, and retired to Holland. His estate was confiscated; but he returned to England with the Duke of Monmouth, in 1685. Happening, in a personal scuffle, to kill the Mayor of Lynn, Fletcher again went abroad, and travelled in Spain. He returned at the period of the Revolution, and took an active part in Scottish affairs. His opinions were purely republican, and he was of a haughty, unbending temper; 'brave as the sword he wore,' according to a contemporary, 'and bold as a lion: a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy: would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it.' Fletcher opposed the union of Scotland with England in 1707, believing, with many zealous but narrow-sighted patriots of that day, that it would eclipse the glory of ancient Caledonia. His death occurred in London, in 1716.

One of Fletcher's political discourses, several of which he wrote, entitled *An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the Common Good of Mankind, in a Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Rothes, Roxburgh, and Haddington, from London, the first of December*, 1703, is forcibly written, and contains some strong appeals in favor of Scottish independence, as well as some just and manly sentiments. In this letter occurs a saying often quoted, and which has been, by Lord Brougham and others, erroneously ascribed to the Earl of Chatham: 'I knew a very wise man that believed *that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.*' The newspapers may be said to have supplanted the ballads; yet during the late war between England and France, the naval songs of Dibdin fanned the flame of national courage and patriotism to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. An excessive admiration of the Grecian and Roman republics led Fletcher to eulogize even the slavery that prevailed in these states. He represents their condition as happy and useful; and, as a contrast to it, he paints the state of the lowest class in Scotland in colors that, if true, show how frightfully disorganized the country was at that period. In his *Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland*, published in 1698, occurs the following sketch:—

> There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church boxes, with others who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases) *two hundred thousand people begging from door to door.* These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by

reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever be informed or discover, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies, than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us!

William Nicolson was born at Orton, Cumberland, in 1655. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, after which he travelled for some time on the continent, and soon after his return home received a prebend from the bishop of Carlisle. He, about this time, distinguished himself in the literary world by publishing an account of what he saw abroad. In 1702 he was raised to the see of Carlisle, immediately after which the degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him by the university of Oxford. In 1718 Nicolson was transferred to the bishopric of Londonderry, in Ireland; and being a very great favorite at court, he was raised, in January, 1727, to the archbishopric of Cashel, and made primate of Munster. This last dignity, however, he did not long live to enjoy, as his death occurred on the thirteenth of the following February.

Dr. Nicolson may be ranked as one of the most learned of those antiquarians who distinguished themselves by their investigations into early English records. He published *Historical Libraries of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, being a detailed catalogue or list of books and manuscripts referring to the history of each nation. He also wrote *An Essay on the Border Laws*, *A Treatise on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons*, and *A Description of Poland and Denmark.* The only professional works of Dr. Nicolson are a preface to Chamberlayne's Polyglott of the Lord's Prayer, and some able pamphlets on the Bangorian controversy.

Matthew Tindal, the son of a clergyman, was born in Devonshire, in 1657. He became a commoner of Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1672, removed thence to Exeter College, and finally took his degrees at All-Souls, of which he was soon after chosen fellow. In 1685 he was made a doctor of laws, and soon after became a zealous controversialist, controversy then being pursued with much keenness, by men fitted for higher duties. His first attacks were directed against priestly power, but he ended, as is usual in such cases, by opposing Christianity itself; and Paine and other later writers against revelation, have drawn some of their weapons from the armory of

Tindal. Like Dryden, and many others, Tindal embraced the Roman Catholic religion when it became fashionable in the court of James the Second; but he abjured it in 1687, and afterwards became an advocate, under William the Third, from whom he received a pension of two hundred pounds per annum. He died in London, in August, 1733.

Tindal was the author of several political and theological tracts, but the work by which he is chiefly known, is entitled *Christianity as Old as the Creation, or the Gospel a Republication of the Religion of Nature.* The tendency of this treatise is to discredit revealed religion. It was answered by Waterland; and Tindal replied by reiterating his former statements and arguments. He wrote a second volume to this work a short time before his death, but Gibson, the bishop of London, interfered, and prevented its publication. Tindal left a legacy of two thousand pounds to Eustace Budgell, and it was reported that Budgell had assisted his friend in writing his work against Christianity.

William Lowth, Richard Bentley, Francis Atterbury, and William Whiston were also divines of the period which we are now considering, eminent in the department of literature to which they respectively devoted themselves.

WILLIAM LOWTH, the son of an apothecary of London, was born in that city on the eleventh of September, 1661. His grandfather, who was rector of Tylehurst, in Berkshire, devoted great attention to his early education, and when he was sufficiently advanced in his studies he was sent to Merchant Taylor's school, whence, for his unusual proficiency in learning, he was elected into St. John's College, Oxford, before he was fourteen years of age. Here he regularly advanced to the degree of master of arts, and that of bachelor of divinity; and such was now his eminence in both worth and learning, that the bishop of Winchester made him his chaplain, conferred upon him a prebend in the cathedral church of Winchester, and the rectory of Buriton, with the chapel of Petersfield. In the rectory of Buriton, he remained until his death, which occurred on the seventeenth of May, 1732, exhibiting throughout his long career, in an eminent degree, the characteristics of a devoted Christian, and a useful servant of his divine Master. His piety, his diligence, his hospitality, and his beneficence, rendered his life highly exemplary, and greatly enforced his public ministrations.

Dr. Lowth was not only distinguished for his classical and theological attainments, but for the liberality also with which he communicated his stores to others. He furnished notes on Clemens Alexandrinus, for Potter's edition of that ancient author; remarks on Josephus, for Hudson's edition; and annotations on the ecclesiastical historians, for Reading's Cambridge edition of those authors. He also assisted Dr. Chandler in his Defence of Christianity from the Prophecies. His learning is said to have been equally extensive and profound, and he accompanied all his reading with critical and philological remarks. Besides the extensive aid he afforded to others, he published, in 1692, a *Vindication of the Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Old and New Testaments, Directions for the Profitable Reading of the Holy Scriptures*, and *Commentaries on the Prophets.*

Richard Bentley, perhaps the most thoroughly accomplished classical scholar that England ever produced, was the son of a mechanic, and was born at Wakefield, Yorkshire, in 1662. After having completed his preparatory studies at the free-school of his native place, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and there soon distinguished himself by his critical learning. Attracting the attention of Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, that prelate appointed him private tutor to his son, and made him his domestic chaplain. He was afterwards selected to open the lectures instituted by Boyle for the defence of Christianity, and delivered a series of discourses against atheism. In these discourses Bentley introduced the discoveries of Newton, and Locke's recently advanced theory of innate ideas concerning a God, as illustrations of his arguments; and the lectures were highly popular. His next public appearance was in the famous controversy with the Honourable Charles Boyle, son of the Earl of Orrery, relative to the genuineness of the Greek epistles of Phalaris. Most of the wits and scholars of that period joined with Boyle against Bentley; but he triumphantly established his position that the epistles are spurious, while the poignancy of his wit and sarcasm, and the sagacity evinced in his conjectural emendations, were unequalled among his Oxford opponents.

In 1700, Bentley was made master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and at the same time took the degree of doctor of divinity; and in 1716, was appointed regius divinity professor. His next literary performances were an edition of Horace, and editions of Terence and Phædrus. The talent and learning he had displayed in making emendations on the classics, tempted him, in an 'evil hour,' to edit Milton's Paradise Lost in the same spirit. The critic was then advanced in years, and had lost some portion of his critical sagacity and discernment; but it is very doubtful whether he could ever have entered into the loftier conceptions and sublimer flights of the greatest of English poets. Some of his *emendations* destroy the happiest and choicest expressions of the poet. The sublime line,

'No light, but rather darkness visible,'

Bentley renders,

'No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom,'

Another fine Miltonic passage—

'Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements,'

is reduced into prose as follows:—

'Then, as 'twas well observed, our torments may
Become our elements.'

Such a critic could never have possessed poetical sensibility, however extensive and minute might be his verbal knowledge of the classics. Bentley's edition of Milton's Paradise Lost appeared in 1732, and though he existed, yet he can scarcely be said to have lived during the following ten years, at the expiration of which death put an end to his eventful life, at Cambridge, on the fourteenth of July, 1742.

Dr. Bentley seems to have been the impersonation of a combative spirit. His college life was spent in continual contests with all who were officially connected with him. To become prepared for such conflicts he seemed to regard as one of the great objects of study; and hence he is represented to have said to his son on one occasion, when he found him engaged reading a novel—'Why read a book that you can not quote?'—a saying which affords an amusing illustration of the nature and object of his own literary studies. From his various performances we select the following passage:—

AUTHORITY OF REASON IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

We profess ourselves as much concerned, and as truly as [the deists] themselves are, for the use and authority of reason in controversies of faith. We look upon right reason as the native lamp of the soul, placed and kindled there by our Creator, to conduct us in the whole course of our judgments and actions. True reason, like its divine Author, never is itself deceived, nor ever deceives any man. Even revelation itself is not shy nor unwilling to ascribe its own first credit and fundamental authority to the test and testimony of reason. Sound reason is the touchstone to distinguish that pure and genuine gold from baser metals; revelation truly divine, from imposture and enthusiasm: so that the Christian religion is so far from declining or fearing the strictest trials of reason that it everywhere appeals to it; is defended and supported by it; and indeed can not continue, in the Apostle's description (James i. 27), 'pure and undefiled' without it. It is the benefit of reason alone, under the Providence and spirit of God that we ourselves are at this day a reformed orthodox church: that we departed from the errors of Popery, and that we knew, too, where to stop; neither running into the extravagances of fanaticism, nor sliding into the indifferency of libertinism. Whatsoever, therefore, is inconsistent with natural reason, can never be justly imposed as an article of faith. That the same body is in many places at once, that plain bread is not bread; such things, though they be said with never so much pomp and claim to infallibility, we have greater authority to reject them, as being contrary to common sense and our natural faculties; as subverting the foundations of all faith, even the grounds of their own credit, and all the principles of civil life.

So far are we from contending with our adversaries about dignity and authority of reason; but then we differ with them about the exercise of it, and the extent of its province. For the deists there stop, and set bounds to their faith, where reason, their only guide, does not lead the way further, and walk along, before them. We, on the contrary, as (Deut. xxxiv.) Moses was shown by divine power a true sight of the promised land, though himself could not pass over to it, so we think reason may receive from revelation some further discoveries and new prospects of things, and be fully convinced of the reality of them; though itself can not pass on nor travel those regions, can not penetrate the fund of those truths, nor advance to the utmost bounds of them. For there is certainly a wide difference between what is contrary to reason, and what is superior to it, and out of its reach.

Francis Atterbury was born at Milton, on the sixth of March, 1662. He was educated for the university at Westminster school, and in 1680 was elected a student of Christ Church College, Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by his fine genius and extensive knowledge of polite literature. He gave early proofs of his poetical talents in a Latin version of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, an Epigram on a Lady's Fan, and a translation of two Odes of Horace; and as a defender of the Protestant religion, he also, at this time, acquired considerable celebrity. Soon after he left Oxford, in 1691, he was elected lecturer of St. Bride's, London, and made chaplain to William and Mary. With the eloquence of a popular preacher, he possessed the obstinacy of a controversialist, and, therefore, his sermons and other works, when published, drew upon him the animadversions of Hoadly, of Bentley, of Wake, and many others. His zeal, however, in the service of the church, and in support of the rights of convocation, was rewarded by the thanks of the Lower House of Convocation, and by a diploma of the degree of doctor of divinity, from the university of Oxford. Preferment and distinction now followed each other in quick succession; and in 1713 he attained the height of his ecclesiastical dignity, by being made bishop of Rochester, and dean of Westminster.

When George the First, however, succeeded to the throne, the bishop was treated with coldness and indifference; and he imprudently resented the affront, and displayed his attachment to the House of Stuart, by refusing to sign the declaration of the bishops, and by opposing in parliament, with vigor and eloquence, the measures of the government. This decided and hostile conduct proved the beginning of his misfortunes; for, being suspected of favoring the Pretender, he was arrested on the twenty-fourth of August, 1722, as a traitor, and confined in the Tower. On the twenty-third of March following, a bill was brought into the House of Commons to inflict penalties on Francis, Bishop of Rochester, and he was ordered to prepare his defence. He declined using his influence among the commons, but, as he wrote to the speaker, he reserved the vindication of his conduct in that house, of which he had the honor of being a member, to himself. The trial lasted more than a week; and though the bishop was supported by all the learning and eloquence of the bar, and spoke in his own cause with all the energy of the persuasive powers which he was known to possess, still he was condemned by a majority of eighty-three to forty-three votes; and the king, on the twenty-seventh of May, confirmed the decision.

Atterbury met the disgrace of banishment with unusual firmness and dignity. He took an affectionate leave of his friends, and on the eighteenth of June, 1723, from the Aldborough man-of-war, was landed at Calais, where he met Lord Bolingbroke, whom the royal pardon had just recalled to England, upon which he observed, with his usual facetiousness, 'then his lordship and I am exchanged.' Persecution did not, however, cease with the bishop's fall; for in his exile he was pursued with more vindictiveness than had followed him even in England. He resided, first in Brussels, and afterwards at Paris, continuing to correspond with Pope, Bolingbroke, and other friends, till his death, which happened in Paris on the seventeenth of February, 1731. His body was carried over to England and privately interred in Westminster Abbey, on the twelfth of the following May.

The works of this accomplished, but restless and aspiring prelate, consist of four volumes of sermons, some visitation charges, and his epistolary correspondence, which was very extensive. His style is easy and elegant; and he is represented, by the Tatler, to have been the most impressive and successful preacher of the age. His good taste is evinced in his admiration for Milton, before fashion had sanctioned the great poet's applause. Atterbury's letters to Pope breathe the utmost affection and tenderness. The following farewell letter to the poet was sent from the Tower on the tenth of April, 1723 :—

Dear Sir—I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me forever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion to triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you. I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say something about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before him where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

To this letter we add the following remarks on church music :—

USEFULNESS OF CHURCH MUSIC.

The use of vocal and instrumental harmony in divine worship I shall recommend and justify from this consideration: that they do, when wisely employed and managed, contribute extremely to awaken the attention and enliven the devotion of all serious and sincere Christians; and their usefulness to this end will appear on a double account, as they remove the ordinary hindrances of devotion, and as they supply us further with special helps and advantages towards quickening and improving it.

By the melodious harmony of the church, the ordinary hindrances of devotion are removed, particularly these three; that engagement of thought which we often bring with us into the church from what we last converse with; those accidental distractions that may happen to us during the course of divine service; and that weariness and flatness of mind which some weak tempers may labour under, by reason even of the length of it.

When we come into the sanctuary immediately from any worldly affairs, as our very condition of life does, alas! force many of us to do, we come usually with divided and alienated minds. The business, the pleasures, or the amusement we left, sticks fast to us, and perhaps engrosses that heart for a time, which should then be taken up altogether in spiritual addresses. But as soon as the sound of the sacred hymns strike us, all that busy swarm of thoughts presently disperses: by a grateful violence we are forced into the duty that is going forward, and, as indevout and backward as we were before, find ourselves on the sudden seized with a sacred warmth, ready to cry out, with holy David, 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise.' Our misapplication of mind at such times is often so great, and we so deeply immersed in it, that there needs some very strong and powerful charm to rouse us from it; and perhaps nothing is of greater force to this purpose than the solemn, and awakening airs of church music.

For the same reason, those accidental distractions that may happen to us are also best cured by it. The strongest minds, and best practised in holy duties, may sometimes be surprised into a forgetfulness of what they are about by some violent outward impressions; and every slight occasion will serve to call off the thoughts of no less willing though much weaker worshippers. Those that come to see, and to be seen here, will often gain their point; will draw and detain for a while the eyes of the curious and unwary. A passage in the sacred story read, an expression used in the common forms of devotion, shall raise a foreign reflection, perhaps, in musing and speculative minds, and lead them on from thought to thought, and point to point, till they are bewildered in their own imaginations. These, and a hundred other avocations will arise and prevail; but when the instruments of praise begin to sound, our scattered thoughts presently take the alarm, return to their post and to their duty, preparing and arming themselves against their spiritual assailants.

Lastly, even the length of the service itself becomes a hindrance sometimes to the devotion which it was meant to feed and raise; for, alas! we quickly tire in the performance of holy duties; and as eager and unwearied as we are in attending upon secular business and trifling concerns, yet in divine offices, I fear, the expostulation of our Saviour is applicable to most of us, 'What! can ye not watch with me one hour?' This infirmity is relieved, this hindrance prevented or removed, by the sweet harmony that accompanies several parts of the service, and returning upon us at fit intervals, keeps our attention up to the duties when we begin to flag, and makes us insensible of the length of it. Happily, therefore, and wisely is it so ordered, that the morning devotions of the church, which are much the longest, should share also a greater proportion of the harmony which is useful to enliven them.

But its use stops not here, at a bare removal of the ordinary impediments to devotion; it supplies us also with special helps and advantages towards furthering and improving it. For it adds dignity and solemnity to public worship; it sweetly influences and raises our passions whilst we assist at it, and makes us do our duty with the greater pleasure and cheerfulness; all which are very proper and powerful means towards creating in that holy attention and erection of mind, the most reasonable part of this our reasonable service.

Such is our nature, that even the best things, and most worthy of our esteem, do not always employ and detain our thoughts in proportion to their real value, unless they be set off and greatened by some outward circumstances, which are fitted to raise admiration and surprise in the breasts of those who hear or behold them. And this good effect is wrought in us by the power of sacred music. To it we, in good measure, owe the dignity and solemnity of our public worship; which else, I fear, in its natural simplicity and plainness, would not so strongly strike, or so deeply affect the minds, as it ought to do, of the sluggish and inattentive, that is, of the far greatest part of mankind. But when voice and instruments are skillfully adapted to it, it appears to us in a majestic air and shape, and gives us very awful and reverent impressions, which, while they are upon us, it is impossible for us not to be fixed and composed to the utmost. We are then in the same state of mind that the devout patriarch was when he awoke from his holy dream, and ready with him to say to ourselves, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not! How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.'

Further, the availableness of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind, will appear from the great influence it naturally has on the passions, which, when well directed, are the wings and sails of the mind, that speed its passage to perfection, and are of particular and remarkable use in the offices of devotion; for devotion consists in an ascent of the mind toward God, attended with holy breathings of soul, and a divine exercise of all the passions and powers of the mind. These passions the melody of sounds serve only to guide and elevate toward their proper object: these at first calls forth and encourages, and then gradually rises and inflames. This it does to all of them, as the matter of the hymns sung gives an occasion for the employment of them; but the power of it is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of love, which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest and most inseparable mark of true devotion; which recommends what we do in virtue of it to God, and makes it relishing to ourselves, and without which all our spiritual offerings, our prayers, and our praises, are both insipid and unacceptable. At this our religion begins, and at this it ends; it is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of heaven; of the pleasures of which nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of holy music and holy love, the joint enjoyment of which, we are told, is to be the happy lot of all pious souls to endless ages.

Now, it naturally follows from hence, which was the last advantage from whence I proposed to recommend church music, that it makes our duty a pleasure, and enables us, by that means, to perform it with the utmost vigour and cheerfulness. It is certain, that the more pleasing an action is to us, the more keenly and eagerly are we used to employ ourselves in it; the less liable are we, while it is going forward, to tire, and droop, and be dispirited. So that whatever contributes to make our devotion taking, within such a degree as not at the same time to dissipate and distract, it does, for that very reason, contribute to our attention and holy warmth of mind in performing it. What we take delight in, we no longer look upon as a task, but return to always with desire, dwell upon with satisfaction, and quit with uneasiness. And this it was which made holy David express himself in so pathetical a manner concerning the service of the sanctuary: 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. When, oh when, shall I come to appear before the presence of God?'

The ancients do sometimes use the metaphor of an army when they are speaking of the joint devotions put up to God in the assembly of his saints. They say we there meet together in troops to do violence to heaven: we encompass, we besiege the throne of God, and bring such a united force, as is not to be withstood. And I suppose we may as innocently carry on the metaphor as they have begun it, and say, that church music, when decently ordered, may have as great uses in this army of supplicants, as the sound of the trumpet has among the host of the mighty men. It equally rouses the courage, equally gives life, and vigour, and resolution, and unanimity, to those holy assailants.

William Whiston, a man of very remarkable genius and great learning, but of a singular and extraordinary character, was born at Norton, in Leicestershire, on the ninth of December, 1667. He was kept at home till he was seventeen years of age, and instructed by his father, who was a learned and pious man, and rector of Norton parish. In 1684, Whiston was sent to Tamworth school, and two years after admitted into Clare Hall College, Cambridge, where he pursued his studies, particularly mathematics, with the greatest diligence, until 1693, when he took his master's degree and was chosen fellow of his college. He now designed to establish himself in the university as a tutor, but was soon after induced to relinquish that object, and become chaplain to Dr. More, bishop of Norwich, with whom he remained four years. In 1696, while he was chaplain to the bishop, Whiston published his *New Theory of the Earth*, the design of which was to show that the Mosaic account of the Creation was agreeable to philosophy and reason.

In 1698, Whiston was presented, by his patron, Bishop More, to the living of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, where he devoted himself assiduously to his parochial duties, till he was invited, in 1700, to Cambridge, to become deputy to Sir Isaac Newton, whom he soon after succeeded in the Lucasian professorship of Mathematics. About this time his attachment to the principles of the church of England beginning to waver, he pretended to discover that the two first centuries of the church were truly Eusebian or Arian, and that afterwards, doctrines less congenial to the genuine spirit of Christianity had been adopted. These opinions, which were heard with astonishment by his friends, engaged much of the public attention; but he disregarded the opposition and censures of his former associates, and wrote several works in support of his sentiments, and in vindication of his conduct. This drew upon him the severe displeasure of the university; and in 1710, he was deprived of his professorship, and banished from the precincts of Cambridge. Regardless of the disgrace, he retired to London, where he maintained himself by giving lectures on philosophy, astronomy, and divinity, and by writing on his favourite topic of primitive Christianity. In 1747, Whiston left the church of England entirely, and united with the Baptists; but he soon after set up what he conceived to be a more primitive congregation himself. He did not, however, long survive this experiment, but died soon after he commenced it, on the twenty-second of August, 1752.

'Whiston,' according to Bishop Hare, 'was a fair unblemished character, who all his life had cultivated piety, virtue, and good learning. Constant himself, in the private and public duties of religion, he promoted virtue in others, and such learning as he thought would conduce most to the honour of God, by manifesting the greatness and wisdom of his works.' Had Whiston confined himself to mathematical studies, he would have acquired a high name in science; but his time and attention were dissipated by his theological pursuits, in which he evinced more zeal than judgment. He was an elaborate writer, and produced, besides the 'Theory of the Earth,' already mentioned, and some tracts on the Newtonian system, an *Essay on the Revelation of St. John*, *Sermons on the Scripture Prophecies*, *Primitive Christianity Revived*, in five volumes, and *Memoirs of his own Life.* The following extract is taken from the last of those works:—

ANECDOTE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEWTONIAN PHILOSOPHY.

After I had taken holy orders, I returned to the college, and went on with my own studies there, particularly the mathematics and the Cartesian philosophy, which was alone in vogue with us at that time. But it was not long before I, with immense pains, but no assistance, set myself with the utmost zeal to the study of Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries in his 'Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica,' one or two of which lectures I had heard him read in the public schools, though I understood them not at all at that time—being indeed greatly exerted thereto by a paper of Dr. Gregory's when he was professor in Scotland, wherein he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius, and had already caused several of his scholars to keep acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches, were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypothesis of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say. What the occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's leaving the Cartesian philosophy, and of discovering his amazing theory of gravity was, I have heard him long ago, soon after my first acquaintance with him, which was 1694, thus relate, and of which Dr. Pemberton gives the like account, and somewhat more fully, in the preface to his explication of his philosophy. It was this: an inclination came into Sir Isaac's mind to try whether the same power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithstanding her projectile velocity, which he knew always tended to go along a straight line, the tangent of that orbit, which makes stones and all heavy bodies with us fall downwards, and which we call gravity? taking this postulatum, which had been thought of before, that such power might decrease in a duplicate proportion of the distances from the earth's centre. Upon Sir Isaac's first trial, when he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's surface, whence a degree at the distance of the moon was to be determined also, to be sixty measured miles only, according to the gross measures then in use, he was in some degree disappointed; and the power that restrained the moon in her orbit, measured by the versed sines of that orbit, appeared not to be quite the same that was to be expected, had it been the power of gravity alone by which the moon was there influenced. Upon this disappointment, which made Sir Isaac suspect that this power was partly that of gravity and partly that of Cartesius's vortices, he threw aside the paper of his calculations, and went to other studies. However, some time afterward, when Monsieur Picart had much more exactly measured the earth, and found that a degree of a great circle was sixty-nine and a half such miles, Sir Isaac, in turning over some of his former papers, lighted upon this old imperfect calculation, and, correcting his former error, discovered that this power, at the true correct distance of the moon from the earth, not only tended to the earth's centre, as did the common power of gravity with us, but was exactly of the right quantity; and that if a stone was carried up to the moon, or to sixty semi-diameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its gravity; and the moon's own menstrual motion was stopped, and she was let to fall by that power which before retained her in her orbit, they would exactly fall towards the same point, and with the same velocity; which was, therefore, no other power than that of gravity. And since that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural, or rather necessary, to suppose it might reach twice, thrice, four times, &c., the same distance, with the same diminution, according to the squares of such distances perpetually: which noble discovery proved the happy occasion of the invention of the wonderful Newtonian philosophy.

Though we have already embraced more than the usual number of names in our present remarks, we have still to notice Arbuthnot and Defoe in this connection.

John Arbuthnot, one of the most celebrated wits in the reign of Queen Anne, and the son of an Episcopal clergyman of Scotland, nearly allied to the noble family of that name, was born at Arbuthnot, near Montrose, soon after the Restoration, and educated at the university of Aberdeen, where he took the degree of doctor of medicine, about 1685. The Revolution deprived his father of his church preferment, and though he possessed a small paternal estate, yet necessity obliged the son to seek his fortune abroad. He accordingly went to London, and for some years supported himself by teaching mathematics; but in 1695, on the appearance of Dr. Woodward's *Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth*, he published *An Examination* of that work, which at once gave him no small degree of literary fame. His extensive learning, and facetious and agreeable conversation, gradually introduced him into practice, and he eventually became eminent in his profession, the immediate introduction to which was the following incident:—

At Epsom, where Dr. Arbuthnot was passing a short time, Prince George of Denmark was suddenly taken ill, and there being no more distinguished physician in the place, he was called in to his assistance. His treatment was happily successful, and his Highness having recovered, thenceforth employed Arbuthnot as his physician. In 1709 he was appointed physician in ordinary, to Queen Anne, and admitted a fellow of the Medical College, having some time previous obtained admission into the Royal Society. His gentle manners, polite learning, and excellent talents, now introduced him to the friendship of Pope, Swift, and Gay; and in 1714 he engaged with the two former, in a design to write a satire on the general abuse of human learning, under the history of feigned adventures. The death of Queen Anne, however, at this critical period, frustrated their design, and nothing ever appeared of the intended performance, but the commencement of the memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus. Dr. Warburton informs us that *Gulliver's Travels*, the treatise of the *Profound of Literary Criticism on Virgil*, and the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, are only so many detached fragments of this work.

The queen's death, and the disasters which attended that sad event, to Arbuthnot and many of his friends, sunk so deeply upon his spirits, that to relieve his melancholy, he paid a visit to his brother, who was a banker in Paris. The effect which he had anticipated from his visit was not, however, realized, and he therefore soon returned to London, and resumed his ordinary occupations. Towards the close of his life he was greatly afflicted with the asthma, and with the hope of finding some relief from this disorder, he retired, in 1734, to Hempstead; but he died soon after, in the month of February, 1735.

The wit and humor of Dr. Arbuthnot were unbounded. In his *History of John Bull*, published in 1712, he designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough, and render the war then prevailing unpopular. His *Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients*, and his *Art of Political Lying*, are of the same nature. In these pieces his wit is always pointed, and rich in classical allusion, without being acrimonious or personally offensive. Of the serious performances of this author, the most valuable is a series of dissertations on ancient coins, weights, and measures. He published also some medical works of much value. The most severe and dignified of Arbuthnot's occasional productions, is the following epitaph on Colonel Chartres, a notorious gambler and money-lender of the day, who was tried and condemned for one of the most revolting of crimes :—

Here continueth to rot the body of Francis Chartres, who, with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity of his manners than successful in accumulating wealth; for, without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without bribe-worthy service, he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate. He was the only person of his time who could cheat with the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a-year, and having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do. Oh, indignant reader! think not his life useless to mankind. Providence connived at his execrable designs, to give to after-ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.

As a specimen of the serious composition of Dr. Arbuthnot, we present the following extract from one of his essays :—

USEFULNESS OF MATHEMATICAL LEARNING.

The advantages which accrue to the mind by mathematical studies, consist chiefly in these things: 1st. In accustoming it to *attention.* 2d. In giving it a habit of *close* and *demonstrative reasoning.* 3d. In freeing it from *prejudice, credulity, and superstition.*

First, the mathematics make the mind attentive to the objects which it considers. This they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths, which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to the understanding as music to the ear and beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our senses: only in the former case, as the object and faculty are more spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the regret, turpitude, lassitude, and intemperance, that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other sciences consisting only of probable reasonings, the mind has not where to fix, and wanting sufficient principles to pursue its searches upon, gives them over as impossible. Again, as in mathematical investigations truth may be found, so it is not always obvious. This spurs the mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. * *

The second advantage which the mind reaps from mathematical knowledge, is a habit of clear, demonstrative, and methodical reasoning. We are contrived by nature to learn by imitation more than by precept; and I believe in that respect reasoning is much like other inferior arts (as dancing, singing, &c.) acquired by practice. By accustoming ourselves to reason closely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing so in other things. It is surprising to see what superficial inconsequential reasonings satisfy the most part of mankind. A piece of wit, a jest, a simile, or a quotation of an author, pass as for a mighty argument; with such things as these are the most part of authors stuffed; and from these weighty premises they infer their conclusions. This weakness and effeminacy of mankind, in being persuaded where they are delighted, have made them the sport of orators, poets, and men of wit. Those *lumina orationis* are indeed very good diversion for fancy, but are not the proper business of the understanding; and where a man pretends to write on abstract subjects in a scientifical method, he ought not to debauch in them. Logical precepts are more useful, nay, they are absolutely necessary, for a rule of formal arguing in public disputations, and confounding an obstinate and perverse adversary, and exposing him to the audience or readers. But, in search of truth, an imitation of the method of the geometers will carry a man farther than all the dialectical rules. Their analysis is the proper model we ought to form ourselves upon, and imitate in the regular disposition and progress of our inquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of mathematical analysis, uses a method somewhat analogous to it. The *composition* of the geometers, or their method of demonstrating truths already found out, namely, by definitions of words agreed upon, by self-evident truths, and propositions that have been already demonstrated, is practicable in other subjects, though not to the same perfection, the natural want of evidence in the things themselves not allowing it; but it is imitable to a considerable degree. I dare appeal to some writings of our own age and nation, the authors of which have been mathematically inclined. I shall add no more on this head, but that one who is accustomed to the methodical systems of truth which the geometers have reared up in the several branches of those sciences which they have cultivated, will hardly bear with the confusion and disorder of other sciences, but endeavour, as far as he can, to reform them.

Thirdly, mathematical knowledge adds vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does in two ways: 1st. By accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust. 2d. By giving us a clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world, which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the Almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget. * * The mathematics are friends to religion, inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice. Vice is error, confusion, and false reasoning; and all truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides, mathematical studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy, but desirable.

Daniel Defoe, the founder of the English novel, was the son of a butcher, and born in London, in 1661. He was intended by his father, who was a Dissenter, for a Presbyterian minister; but that design being soon abandoned, he entered into trade, and was successively a hosier, a tile-maker, and a woollen-merchant. Not being successful in either of these callings, he resolved to turn author; and, after various other attempts, produced, in 1699, his *True-born Englishman*, a poetical satire on foreigners, and a defence of King William and the Dutch, which had an almost unexampled run of popularity. Defoe had, in reality, little or no poetic genius; but he could reason in verse, and had an unlimited command of homely and forcible language. The following opening lines of the satire have often been quoted:—

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

Various political tracts rapidly followed this satire. In 1702, the author wrote an ironical treatise against the High Church party, entitled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, which was voted a libel by the House of Commons; and Defoe being apprehended, was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. He wrote a hymn to the pillory, which he wittily styled

A hieroglyphic state-machine,
Condemned to punish fancy in.

The political victim lay nearly two years in Newgate, during which he conducted a periodical work, *The Review*, which was published twice a week, and was the forerunner of the Tatler and the Spectator.

The character of Defoe, notwithstanding his political persecutions, must have stood high; for he was employed by the cabinet of Queen Anne on a mission to Scotland to advance the great measure of the Union, of which he afterwards wrote a history. He again turned his attention to political irony, and was again thrown into prison, and fined eight hundred pounds. His confinement at this time lasted, however, only a few months, and, admonished by dear-bought experience, he now abandoned politics altogether, and, in 1719, produced his far-famed *Robinson Crusoe*. The extraordinary success of this work, induced him to write a variety of other fictitious narratives, such as *Moll Flanders*, *Captain Singleton*, *Duncan Campbell*, *Colonel Jack*, and *The History of the Great Plague in London*. When he had exhausted this vein, he applied himself to a *Political History of the Devil*, *A System of Magic*, *The Complete English Tradesman*, *A Tour Through Great Britain*, and other works. The life of this voluminous writer closed at his residence in Islington, on the twenty-fourth of April, 1731.

Defoe is now chiefly remembered for his works of fiction. There is an air of truth, and a simple natural beauty of style running through his fictitious works, which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. As a novelist he was the precursor of Richardson, and partly of Fielding; and as an essayist, he suggested the 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator.' Of great originality, and of strong and clear conceptions, which he was able to embody in language of equal perspicuity and force, he has the power of feigning reality or *forging the handwriting of nature*, as it has been forcibly termed, and of giving to fiction all the appearance of truth. The account of the 'Plague in London' has often been taken for a genuine and authentic history, and even Lord

Chatham is said to have believed the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* to be a true narrative. But of all his fictions, 'Robinson Crusoe' possesses the most permanent and lasting merit. The circumstances of the hero, his shipwreck and residence in a solitary island, invest that incomparable tale with a deeper romance than any of his other works. Hence the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark, that 'Nobody ever laid it down without wishing it were longer.' From this interesting work we might select many passages illustrative of the author's peculiar style and manner of writing; but we think the following extract more appropriate to our purpose :—

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection, to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts? Alas! sir, says he, almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Popler, where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick. Then he, pointing to one house, there they are all dead, said he, and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night. Then he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead, the man, and his wife, and five children. There, says he, they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses. Why, says I, what do you here all alone? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited? Why, says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little low boarded house, and there my poor wife and two children live, said he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them. And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

But, said I, why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? Oh, sir, says he, the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. Well, says I, honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, says he, and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; and then, says he, I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.

Well, friend, says I, but how can you get money as a waterman? Does any body go by water these times? Yes, sir, says he, in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there, says he, five ships lie at anchor? pointing down the river a good way below the town; and do you see, says he, eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder? pointing above the town. All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.

Well, said I, friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infested as it is?

Why, as to that, said he, I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board; if I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch any body, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provision for them.

Nay, says I, but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with any body; for the village, said I, is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be some distance from it.

That is true, added he, but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here: I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there, then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.

Poor man! said I, and how much hast thou gotten for them?

I have gotten four shillings, said he, which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh: so all helps out.

Well, said I, and have you given it them yet?

No, said he, but I have called, and my wife has answered that she can not come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman! says he, she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord! Here he stopt, and wept very much.

Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment.

Oh, sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine.

Say'st thou so, said I, and how much less is my faith than thine! And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption; his a true dependence and a courage resting in God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some farther talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called Robert, Robert; he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, every thing by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds, God has sent it all, give thanks to him. When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

Well, but, says I to him, did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?

Yes, yes, says he, you shall hear her own it. So he calls again. Rachel, Rachel, which it seems was her name, did you take up the money? Yes, said she. How much was it? said he. Four shillings and a groat, said she. Well, well, says he, the Lord keep you all; and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. Hark thee, friend, said I, come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee; so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. Here, says I, go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trusts in him as thou dost: so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

Lecture the Thirty-Fifth.

SIR RICHARD STEELE—JOHN HUGHES—EUSTACE BUDGELL—BERNARD MANDEVILLE—EARL OF SHAFTESBURY—LAURENCE ECHARD—JOHN POTTER—BASIL KENNETT—LORD BOLINGBROKE—SAMUEL CLARKE—BENJAMIN HOADLY—GEORGE BERKELEY—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

WE had occasion to allude, in our remarks on Defoe, at the close of the last lecture, to the publication of a semi-weekly periodical by that author, under the title of 'The Review,' as the source whence the idea of the 'Tatler,' and the 'Spectator' was derived. The credit of pursuing the idea thus suggested, and of carrying it to perfection, is due to Sir Richard Steele, to whom, and to whose important publications, our attention must now be directed.

RICHARD STEELE, the son of an English barrister, was born in Dublin, in 1671. His father was secretary to the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and through the duke's influence, Steele was placed at the Charter-house school, in London, where that warm and lasting friendship originated between him and Addison, to which we have already alluded. In 1692, he was removed to Merton College, Oxford; but after having spent several years in desultory study, he became so enamored of the military profession, that, notwithstanding the dissuasion of his friends, and his failure to procure an appointment, he enlisted as a private soldier in the horse-guards. In this step, by which the succession to the estate of a relative in Wexford was lost, he gave a striking manifestation of that recklessness which unfortunately marked his whole course through life. In the army, his wit, vivacity, and good-humor, soon rendered him so great a favorite, that the officers of his regiment, in order that they might enjoy his society, procured for him the commission of an ensign. Thus situated, he plunged deeply into the fashionable follies and vices of the age, enlarging, however, by such conduct, that knowledge of life and character which proved so useful to him in the composition of his various works. During this course of dissipation, being often visited by reproaches of conscience, he drew up, for the purpose of self-admonition, a small treatise entitled *The Christian Hero*, and afterwards published it as a still more powerful check upon his irregular passions. Yet it does not appear that even the attention thus drawn to his conduct, and the ridicule excited by the contrast between his principles and his practice, led to any perceptible improvement. The truth is, throughout his whole life, Steele, so far as the principles and practices of moral and religious conduct are concerned,

Knew the right, but still the wrong pursued.

In 1701, Steele turned his attention to the drama, and produced a comedy under the title of *The Funeral, or Grief à-la-mode*, in which, with much humor, is combined a moral tendency superior to most of the dramatic pieces of that period. Though personally a rake, he made it a matter of principle, to employ his literary talents only in the service of virtue. In 1703, he produced another successful comedy, *The Tender Husband, or The Accomplished Fools ;* and in the year following was represented his third, entitled, *The Lying Lover ;* the strain of which proved too serious for the public taste. The ill success which attended his last play deterred Steele from again appearing as a dramatist, till 1722, when his admirable comedy, *The Conscious Lovers*, was represented with unbounded applause. 'The great, the appropriate praise of Steele,' says Dr. Drake, 'is to have been the first who, after the licentious age of Charles the Second, endeavored to introduce the Virtues on the stage. He clothed them with the brilliancy of genius; he placed them in a situation the most interesting to the human heart; and he taught the audience not to laugh at, but to execrate vice, to despise the lewd fool and witty rake, to applaud the efforts of the good, and to rejoice in the punishment of the wicked.'

In order to introduce all Steele's dramatic works in connection, we have, in thus early noticing his 'Conscious Lovers,' somewhat anticipated the order of time, in his literary history. Immediately after the failure of 'The Lying Lovers,' which, he says, 'was damned for its piety,' and which to him was a source of deep mortification, he conceived the idea of attacking the vices and follies of the age through the medium of a lively periodical paper. Accordingly, on the twelfth of April, 1709, he commenced the publication of the *Tatler*, a small sheet designed to appear three times a week, 'to expose,' as he stated in his introductory number, 'the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour.' Having now reached his thirty-eighth year, Steele was well qualified, by a thorough knowledge of the world, and a large fund of natural humor, for the task he had undertaken; and his sketches, anecdotes, and remarks, are, accordingly, very entertaining. At first, he endeavored to conceal himself under a foreign name; but he soon became known, and his friend Addison then came in to his assistance, and wrote a few papers for him upon more serious subjects than he himself was able or inclined to discuss, and also with various articles of a humorous character.

When the Tatler had extended to the two hundred and seventy-first number, which was published on the second of January, 1711, Steele was induced, from the inconvenience of writing such a work without personal concealment, to discontinue it, and to commence a publication nearly similar in its plan, and in which he might assume a new disguise. This was the more celebrated *Spectator*, the first number of which appeared on the first of March, 1711. The 'Spectator' was published daily, and each number was invariably a complete essay, without any admixture of politics, which had not been the case with the 'Tatler.' Steele and Addison were united in this work from its commencement, and they obtained considerable assistance from a few other writers, of whom the principal were Thomas Tickell and Eustace Budgell. The greater part of the light and humorous sketches are by Steele; while Addison contributed most of the articles in which there is any grave reflection or elevated feeling. The 'Spectator,' which extended to six hundred and thirty-five numbers, is not only much superior to the 'Tatler,' but stands at the head of all works of the same kind ever produced; and, as a miscellany of polite literature, is not surpassed by any work whatever. It appeared every morning in the form of a single leaf, and was received at the breakfast tables of most persons of taste then living in the metropolis. In 1713, Steele, with the same assistance that he had enjoyed in conducting his previous periodicals, published the *Guardian*, which was also issued daily, and which ranks in merit, between the 'Spectator' and the 'Tatler.'

The beneficial influence of these publications on the piety, morality, manners, and intelligence of the English nation, has been extensive and permanent. When the 'Tatler' first appeared, the ignorance and immorality of the great mass of English society, were gross and disgusting. By the generality of fashionable persons of both sexes, literary and scientific attainments were despised as pedantic and vulgar. On this subject Dr. Johnson, in his life of Addison, remarks, 'That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was then rarely to be found. Men not possessing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and in the female world any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured.' Politics formed almost the only topic of conversation among the gentlemen, and scandal among the ladies; swearing and indecency were fashionable vices; gaming and drunkenness abounded; and the practice of duelling was carried to a most irrational excess. In the theatre, as well as in society, the corruptions of Charles the Second's reign continued to prevail; and men of the highest rank were the habitual encouragers of the most debasing amusements. To the amelioration of this deplorable state of public taste and manners did the 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator,' with zeal and success apply themselves; and in a very short time both public and private virtue and decorum assumed a firmer and received a finer polish from the pure precepts which they inculcated. The acrimony and malevolence that had hitherto attended the discussion of political opinions were greatly mitigated; and the talents which had previously been almost exclusively occupied in controversy, were now directed into channels where elegance and learning mutually assisted in refining the passions.

While conducting the 'Tatler,' Steele occupied the post of Gazette writer under the Whig ministry; and for the support which he gave them he was rewarded, in 1700, with an appointment as one of the commissioners of the Stamp-Office. When the Tories, soon after, came into power, they attempted, by allowing him to retain his office, and holding out the prospect of farther preferment, to win him over to their party; but Steele, true to his principles, resigned the emoluments which he derived from government, and boldly entered into the political warfare which then raged. For his efforts against the Tory party he was, on the accession of George the First, rewarded with the post of surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton, and soon after knighted by the King. His life was passed, from this period, in almost constant political strife and pecuniary embarrassment; and towards its close he retired to an estate which he had obtained through his wife, at Llangunnor, near Caermarthen, in Wales, where he died on the first of September, 1729.

As Steele aimed only at giving his papers in the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' 'an air of common speech,' his style never attained to that accuracy and grace which marked the writings of Addison. Vivacity and ease, with great fertility of invention, both in incidents and characters, are the highest qualities of his compositions. His personages are drawn with dramatic spirit, and with a liveliness and airy facility that blinds the reader to his defects. Illustrative of these remarks we present the following paper from the 'Tatler:'—

AGREEABLE COMPANIONS AND FLATTERERS.

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. O! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I were, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers, is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy, is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclued solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order who are so kind to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you that such one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer (*assentator*) implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, can not be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, by liking whatever you propose to utter; at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities (as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them). It is to be noted that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have, indeed, one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often return the most skillful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a flatterer talking to a coxcomb, whom he cheats out of a livelihood, and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark, 'This fellow has an art of making fools madmen.' The love of flattery is indeed sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it also in persons who otherwise discover no manner of relish of any thing above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves, but always debases the former. A fool is himself the object of pity till he is flattered. By the force of that, his stupidity is raised into affectation, and he becomes of dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a droll, that upon one's saying the times are so ticklish that there must great care be taken what one says in conversation, answered with an air of surliness and honesty, If people will be free, let them be so in the manner that I am, who never abuse a man but to his face. He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore when it was repeated, You abuse a man but to his face? Yes, says he, I flatter him.

It is, indeed, the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that, when Sir Jeffrey falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffery hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practiced upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I can not think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so a flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know, is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone, 'Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

John Hughes, one of the occasional contributors to Steele's periodicals, was born at Marlborough, in Wiltshire, on the twenty-ninth of January, 1677. He was early brought to London, and received the rudiments of his education at a private school; but the weakness of his constitution preventing him from attempting the severer studies of a university, he devoted his attention to the softer pursuits of poetry, music, and drawing; in each of which he made very considerable progress. His acquaintance with the muses and the graces did not, however, render him averse to business, or unfit him for it; for he held a situation in the office of ordnance for several years, and at the time of his death, which occurred on the seventeenth of February, 1719, was secretary for the commissions of the peace under the Earl of Macclesfield, to whom he had been recommended by Lord Chancellor Cowper.

Hughes was of a mild, amiable, contented, and pious disposition, and possessed very considerable abilities as an essayist. He furnished two papers and several letters for the 'Tatler,' eleven papers and thirteen letters for the 'Spectator,' and two papers for the 'Guardian.' At one time he enjoyed very considerable reputation as a poet, but at present his translations only are esteemed. Of his various dramatic pieces, *The Siege of Damascus*, alone has escaped oblivion. This play was successfully brought out at Drury Lane Theatre on the very night of the author's death; and for its elevated tone of morality, pure diction, and imposing imagery, it challenges our warmest admiration. It is not, however, fitted to move the passions; and though still occasionally acted, is not adapted for the stage. His periodical essays are of an order of excellence much superior to his poems or his dramas. They are all written in an easy, correct, and elegant style, exhibiting occasionally wit and humor, and uniformly tending to inculcate the best precepts, both moral and religious. Of the essays we offer the following:—

AMBITION.

If we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing to meet with men who by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance; but it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious: his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive, however, may be still the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes, so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principles, to wit, the desire of being remarkable; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition or a corrupt mind; it does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or weak understanding. As it has been employed in establishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition, therefore, is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It can not be doubted but that there is as great a desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel players as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler.

'Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps or herd had led;
He that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.'

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge: had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since, therefore, no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature which, being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness, as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory; education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outsides and new appearances which the modish part of this world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable, for any thing glaring or particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction, are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses, with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature; for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it can not receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good-nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature; it renders the man who is overrun with it a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, and unsociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance; for this reason, it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. 'A covetous man will call himself poor that you may soothe his vanity by contradicting him.' Love, and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. It is true, the wise man who strikes out of the sacret paths of a private life, for honour and dignity, allured by the splendour of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or not, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement.

It may be thought, then, but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure; and yet if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hope and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security. It is a known story of Domitian, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits in the vigour of youth neither can nor ought to remain at rest; if they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus, if you cut off the top of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not, therefore, cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man, indeed, who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way; but he who is actuated by a nobler principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind; who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground; such a man is warmed with a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought, therefore, to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notices of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy, not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable, well-chosen objects; when these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will, however, prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion, therefore, were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life, is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, corrects love, and elevates desire.

Eustace Budgell, the other principal contributor to the 'Spectator,' was a man of very different character from Hughes. Budgell was born at St. Thomas, near Exeter, in 1685, and educated at Christ's Church College, Oxford. After spending some years at the university, he removed to London and entered the Inner Temple as a student of law; but instead of devoting himself to his legal studies, he surrendered up his entire time and attention to polite literature, and the company of men of fashion. Addison, to whom he was related, patronized him with much kindness, and procured for him several lucrative offices in Ireland; but in 1718, on the appointment of the Duke of Bolton to the Lord Lieutenancy of that kingdom, Budgell was dismissed from office, immediately after which he returned to London, and there passed the remainder of his life. He was a man of extreme vanity, and of revengeful feelings; and a lampoon upon the Irish viceroy was the cause of his disgrace. During the prevalence of the South Sea scheme, he lost a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and subsequently figured principally as a virulent party writer, and an advocate of free-thinking. At length his declining reputation suffered a mortal blow by the charge being established against him, of having forged a testament in his own favor. In 1737, this wretched man, finding life unsupportable, deliberately committed suicide, by leaping from a boat while shooting London Bridge. After his death a slip of paper was found in his bureau, upon which was written—

> What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Can not be wrong.

Thirty-seven numbers of the 'Spectator' are ascribed to Budgell; and though Dr. Johnson says that 'these were either written by Addison, or so much improved by him that they were made in a manner his own,' there seems to be no sufficient authority for the assertion, which, in itself, appears somewhat improbable, as Addison would not be likely to allow another to obtain the credit due to himself. It is true that the style and humor resemble those of Addison; but as the two writers were much together, a successful attempt on Budgell's part to imitate the productions of his friend, was probable enough. The contributions of Budgell to the 'Spectator' were distinguished by the letter X; and of these the one on *The Art of Growing Rich* is perhaps the best.

From these essayists we pass to notice the remaining prose writers of this period, who are Mandeville, Shaftesbury, Echard, Potter, Kennett, Bolingbroke, Clarke, Hoadly, Berkeley, and Lady Montagu. Though some of these are writers of very considerable eminence, still the limited space that we have reserved for them will compel us to be very brief in our remarks.

BERNARD MANDEVILLE was born of English parents, in Holland, in 1670, and in that country received his education, and took his degree as a doctor of medicine. He was a nervous and graphic writer, but unfortunately squandered, upon lax and useless speculations, powers that would have admirably fitted him for a novel writer or essayist. On his arrival in England he commenced the practice of his profession, and from time to time sent forth different publications, which, however, for want of intrinsic merit soon fell into obscurity. In 1723, he produced his celebrated *Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices made Public Benefits*, which was soon rendered conspicuous by being presented by the grand jury of Middlesex, on account of its immoral and pernicious tendency. Bishop Berkeley answered the arguments of the Fable, and Mandeville replied in *Letters to Dion*. He also published

Free Thoughts on Religion, and *An Inquiry into the Origin of Honour, and the Usefulness of Christianity in War*. His death occurred in January 1733, soon after this last publication appeared.

Mandeville's satires, though general, frequently exhibit strong and lively pictures. He describes the faults and corruptions of different professions and forms of society, and then attempts to show that they are subservient to the grandeur and worldly happiness of the whole. 'If mankind,' says he, 'could be cured of the failings they are naturally guilty of, they would cease to be capable of forming vast, potent, and polite societies.' His object was chiefly to *divert* the reader, being apparently conscious that mankind are not to be reasoned out of their follies. He believed that charity schools, and all sorts of education, are, to the lower classes, injurious; and hence the low and degrading view which he takes of human nature. In this particular he strongly reminds one of Dean Swift. As a specimen of Mandeville's style, we present the following extract:—

POMP AND SUPERFLUITY.

If the great ones of the clergy, as well as the laity, of any country whatever, had no value for earthly pleasures, and did not endeavour to gratify their appetites, why are envy and revenge so raging among them, and all the other passions, improved and refined upon in courts of princes more than anywhere else; and why are their repasts, their recreations, and whole manner of living, always such as are approved of, coveted, and imitated by the most sensual people of the same country? If, despising all visible decorations, they were only in love with the embellishments of the mind, why should they borrow so many of the implements, and make use of the most darling toys, of the luxurious? Why should a lord treasurer, or a bishop, or even the Grand Signior, or the Pope of Rome, to be good and virtuous, and endeavour the conquest of his passions, have occasion for greater revenues, richer furniture, or a more numerous attendance as to personal service, than a private man? What virtue is it the exercise of which requires so much pomp and superfluity as are to be seen by all men in power? A man has as much opportunity to practice temperance that has but one dish at a meal, as he that is constantly served with three courses and a dozen dishes in each. One may exercise as much patience and be full of self-denial on a few flocks, without curtains or tester, as in a velvet bed that is sixteen foot high. The virtuous possessions of the mind are neither charge nor burden: a man may bear misfortunes with fortitude in a garret, forgive injuries a-foot, and be chaste, though he has not a shirt to his back; and therefore I shall never believe but that an indifferent sculler, if he was intrusted with it, might carry all the learning and religion that one man can contain, as well as a barge with six oars, especially if it was but to cross from Lambeth to Westminster; or that humility is so ponderous a virtue, that it requires six horses to draw it.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London, in 1671. After a careful private education, he travelled for some time on the continent, and on his return to England, in 1693, entered the House of Commons. Five years afterwards he repaired to Holland, and cultivated the society of Bayle and Le Clerc. On his return he succeeded to the earldom, and spoke frequently in the House of Lords. All his parliamentary appearances were creditable to his talents, and honorable to his taste and feelings. His first publication appeared in 1708, and was *A Letter on Enthusiasm*, prompted by the extravagance of the French prophets, whose zeal had degenerated into intolerance. In 1709, appeared his *Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody*, and *Sensus Communis*, an essay upon the freedom of wit and humor. In this latter production he vindicates the use of ridicule as a test of truth. In 1710 he published another slight work, *A Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author*. Soon afterwards ill health compelled him to seek a warmer climate; and he fixed on Naples, where his death occurred in February, 1713, at the early age of forty-two. A complete collection of his works was published in 1716, under the general title of *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*.

The style of Lord Shaftesbury is lofty and musical. He bestowed so great pains on the construction of his sentences, that the labor is apparent. Desirous also of blending the nobleman and man of the world, with the author, a tone of assumption and familiarity deforms some of his arguments and illustrations. He was an ardent admirer of the ancients, and in his dialogue entitled 'The Moralists,' has adopted, in a great measure, the elevated style of his favorite Plato. With those who hold in like estimation the works of that 'divine philosopher,' and who are willing to exchange continuity, precision, and simplicity, for melody, and stateliness of diction, 'The Moralists' can not fail to be regarded with enthusiastic admiration.

As a moralist, Lord Shaftesbury holds a very conspicuous place. He was the founder of that school of philosophers by whom virtue and vice are regarded as naturally and fundamentally distinct, and who consider man to be endowed with a 'moral sense' by which these are discriminated, and at once approved of or condemned, without reference to the self-interest of him who judges. In opposition to Hobbes, he maintains that the nature of man is such as to lead to the exercise of benevolent and disinterested affections in the social state; and he earnestly inculcates the doctrine, that virtue is more conducive than vice to the temporal happiness of those who practice it. He speaks of 'conscience, or a natural sense of the odiousness of crime and injustice;' and remarks, that as, in the case of objects of the external senses, 'the shapes, motions, colors, and proportions of these latter being presented to our eye, there necessarily results a beauty or deformity, according to the different measure, arrangement, and disposition of the several parts; so, in behaviour and actions, when presented to our understanding, there must be found, of necessity, an apparent difference, according to the regularity and irregularity of the subject. The mind,' says he, 'feels the soft and harsh, the agreeable and disagreeable, in the affections; and finds a foul and fair, a harmonious and dissonant, as really and truly here as in any musical numbers, or in the outward forms or representations of sensible things. Nor can it withhold its admiration and ecstacy, its aversion and scorn, any more in what relates to one than to the other of these subjects. However false or corrupt it be within itself, it finds the difference, as to beauty and comeliness, between one heart and another; and accordingly, in all disinterested cases, must approve in some measure of what is natural and honest, and disapprove what is dishonest and corrupt.' This doctrine has been successfully followed out by Dr. Hutcheson of Glasgow, and subsequently adopted and illustrated by Reid, Stewart, and Brown.

The religious tendency of Lord Shaftesbury's writings has been the subject of frequent and extensive discussion. That he was a decided and powerful opponent of atheism, is universally admitted; and he would doubtless have opposed Christianity with equal warmth and energy, had not its nominal profession then been fashionable. In his 'Characteristics' he speaks of revelation, a future state, and other Christian doctrines, in such a manner as to justify Dr. Leland in including him among deistical writers. We close our remarks upon the Earl of Shaftesbury with the following extract from 'The Moralist:'—

PLATONIC REPRESENTATION OF THE SCALE OF BEAUTY AND LOVE.

I have now a better idea of that melancholy you discovered; and, notwithstanding the humorous turn you were pleased to give it, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of those fantastical causes I then assigned to it. Love, doubtless, is at the bottom, but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire.

Here, in my turn, I began to raise my voice, and imitate the solemn way you had been teaching me. Knowing as you are (continued I), well knowing and experienced in all the degrees and orders of beauty, in all the mysterious charms of the particular forms, you rise to what is more general; and with a larger heart, and mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest in the kind. Not captivated by the lineaments of a fair face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life itself, and embrace rather the mind which adds the lustre, and renders chiefly amiable.

Nor is the enjoyment of such a single beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties; and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general harmony is composed, and common weal established. Nor satisfied even with public good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affections seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence, and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites; whatever civilizes or polishes rude mankind; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature; these are its delightful prospects, and this the charm of beauty which attracts it.

Still ardent in this pursuit (such is its love of order and perfection,) it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part, but extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and affects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a just and wise administration. And since all hope of this were vain and idle, if no Universal Mind presided; since, without such a supreme intelligence and providential care, the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order happily sustained.

This, Palemon, is the labour of your soul; and this its melancholy: when unsuccessfully pursuing the supreme beauty, it meets with darkening clouds which intercepts its sight. Monsters arise, not those from Libyan deserts, but from the heart of man more fertile, and with their horrid aspects cast an unseemly reflection upon nature. She, helpless as she is thought, and working thus absurdly, is contemned, the government of the world arraigned, and Deity made void. Much is alleged in answer, to show why nature errs; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see various interests mixed and interfering; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed one to another, and in their different operations submitted, the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things, that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarieties; whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms, a resignation is required—a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts; and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form, a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world!—that world, Palemon, which even now transported you, when the sun's fainting light gave way to these bright constellations, and left you this wide system to contemplate.

Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to any thing below. The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires, or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathizes often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds inclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such prevertible organs?

Here, then, is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there aught in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis *good* which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.

LAURENCE ECHARD, an English historian and divine, was born at Bassam, Suffolkshire, in 1671, and educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his master's degree, in 1695. He entered into orders, and soon after obtained the livings of Welton and Elkington, in Lincolnshire; and in 1712 he was preferred to the archdeaconry of Stowe, and became also a prebendary in the cathedral of Lincoln. His leisure was devoted to historical and other literary pursuits; and he published a *History of England*, a *General*

Ecclesiastical History, a *History of Rome*, a *General Gazetteer*, and also translations of Plautus and Terence. After passing many years in the faithful discharge of his professional duties, his declining state of health compelled him to go to Scarborough for the benefit of the waters; but he died by the way, in his chariot, on the sixteenth of August, 1730.

Echard's History of England was attacked by Calamy and others, but it long maintained its ground as a text book, and a work of general reference. His Ecclesiastical History has been often reprinted, and is still regarded as a reliable compilation of the events of which it treats.

JOHN POTTER, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, was the son of a linen-draper, at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and was born in 1674. At fourteen years of age he entered the university of Oxford, and soon became distinguished for his attainments in the Greek language. In 1694 he was chosen fellow of Lincoln College, and soon after went into orders. Through various church preferments he passed with great celebrity, and, in 1737, succeeded Dr. Wake as Archbishop of Canterbury. His death occurred in 1747, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The most valuable of Dr. Potter's literary performances, is his work on the *Antiquities of Greece*. The researches of modern philologists have greatly enriched this department of literature; but Potter led the way, and supplied a ground-work for future scholars. He also successfully edited the writings of Lycophron, and wrote a number of original works, consisting of treatises and discourses on church government, and other theological subjects, all of which were published at Oxford, in 1753. With the learning of the English hierarchy, Dr. Potter united too much of the pomp and pride which occasionally mark its dignitaries: he disinherited his eldest son for marrying below his rank.

BASIL KENNETT was born at Postling, in Kent, on the twenty-first of October, 1674. In 1690, he entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by his uncommon abilities, and rapid advances in classical learning. He took the degree of master of arts in 1696, was chosen fellow of his college the same year, and soon after produced his *Romæ Antiquæ Notitia*, or the *Antiquities of Rome*. This work performed the same service for Roman antiquities that Archbishop Potter's did for Grecian. For nearly a century it was regarded as the standard work on the subject of which it treats; but it has recently been superseded by the *Roman Antiquities* of Dr. Adams. In 1706, Kennett, having previously entered into orders, was appointed chaplain to the English factory at Leghorn, where he no sooner arrived than he met with the greatest opposition from the Papists, and was in danger of the Inquisition. He remained at Leghorn until 1713, when ill health compelled him to return to his own country, for the benefit of his native air. The year after he arrived in England, he was elected president of his college, and made doctor of divinity; but died soon after, of a disease which he had contracted in Italy.

Kennett was greatly esteemed by his contemporaries, for his learning, piety, and modesty, and was a writer of much more than ordinary excellence. Besides his 'Roman Antiquities,' he wrote *Lives of the Grecian Poets*, an *Exposition of the Creed*, and a collection of sermons.

HENRY ST. JOHN, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke, was descended from an ancient family, and was born at Battersea, Surrey, in 1672. His early education was conducted with great strictness, under the care, as is supposed, of a Presbyterian clergyman; and having afterwards passed successfully through Eton school, he thence entered Christ's Church College, Oxford, where he greatly distinguished himself for the soundness of his understanding, and the extent of his learning. After some years passed in dissipation, he reformed his habits, entered parliament, and became successively, secretary of war, and secretary of state. In 1712, he was elevated to the peerage by being created Viscount Bolingbroke. On the death of Queen Anne, the seals of office were taken from him, and he was threatened with impeachment for the share he had taken in negotiating the treaty of Utrecht. Bolingbroke retired to France, and entered into the Pretender's service, as secretary. His heart, however, was evidently not in this business; and he therefore soon became unpopular with the party with whom he now acted, and was accused, by them, of neglect and incapacity. Dismissed from his second secretaryship, he had recourse to literature, and produced his *Reflection son Exile*, and a *Letter to Sir William Wyndham*, containing a defence of his conduct.

In 1723, Bolingbroke obtained a full pardon, and returned to England; but though his family inheritance was restored to him, he was excluded from the House of Lords. He then commenced an active opposition to secretary Walpole, and wrote a number of political tracts against the Whig ministry. In 1735 he retired again to France, and resided there seven years, during which time he produced his *Letters on the Study of History*, and a *Letter on the True Use of Retirement.* He once more returned to his native country, took up his residence at Battersea, and there remained until his death, which occurred on the fifteenth of November, 1751.

In 1749, Bolingbroke's *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*, and *Idea of a Patriot King*, with a preface by David Mallet, appeared, and immediately led to a bitter and acrimonious war of pamphlets. Bolingbroke's treatise had been put into the hands of Pope, that he might have a few copies printed for private circulation. After the death of Pope, it was discovered that fifteen hundred copies had been printed, and this Bolingbroke affected to consider a heinous breach of trust. Pope's conduct in the transaction, must however, be attributed to admiration for his friend; for he had 'not only expended his time in correcting the work, but his money in printing it, without any possibility of deriving from it either credit or advantage.'

After Bolingbroke's death, Mallet, to whom he had left all his manuscripts, published a complete edition of his works, in five volumes. A series of essays on religion and philosophy, first published in this collection, disclosed the noble author as an opponent of Christianity. Of lofty irregular views and character, vain, ambitious, and vindictive, yet eloquent and imaginative, we may admire, but can not love, Bolingbroke. The friendship of Pope was the brightest gem in his coronet; yet by one ungrateful and unfeeling act, he sullied its lustre, and

> Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe.

The style of Bolingbroke is declamatory and impetuous; but the expression is often vivid and felicitous, with a power of moral painting that presents, with great distinctness, pictures to the eye of the mind. In the following letter to Swift, he thus finely moralizes:—

My dear Dean,

We are both in the decline of life, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us; let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. We may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall, of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm; that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable, so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would ill defend me in the scuffle.

A much loftier spirit of philosophy pervades the following eloquent sentence, on the independence of the mind with respect to external circumstances and situations:—

Believe me the Providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, lies most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature—the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We

> shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons; and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

Samuel Clarke, one of the most distinguished divines, scholars, and metaphysicians of any age or country, was born at Norwich, on the eleventh of October, 1675. His mind was so remarkably premature that his powers of reflection and abstraction were developed when he was yet a mere boy. 'One of his parents,' says Whiston, his biographer, 'asked him, when he was very young, Whether God could do every thing? He answered Yes! He was asked again, Whether God could tell a lie? He answered No! And he understood the question to suppose that this was the only thing that God could not do; nor durst he say, so young was he then, that he thought there was any thing else which God could not do; while yet he well remembered, that he had even then a clear conviction in his own mind, that, there was one thing which God could not do—that he could not annihilate that space which was in the room where they were.' This opinion concerning the necessary existence of space became, thenceforth, a leading feature in the mind of the future philosopher.

After thorough preparation in classical learning at the free-school of his native town, Clarke entered Caius College, Cambridge, where his wonderful genius and great abilities soon began to display themselves. He devoted his especial attention to natural philosophy, and pursued that subject with such success, that in his twenty-second year he published an excellent translation of Rohault's Physics, with notes, in which he advocated the Newtonian system, although that of Descartes was taught by Rohault, whose work was, at that time, the text-book in the university. The work immediately became the standard text for lectures, and four editions of Clarke's translation were required before it ceased to be used in the university; but at length it was superseded by treatises in which the Newtonian philosophy was avowedly adopted.

Having taken orders, Clarke found a friend and patron in Dr. Moore, bishop of Norwich, who appointed him, in 1698, his chaplain. In the early part of his ministerial career he published three practical essays, one on *Baptism*, one on *Confirmation*, and one on *Repentance;* and also wrote pharaphrases of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The bishop now bestowed upon him a living at Norwich; and his reputation was so high that, in 1704, he was appointed to preach the Boyle lecture. He selected as the subject of his first course of lectures, the *Being and Attributes of God;* and the second year he chose the *Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion.* The lectures were soon afterwards published, and immediately attracted notice and controversy, from their containing the author's celebrated argument *a priori* for the existence of God, the germ of which is comprised in a *Scholium* annexed to Newton's 'Principia.' According to Sir Isaac Newton and his scholar, as immensity and eternity are not *substances*, but *attributes*, the immense and eternal Being, whose attributes they are, must also, of necessity, exist. The existence of God, therefore, is a truth that follows with demonstrative evidence from those conceptions of space and time which are inseparable from the human mind. Dugald Stewart, though considering that Clarke, in pursuing this lofty argument, soared into regions where he was lost in the clouds, admits the grandness of the conception, and its connection with the principles of natural religion.

The next subject that engaged the attention of Clarke, was a *Defence of the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul.* He also translated Newton's Optics into Latin, for which he received, from the author, five hundred pounds. In 1709, he obtained the rectory of St. James, Westminster, took the degree of doctor of divinity, and was made chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. In 1712, he edited a splendid edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, with corrections and emendations, and also gave to the world an elaborate treatise on the Scripture doctrine of the Trinity. In 1724, he published a series of seventeen sermons; many of which are excellent, while others are tinctured with his metaphysical predilections. In 1729, Clarke published the first twelve books of the 'Illiad,' with a Latin version and copious annotations; and Homer has, perhaps, never had a more judicious or acute commentator. The last literary efforts of this indefatigable scholar were devoted to drawing up an *Exposition of the Church Catechism*, and preparing several volumes of sermons for the press. These were not published till after his death, which occurred on the seventeenth of May, 1729.

The various talents and learning of Dr. Clarke, and his easy, cheerful disposition, attracted the highest admiration and esteem of his contemporaries. As a metaphysician, he was inferior to Locke in comprehensiveness and originality, but possessed more skill and logical foresight; and he is justly celebrated for the boldness and ability with which he placed himself in the breach against the Necessitarians and Fatalists of his age. His speculations on moral doctrines are over-refined, being colored by his fondness for mathematical studies, in forgetfulness that mental philosophy can not, like physical, be demonstrated by axioms and definitions in the manner of the exact sciences. His style, of which we give the following specimen, is easy and perspicuous, but not remarkable for its elegance:—

NATURAL AND ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

The principal thing that can, with any colour of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil, is the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters; and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But as, in painting, two very different colours, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other, that it shall not be possible even for a skillful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins; and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degrees only, but entirely in kind, as red and blue, or white and black: so, though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases (which yet are very far from occurring frequently) to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust (and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations), yet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different; even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man, having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions thay shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed, no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them, in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have authorized or excused, much less have justified such actions, and have made them become good: because 'tis plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please. Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, can not but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest, and nicest, and most intricate cases, though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many perplexed cases, it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally, that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different, even in the most flagrant cases that can be supposed; which is an assertion so very absurd, that Mr. Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his shifting expressions, his secret self-condemnation. There are, therefore, certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, not depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the differences of the things themselves.

Benjamin Hoadly, successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, was the son of the Rev. Samuel Hoadly, master of the public grammar-school of Norwich, and was born at Westerham, in Kent, on the fourteenth of November, 1676. He was educated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and afterward became fellow of his college. Having taken orders, he was preferred, in 1704, to the rectory of St. Peter-le-Poor, London, and two years after attacked a sermon by Atterbury, and thus incurred the enmity of Swift and Pope. He defended the revolution of 1688, and attacked the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience with such vigor and perseverance, that, in 1709, the House of Commons recommended him to the favor of the queen. Her majesty did not, however, comply with their request; but her successor, George the First, elevated him to the see of Bangor. Shortly after his elevation, Hoadly published a work against the nonjurors, and a sermon preached before the king at St. James's, on the *Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ.* The latter excited a long and vehement dispute, known as the Bangorian Controversy, in which many tracts were published. The Lower House of Convocation took up Hoadly's works with warmth, and passed a censure upon them, as calculated to subvert the government and discipline of the church, and to impugn and impeach the royal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical. The controversy was conducted with unbecoming violence, and several bishops and other grave divines forgot the dignity of their station, and the spirit of Christian charity, in the heat of party warfare.

This controversy seems the more singular, as there was nothing whatever in Bishop Hoadly's sermon injurious to the established endowments and privileges, nor to the discipline and government of the English church, even in theory. This controversy embraced also the question of religious liberty as a civil right, which the convocation explicitly denied; and the much debated idea of the right to the exercise of private judgment in religious matters. The style of Hoadly's controversial treatises is strong and logical, but without any of the graces of composition; and hence they have fallen into comparative oblivion. There can be no doubt, however, that the independent and liberal position that he maintained, aided by his station in the church, tended materially to stem the torrent of slavish submission which, at that time, prevailed in the church of England.

Besides the writings already alluded to, bishop Hoadly produced several other works, as *Terms of Acceptance*, *Reasonableness of Conformity*, *Treatise on the Sacrament*, and numerous sermons. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-five, and died on the seventeenth of April, 1761. Of his sermons the following extract is a fair specimen:—

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST NOT OF THIS WORLD.

If, therefore, the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ, it is essential to it that Christ himself be the sole lawgiver and sole judge of his subjects, in all points relating to the favour or displeasure of Almighty God; and that all his subjects, in what station soever they may be, are equally subjects to him; and that no one of them, any more than another, hath authority either to make new laws for Christ's subjects, or to impose a sense upon the old ones, which is the same thing; or to judge, censure, or punish the servants of another master, in matters relating purely to conscience or salvation. If any person hath any other notion, either through a long use of words with inconsistent meanings, or through negligence of thought, let him but ask himself whether the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ or not; and if it be, whether this notion of it doth not absolutely exclude all other legislators and judges in matters relating to conscience or favour of God, or whether it can be his kingdom if any mortal men have such a power of legislation and judgment in it. This inquiry will bring us back to the first, which is the only true account of the church of Christ, or the kingdom of Christ, in the mouth of a Christian; that it is the number of men, whether small or great, whether dispersed or united, who truly and sincerely are subjects to Jesus Christ alone as their lawgiver and judge in matters relating to the favour of God and their eternal salvation.

The next principal point is, that, if the church be the kingdom of Christ, and this 'kingdom be not of this world,' this must appear from the nature and end of the laws of Christ, and of those rewards and punishments which are the sanctions of his laws. Now, his laws are declarations relating to the favour of God in another state after this. They are declarations of those conditions to be performed in this world on our part, without which God will not make us happy in that to come. And they are almost all general appeals to the will of that God; to his nature, known by the common reason of mankind, and to the imitation of that nature which must be our perfection. The keeping his commandments is declared the way to life, and the doing his will the entrance into the kingdom of heaven. The being subjects to Christ, is to this very end, that we may the better and more effectually perform the will of God. The laws of this kingdom, therefore, as Christ left them, have nothing of this world in their view; no tendency either to the exaltation of some in worldly pomp and dignity, or to their absolute dominion over the faith and religious conduct of others of his subjects, or to the erection of any sort of temporal kingdom under the covert and name of a spiritual one.

The sanctions of Christ's law are rewards and punishments. But of what sort? Not the rewards of this world; not the offices or glories of this state; not the pains of prisons, banishments, fines, or any lesser and more moderate penalties; nay, not the much lesser negative discouragements that belong to human society. He was far from thinking that these could be the instruments of such a persuasion as he thought acceptable to God. But, as the great end of his kingdom was to guide men to happiness after the short images of it were over here below, so he took his motives from that place where his kingdom first began, and where it was last to end; from those rewards and punishments in a future state, which had no relation to this world; and to show that his kingdom was not of this world; all the sanctions which he thought fit to give to his laws were not of this world at all.

St. Paul understood this so well, that he gives an account of his own conduct, and that of others in the same station, in these words: 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men:' whereas, in too many Christian countries since his days, if some who profess to succeed him were to give an account of their own conduct, it must be in a quite contrary strain: 'Knowing the terrors of this world, and having them in our power, we do not persuade men, but force their outward professions against their inward persuasions!'

Now, wherever this is practiced, whether in a great degree or a small, in that place there is so far a change from a kingdom which is not of this world, to a kingdom which is of this world. As soon as ever you hear of any engines of this world, whether of the greater or lesser sort, you must immediately think that then, and so far, the kingdom of this world takes place. For, if the very essence of God's worship be spirit and truth, if religion be virtue and charity, under the belief of a Supreme Governor and Judge, if true real faith can not be the effect of force, and if there can be no reward where there is no willing choice—then, in all or any of these cases, to apply force or flattery, worldly pleasure or pain, is to act contrary to the interests of true religion, as it is plainly opposite to the maxims upon which Christ founded his kingdom; who choose the motives which are not of this world, to support a kingdom which is not of this world. And, indeed, it is too visible to be hid, that wherever the rewards and punishments are changed from future to present, from the world to come to the world now in possession, there the kingdom founded by our Saviour is, in the nature of it, so far changed, that it is become, in such a degree, what he professed his kingdom was not—that is, of this world; of the same sort with other common earthly kingdoms, in which the rewards are worldly honours, posts, offices, pomp, attendance, dominion; and the punishments are prisons, fines, banishments, galleys, and racks, or something less of the same sort.

George Berkeley, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, and to whom Pope assigned 'every virtue under heaven,' was born at Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenney, Ireland, on the twelfth of March, 1684. He was educated at Dublin university, where he remarkably distinguished himself by his proficiency in mathematical studies; and in 1707, became a fellow of Trinity College. In 1709, he published his *Theory of Vision;* in the following year, *The Principles of Human Knowledge;* and in 1713, appeared his *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, in which his ideal system was developed in language singularly animated and imaginative. These publications introduced him to the acquaintance of Swift, Pope, Steele, and other members of that brilliant circle, by all of whom he seems to have been greatly beloved.

In 1713, Berkeley, having previously taken orders, and been promoted to the deanery of Clogher, accompanied the Earl of Peterborough, as chaplain and secretary, in his embassy to Sicily; and afterwards travelled on the continent as tutor to the son of the Bishop of Clogher, with whom he remained abroad between four and five years. On his return, he published a Latin tract, *De Motu*, and an essay on the fatal South Sea scheme, both of which were well received. In 1720, Pope introduced him to the Earl of Burlington, and by that nobleman he was recommended to the Duke of Grafton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland. His grace made Berkeley his chaplain, and afterwards appointed him to the deanery of Derry. It soon became evident, however, that personal aggrandizement was never an object of interest with the benevolent philosopher. He had long cherished a project, which he now announced as a 'Scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' Anticipating no difficulties, he communicated his enthusiastic scheme to others, and even obtained, from Sir Robert Walpole, the promise of twenty thousand pounds to purchase the grounds required, and to erect suitable buildings. While Berkeley's mind glowed, and his heart swelled with the visions of his literary and religious triumphs in the New World, he wrote the following fine verses, expressive of his brilliant anticipations:—

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,

In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

In 1728, Berkeley sailed for Rhode Island, and there remained for some years, awaiting the remittance of the money promised by Walpole; but the minister proved faithless to his pledge, and the philosopher was compelled, disappointed, to return to Europe. While in America he composed *The Minute Philosopher*, a series of moral and philosophical dialogues, which he published in 1732. He soon after attracted the attention of Queen Caroline, and in 1734 was appointed to the bishopric of Cloyne, in Ireland. Some useful tracts were afterwards published by him, including one on tar-water, which he considered to possess high medinical qualities. His last work is entitled, *The Querist; containing several Queries proposed to the Consideration of the Public.* In 1752, he removed, with his family, to Oxford, to superintend the education of his sons; and conscious of the impropriety of residing apart from his diocess, he endeavored to exchange his bishopric for some canonry, or college, at Oxford. Not succeeding in this project, he proposed to resign his bishopric; but the king declared he should die a bishop, though he gave him liberty to reside where he pleased. This incident is highly honorable to both parties. On the fourteenth of January, 1753, the good prelate died suddenly at his residence at Oxford, and his remains were interred in Christ Church, where a monument was erected to his memory.

The life of Bishop Berkeley presents a striking picture of patient labor and romantic enthusiasm, of learning and genius, benevolence and worth. His works form an important landmark in metaphysical science. At first his valuable and original 'Theory of Vision' was considered a philosophical romance, yet his doctrines are now incorporated with every system of optics. His style is clear and unaffected, with the easy grace of the polished philosopher. A love of description and of external nature is evinced at times, and possesses something of the freshness of old Izaak Walton. The following extract is taken from 'An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain,' written soon after the affair of the South Sea scheme:—

INDUSTRY.

Industry is the natural sure way to wealth; this is so true, that it is impossible an industrious free people should want the necessaries and comforts of life, or an idle enjoy them under any form of government. Money is so far useful to the public, as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect, is of the same value with money; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand, without producing labour and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.

It is not impossible for cunning men to make such plausible schemes, as may draw those who are less skillful into their own and the public ruin. But surely there is no man of sense and honesty but must see and own, whether he understands the game or not, that it is an evident folly for any people, instead of prosecuting the old honest methods of industry and frugality, to sit down to a public gaming-table and play off their money one to another.

The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in that state: this is as evident as the ruin that attends it. Besides, when money is shifted from hand to hand in such a blind fortuitous manner, that some men shall from nothing acquire in an instant vast estates, without the least desert; while others are as suddenly stripped of plentiful fortunes, and left on the parish by their own avarice and credulity, what can be hoped for on the one hand but abandoned luxury and wantonness, or on the other but extreme madness and despair?

In short, all projects for growing rich by sudden and extraordinary methods, as they operate violently on the passions of men, and encourage them to despise the slow moderate gains that are to be made by an honest industry, must be ruinous to the public, and even the winners themselves will at length be involved in the public ruin. * *

God grant the time be not near when men shall say, 'This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearance, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies to luxury, tender of other men's lives and prodigal of their own; inferior in nothing to the old Greeks or Romans, and superior to each of those people in the perfections of the other. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted Epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the writer with whom we shall close our remarks on the present period, was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1690. She was educated, like her brothers, in the Latin, Greek, and French languages, with each of which she became entirely familiar. In 1712, she married Edward Wortley Montagu, and on her husband being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles of London, and secured the friendship of Addison, Pope, Gay, and other distinguished literati of that period. Her personal beauty, and the charms of her conversation were, at that time, unrivalled. In 1716, her husband was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him to Constantinople. During the journey, and her residence in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Pope, and others, delineating European and Turkish scenery and manners with accuracy and minuteness. On observing, among the villages in Turkey, the practice of inoculating for the small-pox, she became convinced of its utility and efficacy, and applied it to her own son, at that time about three years old. By great exertions, Lady Mary afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England, and from that country it has spread throughout the civilized world.

In 1718, Lady Mary's husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and, by the advice of Pope, settled at Twickenham. The rival wits did not, however, long continue friends. Pope seems to have entertained for Lady Mary a passion warmer than friendship; and on one occasion he is said to have made a tender *declaration* to her, which threw the lady into an immoderate fit of laughter, and made the sensitive poet ever afterwards her implacable enemy. In 1739, her health having declined, Lady Mary again left England, and after visiting Rome, Naples, and other prominent places, she finally settled at Louverre, in the Venetian territory, whence she corresponded freely and fully with her female friends and relations. Montagu died in 1761, immediately after which Lady Mary returned to England, but she did not long survive her husband, as her own death occurred on the twenty-first of August, 1762.

Few persons of any age or country ever united more solid sense and learning, to wit, fancy, and lively powers of description, than Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In epistolary composition she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior. Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, pure, and delightful; but if we consider the variety and novelty of the objects described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of anecdote and observation they display, the just reflections that spring out of them, and the happy clearness and idiomatic grace of her style, we shall hesitate about placing her below any letter-writer that England ever produced. Her letters, it is true, may sometimes betray a want of feminine softness and delicacy; but that is attributable rather to the *fashion of the times*, than to any defect in her taste. Of these incomparable letters we present the following :—

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.—ON MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

* * If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily

give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good-humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gayety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Any body capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not forever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true volupté) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and you will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with every thing else. I am not now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do any thing injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE—ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

Louverre, Jany. 28, *N. S.*, 1753.

Dear Child—You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes.

If there is any thing in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr. Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England; I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of showing it; and his uncle, the present Duke of Argyll, has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable, but desirous of learning; in that case by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education; your prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so), without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain: thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she can not advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject: first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph, I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiary was very unlucky to fall into my hands; that author being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her (and which is absolutely necessary), is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, besides the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken: it is only inevitable accident that has given me my reputation that way. I have always carefully avoided it, and ever thought it a misfortune. The explanation of this paragraph would occasion a long digression, which I will not trouble you with, it being my present design only to say what I think useful for the instruction of my granddaughter, which I have much at heart. If she has the same inclination (I should say passion) for learning I was born with, history, geography, and philosophy will furnish her with materials to pass away cheerfully a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, but the result of them is not difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity. Do not fear this should make her affect the character of Lady ——, or Lady ——, or Mrs. —— ; those women are ridiculous, not because they have learning, but because they have it not. One thinks herself a complete historian, after reading Echard's Roman History; another a profound philosopher, having got by heart some of Pope's *unintelligible* essays; and a third an able divine, on the strength of Whitfield's sermons; thus you hear them screaming politics and controversy.

It is a saying of Thucydides, that ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learning. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learned. My over-eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She can not have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear that you are one); hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer, than any marriage. In a lottery where there is (at the lowest computation) ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you (as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity), I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter; she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention; and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy, that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

Lecture the Thirty-Sixth.

ISAAC WATTS—EDWARD YOUNG—WILLIAM OLDYS—RICHARD SAVAGE—ROBERT BLAIR—JOHN DYER—DAVID MALLET—JAMES THOMSON—ROBERT DODSLEY.

THE period upon which we now enter, extending from the close of the reign of George the Second to the commencement of the nineteenth century, produced more men of letters, as well as more men of science, than any other epoch, of similar extent, in the past literary history of England. It was also a time during which greater progress was made in diffusing literature among the people at large, than had been made, perhaps, throughout all the ages that went before it. Yet while letters, and the cultivators of letters, were thus abundant, it must be conceded that the age was not, by any means, marked by such striking features of originality or vigor as some of the preceding eras. 'Perhaps,' in the language of Sir William Temple, 'the multitude of assistances afforded in all kinds of composition rather depresses than favours, the exertions of native genius.' 'It is very possible,' proceeds that ingenious author, 'that men may lose rather than gain by these; may lessen the force of their own genius, by forming it upon that of others; may have less knowledge of their own, for contenting themselves with that of those before them. Who can tell,' he adds, 'whether learning may not weaken invention, in a man that has great advantages from nature? Whether the weight and number of so many other men's thoughts and notions may not suppress his own; as heaping on wood sometimes suppresses a little spark, that would otherwise have grown into a flame.' In the case of ordinary intellects this may, no doubt, be true; but where the higher powers of genius are possessed, they will, as in the case of Milton, spurn the trammelling of acquired knowledge, to whatever extent it may be carried.

While these remarks are applicable to the great mass of poets of the period upon which we are now entering, the age affords a few noble exceptions; such as Watts, Young, Thomson, Gray, Collins, Akenside, Goldsmith, Beattie, Cowper, and a few others whose names the sequel will develop. Watts had much vigor and activity of imagination, as the 'Dacian Battle' abundantly proves; and had he devoted his powers chiefly to poetry, he would have occupied a higher place among his contemporary poets. Young, in his best performances—his startling denunciations of death and judgment, his solemn appeals, his piety, and his epigram—was strikingly original. Thomson's enthusiastic descriptions of nature, and his warm poetical feeling, seemed to revive the spirit of the elder muse, and to assert the dignity of genuine inspiration. Gray and Collins aimed at the dazzling imagery and magnificence of lyrical poetry, and were both eminently successful. Akenside descanted on the operations of the mind, and the associated charms of taste and genius, in a strain of melodious and original blank verse. Goldsmith blended morality and philosophy with a beautiful simplicity of expression and numbers, pathetic imagery, and natural description. Beattie portrayed the romantic hopes and aspirations of youthful genius in a style formed from imitation of Spenser; and Cowper completed what Thomson had begun. In our remarks upon the poets of this period, though we shall not include all the names that have descended to us, dignified with that title, we shall omit none whose literary history is important or instructive.

ISAAC WATTS, whose sweet lyric strains are familiar to every English heart capable of sympathizing with the spirit of pure Christianity, was born at Southampton, on the seventeenth of July, 1674. His father kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen; and besides being remarkable for piety, was in such circumstances as to afford his son all the advantages of a liberal education. Isaac's studies were commenced at home; and so precocious was his understanding that he began his Latin grammar when he was only four years of age. He was afterwards taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew by the Rev. Mr. Pinhorn, master of the free-school at Southampton, to whom the gratitude of his scholar, some time after, inscribed a Latin ode. His proficiency at school was so conspicuous that a great desire was evinced by his friends to have him go to the university; but he declared his resolution to take his lot with the Dissenters; and thereforere paired, in 1690, to an academy of that order, conducted by the Rev. Thomas Rowe, in London. After passing two years at the academy, he returned to his father's house, and devoted himself closely to the study of divinity, until 1694, when he was invited, by Sir John Hartopp, to become private tutor to his son. He remained in the family of Sir John four years, during which he prosecuted his theological studies with great devotion, especially to the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures.

In 1698, Watts, having now entered the ministry, was chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey, the pastor of an independent congregation, at Southampton; and on the death of Chauncey, which occurred four years after, he succeeded to the full charge. The weakness of his constitution soon, however, rendered it evident that the proper performance of the arduous duties thus imposed upon him, would be more than his feeble health could bear; and in his turn he himself soon required an assistant. His health still continuing to decline, he was received, in 1712, into the house of Sir Thomas Abney, of Abney Park, where he passed the remainder of his life. The residence of this sacred bard in the house of a friend for the long period of thirty-six years, has no parallel in English literary biography. 'Abney House,' says Dr. Gibbons, 'was a handsome mansion, surrounded by beautiful pleasure-grounds. Watts had apartments assigned to him, of which he enjoyed the use as freely as if he had been the master of the house. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight.'

The death of Sir Thomas Abney, which occurred eight years after Watts went to reside with him, made no change in these agreeable arrangements; as the same benevolent patronage was extended to him by the widow, who survived the poet a little over a year. While in this retirement he preached occasionally, but gave the most of his time to study, and in the composition of those works which have essentially contributed to immortalize his name. 'In 1728,' says Dr. Johnson, 'the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, with great propriety, conferred upon him an unsolicited diploma, by which he became a doctor of divinity.' 'Academical honours,' adds the great critic, 'would have more value if they were always bestowed with equal judgment.' This great and good man expired, without a struggle or a groan, on the twenty-fifth of November, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

The literary character of Dr. Watts should be contemplated under the three-fold aspect of poet, philosopher, and theologian. As a poet, though he may not, in creative power or sublimity of genius, hold the first rank, yet he has attained to that which the greatest might well envy—a universal fame. He is emphatically the classic poet of the religious world, wherever the English language is spoken. His *Version of the Psalms of David*, his *Books of Hymns*, and his *Divine Songs for Children* have been more frequently read and committed to memory, have exerted more sacred influences, and made more lasting beneficial impressions upon the human heart, and have called forth more fervent aspirations for the joys of heaven, than the productions of all other poets of the language combined. His poems on other subjects are such as might be expected from the amusements of a man of letters, and are more or less excellent as the subject happened to be more or less favorable to invention. As a philosopher, Dr. Watts enjoys the rare felicity of always being practically useful. His *Logic, or the Right Use of Reason*, was used, for a long time, as a text book in the English Universities; and of his *Improvement of the Mind*, Dr. Johnson remarks, 'Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than this; and whoever has the care of instructing others may be charged with deficiency in his duty if this book is not recommended.' Of his theological writings Dr. Drake observes, that 'every page displays his unaffected piety, the purity of his principles, the mildness of his disposition, and the great goodness of his heart. The style of all his works is perspicuous, correct, and frequently elegant; and happily for mankind, his labours have been translated and dispersed with a zeal that does honor to human nature; for there are few persons who have studied the writings of Dr. Watts without a wish for improvement; without an effort to become wiser or better members of society.' Our selections from this author must, from the peculiar nature of his writings, necessarily be short.

SOVEREIGNTY AND DOMINION OF GOD.

Keep silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave—To Be.

Chained to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

(Here he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.)

My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

THE HEBREW BARD.

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads:

He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along.
He jars; and, lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When, kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! the Almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse:
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spoke; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the frighted floods retire:

In heaps the frighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps, with wide-embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course;
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shows the face of God serene.
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride,
With guards of justice at his side.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

Edward Young, the celebrated author of the *Night Thoughts*, was born at Upham, Hampshire, in June, 1681. His father, then rector of the parish of Upham, and afterwards dean of Salisbury, conducted his early studies with great care, and at a suitable age sent him to Winchester school, where he remained until he became a member of the university of Oxford. He first entered, in 1703, New College, and was thence afterwards transferred to All Souls, where, being designed for the legal profession, he took his degree of bachelor of civil laws, in 1714, and his doctor's degree, in 1719.

In 1712, Young commenced public life as a courtier and poet; and one of his earliest patrons was the notorious Duke of Wharton, 'the scorn and wonder of his days,' whom he accompanied, in 1717, to Ireland. He afterwards became tutor to Lord Burleigh, but was induced by Wharton, to give up this situation, under the promise to provide for him in a more suitable and ample manner. The duke also prevailed upon Young, as a political supporter, to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Cirencester, in parliament; and although the duke proposed to advance the liberal sum of six hundred pounds to meet the expenses attending the canvass, and actually gave his bond for that amount, still Young was defeated. He had previously written two of his tragedies, *Busiris*, and the *Revenge*, the latter of which proved eminently successful upon the stage; and it was doubtless as a dramatic writer that the patronage of Wharton was extended to him. The poet being now qualified by age, experience, and observation, wrote a satire on the *Universal Passion—the Love of Fame*, which is both keen and powerful, and the nearest approach that the age produced to the polished satire of Pope.

The want of success which had attended Young's career as a courtier, is supposed to have impelled him, when upwards of fifty years old, to enter the church; soon after which he wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of his majesty's chaplains. In 1730, he obtained from his college the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, where he was destined to pass the remainder of his days. He was anxious to obtain farther preferment, but having, in the following lines, professed a strong love of retirement, the ministry seized upon this as a pretext to keep him out of a bishopric:—

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shade!
The world 's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fright the fear of death.
Here like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As Wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

Soon after Young had entered the ministry, he made a noble alliance by marrying the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, widow of Colonel Lee. This proved a much happier union than the titled marriages of Dryden and Addison; for our poet passed, with his lady, ten years of uninterrupted felicity. She had, by her former husband, a son and a daughter, to both of whom Young was devotedly attached. Death, however, removed them from his solace and his care; and when the mother soon after followed, he composed, to mitigate his grief, his greatest literary performance, the 'Night Thoughts.' He was now over sixty years of age; but time had strengthened and enriched his genius, and increased even the brilliancy of his fancy. In 1761, he was made clerk of the closet, to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and died four years afterwards, in April 1765, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Few men have ever united so much activity and worldly anxiety, with so much literary industry and genius, as Dr. Young. In youth he was gay and dissipated, and no sooner had he relinquished his career of folly than he became an indefatigable courtier. In his poetry he is a severe moralist, and ascetic divine. That, at the time of writing, he felt the emotions he describes, must necessarily be true; but they did not permanently influence his conduct. He was not weaned from the world till age had incapacitated him for its enjoyments; and the epigrammatic point and wit of his 'Night Thoughts,' with the startling views it presents of life, death, and eternity, show the poetical artist quite as much as the humble and penitent Christian. His works are numerous; but the best are the 'Night Thoughts,' the 'Universal Passion,' and the tragedy of 'Revenge.' The tragedy of *The Brothers* is below mediocrity. Of the 'Night Thoughts' the profligate Lorenzo is the hero. This artificial character, which some have supposed to indicate Young's own son, pervades the whole poem, and is essentially part of its structure. But it still leaves, for our admiration, many noble and sublime passages, where the poet speaks as from inspiration—with the voice of one crying in the wilderness—of life, death, and immortality. The truths of religion are enforced with commanding energy and persuasion. Epigram and repartee are then forgotten; fancy yields to feeling; and where imagery is employed, it is select, nervous, and appropriate. The fertility of the author's fancy, the pregnancy of his wit and knowledge, the striking and felicitous combinations everywhere presented, are indeed remarkable. Sound sense is united to poetical imagery; maxims of the highest practical importance, and passages of great force, tenderness, and everlasting truth, are constantly rising, like sunshine, over the quaint and gloomy recesses of the poet's imagination :—

> The glorious fragments of a fire immortal
> With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust.

The first three of the following extracts are from the 'Night Thoughts,' and the last is from the 'Universal Passion.'

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
   Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man),
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?
   Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
Oh Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck

That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
  Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe),
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain. * *
  How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
  'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of silent woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the common clod. * *
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal! * *

THE PICTURE OF A GOOD MAN.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,

A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptered and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care, the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature, his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
His the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees.
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine;
His hopes, immortal, blow them by as dust.
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse:
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man as man:
Too dear he holds his interest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade:
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe.
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.
A covered heart their character defends;
A covered heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees,
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end where his full feast begins;

His joys create, theirs murder future bliss.
To triumph in existence his alone;
And his alone triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was yesterday complete;
Death then was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
  Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
Forever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Shows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
  And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

THE EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblessed. The poor are only poor.
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense;
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast;
More we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasure, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.
  But some, great souls! and touched with warmth divine
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine;
All hoaded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own till well bestowed.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless,
And, while their bounties glide, concealed from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

William Oldys and Richard Savage were poets of a very different character from the two eminent divines whom we have just noticed. Oldys was the natural son of the chancellor of Lyncoln, and was born in 1696. Few particulars of his life have been preserved, though from what little we know it is but too apparent that he was intemperate, profligate, and licentious. He was, for some years, librarian to Lord Oxford, and made a catalogue of that celebrated collection of works for which a bookseller paid thirteen thousand pounds. His familiarity with heraldry also procured for him the office of Norroy King-at-Arms. His death occurred on the fifteenth of April, 1761.

Oldys, literary labors were extensive. His most important works are a *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, the *Introduction to Hayward's British Muse*, and *Poetical Characteristics;* besides which the various interesting particulars of literary history that his industry had amassed, enabled him to assist every author or bookseller who required a leaf from his voluminous collections. The following exquisite little Anacreontic was occasioned by a fly drinking out of his Cup of Ale :—

AN EXTEMPORE SONG.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine 's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

Richard Savage, better known for his misfortunes than for any peculiar merit in his poetry, was the natural son of the Countess of Macclesfield, by Lord Rivers, and was born in London, in 1698. His mother openly avowed her profligacy, in order to obtain a divorce from her husband, with whom she lived unhappily; and the illegitimate child was born after their separation. He was early consigned to the charge of a poor woman, and brought up as her son; but, by his maternal grandmother, Lady Mason, was sent to St. Alban's grammar-school, and, through her care and generosity, received a good education. Whilst he was at school Lord Rivers died; and during his last illness the countess had the inhumanity to declare to him that Savage was dead, by which falsehood he was deprived of a legacy of six thousand pounds intended for him by his father. Savage was now withdrawn from school, and placed apprentice to a shoemaker; but an accident soon revealed to him his birth and the cause of its concealment. His nurse and supposed mother died, and among her effects he found some letters which disclosed the circumstances of his paternity. The discovery must have seemed like the opening of a new world to his hopes and ambition. He was already distinguished for quickness and proficiency, and for a sanguine enthusiastic temperament. A bright prospect now dawned upon him; he was allied to rank and opulence, and though his birth was accompanied by humiliating circumstances, it is not probable that he felt these deeply, in the immediate prospect of emancipation from the low station and ignoble employment to which he had been so harshly condemned. Savage, it is also well known, was agitated by those tender feelings which link the child to the parent, and which must have burst upon him with peculiar force after so unexpected and wonderful a discovery. His mother, however, was an exception to ordinary humanity—an anomaly in the history of the female heart. She had determined to disown him, and, therefore, repulsed every effort at acknowledgment and reconciliation.

Cast thus early upon the world, and under circumstances so peculiar, Savage's remarkable history soon became known, and friends at once appeared to shield the hapless youth from poverty. But unfortunately, the vices and frailties of his own character soon began to display themselves. Though not destitute of a love of virtue and the principles of piety, still his habits were low and sensual. His temper was irritable and capricious; and whatever money he received was immediately spent in the obscure haunts of dissipation. In a tavern brawl he had the misfortune to kill James Sinclair, one of his companions in debauchery, for which he was tried and condemned to death. His relentless mother, on this trying occasion, endeavored to intercept the royal mercy; but his peculiar and extraordinary sufferings were made known by the Countess of Hereford to the Queen, who immediately granted him an unconditional pardon. Savage had already published, as a means of support, several poetical pieces; and he now ventured to address a birthday ode to the Queen, calling himself the 'Volunteer Laureate.' With this compliment the Queen was so well pleased that she sent him a present of fifty pounds, and continued to bestow upon him the same sum, annually, till her death. His exposed situation finally excited the compassion of Lord Tyrconnel, a friend of his mother, who took him into his family, placed him on terms of equality with its other members, and allowed him two hundred pounds a year. This, as Dr. Johnson remarks, was the 'golden period' of Savage's life; but, as might have been foreseen, the habits of the poet differed widely from those of the peer: they soon quarrelled, and the former was again set adrift on the world. The death of the queen also stopped his pension; but his friends made up an annuity for him of equal amount, to which Pope generously contributed twenty pounds. Savage agreed to withdraw to the country to avoid the temptations of London. He selected Swansea, in Wales, as the place of his retirement; but on his way thither he stopped at Bristol, where he was treated with the greatest hospitality by the opulent merchants and other inhabitants of the city, whose kindness he afterwards repaid by a scurrilous satire. After having remained at Swansea about a year, he returned to Bristol, was arrested for a small debt, cast into prison, and soon after died of a fever, on the first of August, 1743. During his imprisonment and illness Savage was treated with the greatest kindness by his gaoler, who buried him at his own expense in St. Peter's churchyard.

Savage numbered amongst his personal friends, Pope, Young, and Thomson; and he must, therefore, notwithstanding his low propensities and vicious habits, have had some prominent redeeming qualities. He was the author of two plays, and a volume of miscellaneous poems. The tragedy founded on the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury was so successful that he realized from its representation over two hundred pounds. *The Wanderer*, one of his miscellaneous poems, was written with greater care than most of his other productions, as it was the offspring of that happy period of his life when he lived with Lord Tyrconnel. The versification is easy and correct, and the work contains many impressive passages. *The Bastard* is, however, his best performance, and bears the impress of true and energetic feeling. . The concluding passage, in which the author mourns over the fatal act by which he deprived a fellow-creature of life, and over his own distressing condition, possesses a genuine and manly pathos :—

Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart ?
Can self-defence be sin ? Ah, plead no more !
What though no purposed malice stained thee o'er ?
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of home-shed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall !
Still the pale deed revives, and lives to me,
To me ! through Pity's eye condemned to see.
Remembrance vails his rage, but swells his fate;
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way !
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved ;
He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall,
And I, perchance, in him have murdered all.
O fate of late repentance ! always vain :
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest ? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer :
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained ;
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm ?
Am I returned from death to live in pain ?
Or would imperial pity save in vain ?
Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind ?
Mother, miscalled, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear :
All I was wretched by to you I owed ;
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed !
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doomed before,
New born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great,
Majestic mother of a kneeling state;
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore !
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

Of the four poets to whom our attention is next to be directed, Blair, Dyer, Mallet, and Thomson, three were Scots, and the other a native of Wales.

Robert Blair was the son of a clergyman of Edinburgh, and was born in that city, in 1699. His education was conducted in the university of his native place; and in 1731, he was appointed minister of Athelstainford, a parish in East Lothian, where he spent his life devoted to the sacred duties of his ministry, to literature, and to offices of friendship. Besides the emoluments of his parish, he possessed some private fortune, and was therefore enabled to live in a superior style, and cultivate the acquaintance of the neighboring gentry. As a gentleman of pleasing and elegant manners, a poet, and a botanist, as well as a man of scientific and general knowledge, his society was much courted, and he enjoyed the friendship and correspondence of the excellent Dr. Watts. His death occurred on the fourth of February, 1746, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven.

The Grave, Blair's only poetic performance of importance, was written previous to his ordination, but was not published until 1743. It is a complete and powerful poem, of limited design, but of masterly execution. The subject precluded much originality of conception, but, at the same time, is recommended by its awful importance, and its universal application. The style is formed upon that of the old sacred and puritanical poets, elevated by the author's evident admiration for Milton. The following passage, towards the close of the poem, possesses a dignity, a pathos, and a devotional rapture, approaching the higher flights of Young :—

——— Thrice welcome, Death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wished-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turned to a blessing! Death disarmed,
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast coming harvest. Then, oh then,
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought! Oh, how he longs
To have his passport signed, and be dismissed!

'Tis done—and now he's happy! the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrowned. E'en the lag flesh
Rests, too, in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain; the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate; and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnished;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not how this can be? Sure the same power
That reared the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scattered parts
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Hath done much more: nor is his arm impaired
Through length of days; and what he can, he will;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all the impatience of a man
That 's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice-happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!
Thus, at the shut of even. the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away.

John Dyer, a moral and picturesque poet, was born at Aberglasslyn, in Wales, in 1700. His father was a solicitor; and intending his son for the same profession, sent him to Westminster school to become qualified for the studies of the office. His taste for the fine arts was, however, much stronger than for legal studies; and to gratify it, he rambled over his own romantic country, filling his mind with a love of nature, and his portfolio with sketches of her most beautiful and striking objects. The sister art of poetry also claimed his regard; and during his excursions, he wrote *Grongar Hill*, the production on which his poetic fame rests, but rests securely. In 1727, immediately after the publication of 'Grongar Hill,' Dyer set out for Italy, to delineate the antiquities of that celebrated country, and spent much of his time amongst the enchanting prospects near Rome and Florence. Though an able sketcher, he does not seem to have excelled as a painter.

On his return home, in 1740, Dyer published another poem, *The Ruins of Rome*, in blank verse, soon after which he entered the church, and obtained, successively, the livings of Calthrop, in Leicestershire, of Conningsby, in Huntingdonshire, and of Belchford and Kirkby, in Lincolnshire. He published *The Fleece*, his longest poetical work, in 1757, and died on the twenty-fourth of July in the following year.

The poetical pictures of Dyer are haply miniatures of nature, correctly drawn, beautifully colored, and grouped with the taste of an artist. His moral reflections arise naturally out of his subject, and are never intrusive. All bear the evidence of a kind and gentle heart, and a true poetical fancy. 'Grongar Hill' is so very beautiful a performance that we can not refrain from introducing the entire poem.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
  About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:

Still the prospect wider spreads
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
  Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
  Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
  Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldering walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,

Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods, and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present 's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,

And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.
  Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

David Mallet, or Mallock, was the son of an innkeeper, at Crieff, in Perthshire, and was born in 1700. He was educated at Aberdeen College, and was afterwards received as tutor, without salary, in the family of Mr. Home, of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh. He next obtained a similar situation, with a salary of thirty pounds a year, in the family of the Duke of Montrose. In 1723, he went to London with the duke's family, and the next year his ballad of *William and Margaret* appeared in 'The Plain Dealer,' a periodical of the day. He soon became intimate with Young, Pope, and other eminent men of that period, to whom his assiduous attentions, his winning manners, and literary taste, rendered his society agreeable. He was, however, a man without principle; and when Dr. Johnson, therefore, said that Mallet was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend, he paid a just compliment to the virtue and integrity of the natives of that country. In 1733, he published a satire on Bentley, inscribed to Pope, entitled *Verbal Criticism*, in which he characterizes the venerable scholar as

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumbered in his head.

Mallet was soon after appointed secretary to the Prince of Wales, and in 1740, produced, in conjunction with Thomson, the *Masque of Alfred*, in honor of the birthday of the Princess Augusta. A fortunate marriage, about this time, with the daughter of the steward of Lord Carlisle, placed him in possession of a fortune of ten thousand pounds. To gratify Lord Bolingbroke, he, in his preface to the 'Patriot King,' shamefully abused the memory of Pope, and Bolingbroke rewarded his baseness by bequeathing to him the whole of his works in manuscript. When the English Government became unpopular, in consequence of the defeat they sustained at Minorca, Mallet was employed to defend them; and under the signature of a Plain Man, he published an address imputing cowardice to Byng, the admiral of the fleet. The result was that the admiral was shot, and Mallet was pensioned. On the death of the Duchess of Marlborough, it was found that she had left a thousand pounds to Glover, the author of 'Leonidas,' and Mallet, jointly, on condition that they should draw up, from the family papers, a life of the great duke. A stipulation in the will, that the work, before publication, should be submitted to the Earl of Chesterfield, so offended Glover that he would have nothing to do with it. Mallet, however, consented to undertake the task, received the money, and for years pretended to be busy about it; but at his death it was found that the first line had not been written. In his latter days he held the lucrative situation of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the Port of London. His death occurred on the twenty-first of April, 1765.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mallet was the author of two other poems, *Amyntor and Theodora*, and *The Excursion*, the latter of which was written in the style of Thomson's 'Seasons.' The defects of Thomson's style are servilely copied; some of his epithets and expressions are also borrowed; but there is no approach to his redeeming graces and beauties. He also wrote some theatrical pieces, which, though partially successful on their representation, are now totally forgotten. His fame, as an author, rests exclusively on the ballad of 'William and Margaret;' and it there worthily rests; for in the opinion of all critics, it is one of the finest compositions of the kind in the language. Sir Walter Scott conceived that Mallet had imitated an old Scottish tale to be found in Allen Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' beginning

> There came a ghost to Margaret's door.

The resemblance is striking; though Mallet confessed only to a single stanza. The whole ballad is so very fine that we shall not withhold any part of it.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
  Where night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost
  And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
  Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
  That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
  When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear
  When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
  That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
  Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warned me hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

James Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, was born at Ednam, near Kelso, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the eleventh of September, 1700. His father, who was, at the time of the future poet's birth, minister of the parish of Ednam, removed a few years afterwards to that of Southdean, in the same county, a primitive and retired district, situated among the lower slopes of the Cheviots. Here the young poet passed his boyish years, and prepared for college; and in the eighteenth year of his age, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh. The death of Thomson's father, during his second year at the university, threw him mainly upon his own resources; and after having, for a short time, studied divinity with a view to entering the church, he abandoned that design, and repaired to London, to push his fortune among the wits of that metropolis. His college associate, Mallet, soon procured for him the situation of tutor to the son of Lord Binning; and Thomson, having previously written many of the descriptive scenes of his 'Winter,' took occasion to show them to his friend. Mallet at once advised him to connect them into one regular poem. This was readily done, and 'Winter' was published in March, 1726, the poet having received, for his copyright, only three guineas. A second, and even a third edition was called for during the same year; and in 1727, appeared his 'Summer.'

The success which attended those publications, induced Thomson to issue, in 1728, proposals for publishing, by subscription, the 'Four Seasons.' The number of subscribers, at a guinea a copy, was three hundred and eighty-seven; but many of his friends took two or three copies each. The tragedy of *Sophonisba* was next produced, and was very favorably received; and in 1731, the poet accompanied as tutor, or travelling companion, the son of Sir Charles Talbot, afterwards lord chancellor of England, to the continent. They visited France, Switzerland, and Italy; and it is easy to conceive with what pleasure Thomson must have sojourned among scenes which he had often viewed in imagination. In November of the same year he was at Rome, and no doubt gratified the wish expressed in one of his letters, 'to see the fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly.' On his return to England the next year he published his poem of *Liberty*, and obtained the sinecure situation of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, which he held till Lord Talbot's death. The succeeding chancellor bestowed the situation on another, Thomson not having, it is said, from characteristic indolence, solicited a continuance of the office.

By the loss of the situation of Secretary of Briefs, Thomson was roused from his indolence, and turning his attention once more to the stage, produced the tragedy of *Agamemnon*, which was, however, but coldly received *Edward and Eleonora* followed; and the poet having, about this time, received an annual pension of a hundred pounds, bestowed upon him by the Prince of Wales, and the farther appointment of Surveyor General of the Leeward Islands, at a salary of three hundred pounds per annum, began to feel that his circumstances were easy and independent. He now settled at Kewlane, near Richmond, and his residence soon became the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease. Retirement and the scenes of nature became more and more his passion every day; and he therefore did little in a literary way after he took possession of his suburban retreat, farther than to finish the 'Castle of Indolence,' on which he had been long engaged, and compose a tragedy on the subject of Coriolanus. The poem was published in May, 1748, and the tragedy was brought upon the stage by the author's executors after his death. In the summer following, he took a cold while on his return from London, a fever succeeded, and after a short illness his death occurred, on the twenty-seventh of August, 1748, leaving as deep lamenting for his loss as ever attended the departure of a poet.

Though the author of a number of works, yet the fame of Thomson is entirely identified with 'The Seasons.' So true and beautiful are the descriptions in the poem, and so entirely do they harmonize with those fresh feelings and glowing impulses which all would wish to cherish, that a love of nature seems to be synonymous with a love of Thomson. It is difficult to conceive a person of education, imbued with an admiration of rural and woodland scenery, without a strong affection and regard for that delightful poet who has painted their charms with so much fidelity and enthusiasm. The same features of blandness and benevolence, of simplicity of design, and beauty of form and color, which we recognize as distinguishing traits of the natural landscape, are seen in the pages of Thomson, conveyed by his artless mind as faithfully as the lights and shades on the face of creation. No exposure of defects in his poetic style has, therefore, ever affected his popularity. In the *Seasons* we have a poetical subject poetically treated—filled to overflowing with the richest materials of poetry, and the emanations of benevolence. In the *Castle of Indolence* we have the concentration or essence of those materials applied to a subject less poetical, but still affording room for luxuriant fancy, the most exquisite art, and still greater melody of numbers.

The warmth of our admiration of this interesting poet would induce us, should we indulge it, to linger longer with him; but we can only add, in illustration of the remarks already made, a few detached passages from the 'Seasons,' and an extract from the 'Castle of Indolence':—

SHOWERS IN SPRING.

The north-east spends his rage; he now, shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.

At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce straining either, but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubled vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, of every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

SUMMER EVENING.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears. * *
  Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale

Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seed she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

AUTUMN EVENING SCENE.

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid vail his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint
Far, in faint warblings, though the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock:
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower
The forest walks at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul. * *
The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,

Full-orbed, and breaking through the scattered clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimsoned east.
Turned to the sun direct her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing clouds she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam;
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world. * *
The lengthened night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray;
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,

And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow. * *
  As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blessed abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching on the northern blast.

FROM THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
In a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky:

There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the mossy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung.

A brief notice of Dodsley, the celebrated publisher, will close our present remarks.

ROBERT DODSLEY was born at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, in 1703. Receiving little education, he commenced life as footman in the family of a lady by the name of Lowther; but in this servile situation he indulged his natural talents for poetry and satire, and wrote the *Muse in Livery*, and a small dramatic piece called the *Toyshop*, which was accidentally seen by Pope, and attracted his attention. Interesting himself in behalf of this humble poet, Pope procured the introduction of his piece at the theatre, and manifested for him through life the most cordial and honorable friendship. The 'Toyshop' was succeeded, in 1736, by *The King and Miller of Mansfield*, and from the great success of these two pieces, Dodsley was enabled to settle himself independently as a London publisher and bookseller—a situation in which he maintained the highest respectability of character with the most benevolent intentions, and the greatest propriety of deportment. Having acquired a handsome fortune, he relinquished his business to his brother, and died a few years after his retirement, on the twenty-fifth of September, 1764.

Besides the dramatic pieces already noticed, Dodsley wrote four others, the best of which was *Cleone*, a tragedy. He also produced an excellent little moral treatise, *The Economy of Human Life;* projected the *Annual Register*, and was the first to collect and republish the 'Old English Plays.' The following song is a perfect gem:—

THE PARTING KISS.

One kind wish before we part,
  Drop a tear, and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart,
  Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
  Let me kiss that falling tear;
Though my body must remove,
  All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
  And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
  Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

Lecture the Thirty-Seventh.

WILLIAM HAMILTON—JOHN ARMSTRONG—RICHARD GLOVER—WILLIAM SHENSTONE—WILLIAM WHITEHEAD—THOMAS GRAY—WILLIAM COLLINS—JAMES MERRICK—WILLIAM MASON.

THE greater number of the poets of Scotland of the period now under consideration, retain so little nationality, either in language or in thought, that it seems unnecessary, unless in occasional instances, longer to preserve any distinction between them and those of England.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, a Scottish gentleman of education, rank, and rare accomplishments, was descended from an ancient family, and born at Bangour Ayrshire, in 1704. He was the delight of the fashionable circles of his native country, and became early distinguished for his poetical talents. In 1745, struck with the romance of the enterprise, he joined the standard of Prince Charles, and became the 'volunteer laureate' of the Jacobites, by celebrating the battle of Gladsmuir. On the discomfiture of the party, Hamilton succeeded in effecting his escape to France; but having many friends and admirers among the royalists at home, a pardon was procured for the rebellious poet, and he was soon restored to his native country, and his paternal estate. He did not, however, live long to enjoy his good fortune. His health had always been delicate, and a pulmonary complaint at length forced him to seek the warmer climate of the continent. But the change did not effect the object desired, and gradually declining, he sunk in death at Lyons, in France, in 1754.

Hamilton's genius so early matured, that before he was twenty years of age he assisted Allan Ramsay in his 'Tea-Table Miscellany.' His first and best strains were dedicated to the lyric muse; and the most attractive feature of his poetry is its pure English style, accompanied with a somewhat ornate poetical diction. He possessed more fancy than feeling, and in this respect his amatory songs resemble those of the poets of Charles the Second's court. Besides his lyrics, Hamilton wrote a serious poem entitled *Contemplation*, and a national poem in blank verse, on the Thistle. From the latter we extract the following lines :—

—— How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame, unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

Professor Richardson of Glasgow, in a critique on Hamilton's poetry, quotes the following passage as a just specimen of his poetical powers :—

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien;
To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the soft successful arts,
That best the lover's fire provoke,
The lively step, the mirthful joke,
The speaking glance, the amorous wile,
The sportful laugh, the winning smile.
Her soul awakening every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth still to survive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

But of all Hamilton's poems, his ballad of *The Braes of Yarrow* is by far the finest and most finished production. It has the merit also of having suggested to Wordsworth the themes of three of that poet's best poems. We shall therefore quote it entire :—

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That e'er poued birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red ?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow ?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude ?
What's yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, oh wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight, but to my sorrow;
O'er rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair fair indeed thy love,
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields! may never never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little kenned
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But e'er the to-fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
  Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
  No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
  Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
  He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

John Armstrong, another poet of this period of Scottish birth, and the friend of Thomson, Mallet, and other literary characters of the age, was born at Castleton, a pastoral parish in Roxburghshire, in 1709. He was graduated at the university of Edinburgh, after which he studied medicine, and took his doctor's degree, in 1732. Not being a successful practitioner in his native country, he repaired to London, and there soon became known by the publication of several fugitive poems, and some medical essays. His practice being very limited, he devoted much time to literary pursuits; and in 1744, appeared his *Art of Preserving Health*, a didactic poem in four books. This was soon followed by two other poems, *Benevolence* and *Taste*, and a volume of prose essays, of quality too indifferent to deserve any farther notice. In 1760, Armstrong was appointed physician to the English forces in Germany; and on the peace of 1763, he returned to London, and there resumed the practice of medicine, which he continued, though with very limited success, until his death, September the seventh, 1779.

Dr. Armstrong seems to have been an indolent and splenetic, but kind-hearted man—shrewd, caustic, and careful, yet warmly attached to his friends. His portrait, in the 'Castle of Indolence,' is one of Thomson's happiest efforts:—

With him was sometimes joined in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Nor ever uttered word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven, the day is done.'

Dr. Armstrong's style is stiff and labored, and his images are not unfrequently mere echoes of those of Thomson and other poets. The subject required the aid of ornament; for scientific rules are, as a general thing, unfavorable themes for poetry; and few men are ignorant of the true philosophy of life, however they may deviate from it in practice. That health is to be preserved by temperance, exercise, and cheerful recreation, is a truth familiar to all, from infancy. The following extract from the 'Art of Preserving Health,' is, certainly, the most energetic passage in the whole poem:—

PESTILENCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewed with sudden carcases the land.
First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings heaved.
At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked
The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide;
Now free and copious, now restrained and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mixed the blood, and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed;
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.
Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;

Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land,
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
The infected country rushed into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind.
In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found. It seemed the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For but the race of England all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contained.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involved them still, and every breeze was bane:
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft the bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, an epic poem, and Shenstone, whose *Pastoral Ballad*, in four parts, is one of the finest poems of that class in the language, next invite your attention.

Richard Glover was the son of a London merchant, and was born in that city, in 1712. He was educated at Cheam school, where his verses, on the memory of Newton, whose death had recently occurred, excited very great interest and attention. He was designed for mercantile pursuits, but marrying, in 1737, a lady of fortune, he changed his intention, entered parliament as member for Weymouth, and soon became distinguished for his spirit and independence. He was, from this period, more or less a popular leader, until his death, which occurred in 1785.

'Leonidas,' which was published in 1737, was soon followed by *The Athenais*, another epic, equally elaborate. These poems are both written in blank verse, and in the subject have reference to the memorable defence of

Thermopylæ, and the subsequent war between the Greeks and the Persians. Their length, their want of sustained interest, and lesser peculiarities, not suited to the taste of the present period, have caused them to fall into comparative obscurity. Yet the calm, moral dignity, the patriotic elevation of sentiment, the smoothness of versification, and the vigor of diction of 'Leonidas,' should still command admiration. The following passage is lofty and energetic in the extreme :—

ADDRESS OF LEONIDAS.

——— He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, joined
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus addressed the throng:
'Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil.
Above the reach of human feet were placed
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta! and demand my life;
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.'
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaimed.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paused,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heaven;
A reverential murmur breathes applause.

The nature of the poem, and the country in which the scene is laid, afford scope for interesting situations and descriptions of natural objects; and of these Glover occasionally avails himself with the happiest effect. The following sketch of the fountain at the dwelling of Oileus is classically elegant :—

Beside the public way an oval fount
Of marble sparkled with a silver spray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow casques
Dipped in the limpid stream. Behind it rose
An edifice, composed of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moss. Old battered arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
These words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megistias reads; the rest in silence hear:
'Yon marble fountain, by Oileus placed,
To thirsty lips in living water flows;
For weary steps he framed this cool retreat;
A grateful offering here to rural peace,
His dinted shield and helmet he resigned.
O passenger! if born to noble deeds,
Thou would'st obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
And thy decline to hospitable cares.
Rest here; then seek Oileus in his vale.'

From the 'Athenais,' which is a continuation of the same classic story and landscape, we select the following exquisite description of a night scene:—

—— Silver Phœbe spreads
A light, reposing on the quiet lake,
Save where the snowy rival of her hue,
The gliding swan, behind him leaves a trail
In luminous vibration. Lo! an isle
Swells on the surface. Marble structures there
New gloss of beauty borrow from the moon
To deck the shore. Now silence gently yields
To measured strokes of oars. The orange groves,
In rich profusion round the fertile verge,
Impart to fanning breezes fresh perfumes
Exhaustless, visiting the scene with sweets,
Which soften even Briareus; but the son
Of Gobryas, heavy with devouring care,
Uncharmed, unheeding sits.

William Shenstone was born at Leasowes, in the parish of Hales-Owen, Shropshire, in November, 1714. He was taught to read at what is termed a dame's school, and his venerable preceptress has been immortalized by his poem *The Schoolmistress.* After suitable preparation he was sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he remained four years, but does not appear to have distinguished himself. In 1745, by the death of his parents and an elder brother, the paternal estate came into his possession; and he began from this time, as Dr. Johnson characteristically remarks, 'to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skillful; a place to be visited by travellers, and copied by designers.'

These great expenditures upon the grounds of Shenstone's estate were not, however, judiciously made; for the property altogether was not worth over three hundred pounds a year; and by devoting so much of his means to external embellishments, he was compelled to live in a dilapidated house, not fit, as he himself expresses it, to receive 'polite friends.' An unfortunate attachment to a young lady, and disappointed ambition—for he aimed at political as well as poetical celebrity—conspired, with his passion for gardening and improvement, to fix him permanently in his solitary situation. He became querulous and dejected, pined at the unequal gifts of fortune, and even contemplated, with a gloomy joy, the complaint of Swift, that he would be 'forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' Yet Shenstone was essentially kind and benevolent, and he must at times have experienced exquisite pleasure in his romantic retreat, in which every year would give fresh beauty, and develope more distinctly the creations of his taste and labor.' 'The works of a person that builds,' he says, 'begin immediately to decay, while those of him who plants begin directly to improve." This advantage he possessed, with the additional charm of a love of literature; but he sighed for more than inward peace and satisfaction. He built his happiness on the applause of others, and died in solitude, a votary of the world. His death occurred at Leasowes, on the eleventh of February, 1763.

The works of Shenstone were collected and published after his death by Dodsley. They formed three volumes, the first of which contained his poems, the second, his prose essays, and the third his letters and other pieces. His letters are trifles, but his essays display much ease and grace of style, united to judgment and discrimination. They have not the mellow ripeness of thought and learning of Cowley's essays, but they resemble them more closely than any others in the language. In poetry, Shenstone tried various kinds. His elegies are indifferent; his *Levities*, or pieces of humor, are dull and spiritless: but his *Pastoral Ballad*, is the finest poem of that order in the English language. Dr. Johnson quotes the following verses of the first part, with the striking eulogium, that, if any mind denies its sympathy to them, it has no acquaintance with love and nature:—

I prized every hour that went by,
  Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
  And I grieve that I prized them no more.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
  What anguish I felt in my heart!
Yet I thought (but it might not be so)
  'Twas with pain she saw me depart.

She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
  My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
  I thought that she bade me return.

But of all Shenstone's productions, his highest effort is *The Schoolmistress*, a descriptive poem in imitation of Spenser, so delightfully quaint and ludicrous, yet true to nature, that it has all the force and vividness of a spirited painting. The following stanza in this poem is worthy of particular notice, not only for its intrinsic excellence, but for having probably suggested to Gray the fine reflection in his elegy—

'Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest.'

D'Israeli first pointed out this resemblance, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' and it appears well founded. The stanza is as follows:—

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Even now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may ere be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare—names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

The best part of this fine poem is found in the following stanzas:—

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blast adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise;
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome doth stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulder thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, gossip n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew:

The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foeman did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow chair (like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he received his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed)
The matron sat; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redressed affronts—for vile affronts there passed;
And warned them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Even absent she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters her command;
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod—unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write;

As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight;
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when, from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see,
All playful as she sat, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear;
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain—
The form uncouth of his disguised face—
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain—
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars her prison door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly;
And now the grassy cirque han covered o'er
With boisterous revel rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes I implore;
For well may freedom erst so dearly won
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
Oh never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
Oh vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some building fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savoury cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens the alloted mite to spend.

Here as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er,
Galling full sore the unmoneyed wight, are seen,
And goosebrie clad in livery red or green;
And here, of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween;
O may no wight e'er penniless come there,
Lest, smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless care.

See, cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering, like blooming maid, their glances round,
With pampered look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honoured names* the inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salópia's praises known.

Admired Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

William Whitehead, an elegant poet and a nervous writer, was the son of a baker, and was born in 1715. Early attracting the attention of Lord Montfort, he obtained, through the influence of that nobleman, admittance into Westminster school, and there enjoyed the honor of winning the poetic prize. From Westminster he passed to Clare Hall, Cambridge, of which, in 1742, he became fellow, and soon after entered the family of Lord Jersey, as tutor to his son. The leisure which the comforts and independence of his situation afforded him, left him at liberty to turn his thoughts to the drama, and he produced two tragedies, the *Roman Father* and *Creusa*, both of which were received with applause. In 1754, he accompanied his noble pupil, and Lord Nuneham, on the continent, and after visiting the different courts of Germany, he returned through Italy, Switzerland, France, and Holland, to England, having been abroad a little more than two years.

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* Shrewsbury cakes.

The views of Rome, and the monuments of her departed greatness, were not lost on the imagination of a man of such genius; and on his return he, accordingly, gave to the public his *Elegy*, written at Hautvilliers, his *Ode on the Campagna of Rome*, and five *Eclogues.* By the interest of Lady Jersey, he was appointed secretary and register to the Order of the Bath, and two years after he succeeded Cibber in the honorable office of poet laureate. Thus deservedly raised to comfortable independence, he continued the friend and associate of the two noblemen over whose education he had so carefully presided, and the many days which he passed in honorable hospitality, and in cheerful conversation, at Nuneham and Middleton parks, were proofs of the goodness of his heart, as much as of the virtues, and of the grateful generosity of his pupils. In the midst of these pleasing assiduities of friendship, he devoted much of his time to the Muses, and besides the occasional odes which loyalty and official duty claimed from his pen, he wrote the *School for Lovers*, a comedy performed at Drury-lane in 1762, and a satirical poem under the title of *Charge to the Poets.* Whitehead's death occurred on the fourteenth of April, 1785, at the mansion of the generous patron with whom he had passed so great a portion of his life.

Besides the performances already mentioned, Whitehead wrote an easy and playful poem entitled *Variety*, the popularity of which is permanently fixed. Of this poem the following concluding lines form the moral:—

The moral of my tale is this:
Variety 's the soul of bliss;
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling power
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandering play
Through every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and centre there;
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, listening to the syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

Thomas Gray, author of the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, was born at Cornhill, London, on the twenty-sixth of December, 1716. His father was, by profession, a scrivener; and though a 'respectable citizen,' he was a man of so harsh and violent a temper, that his wife was compelled to separate from him. Cast, by this circumstance, upon her own resources, the excellent mother of Gray commenced the millinery business, with a sister as her partner; and so far succeeded as to be able to bestow upon her son a learned education, first at Eton, and afterwards at the university of Cambridge. The painful domestic circumstances of his youth gave a tinge of melancholy and pensive reflection to Gray's mind, which is visible in all his poetry. At Eton the young student had secured the friendship of Horace Walpole, son of the English prime minister; and when his college education was completed, Walpole induced him to accompany him on a tour through France and Italy. After they had passed about a year together, exploring the natural beauties, antiquities, and picture galleries of Rome, Florence, Naples, and other important places, a quarrel took place between them, the travellers separated, and Gray returned to England. Walpole took the blame of this difference on himself, as he was vain and volatile, and not disposed to trust in the better knowledge and somewhat fastidious tastes of his associate.

Gray, immediately after his return, repaired to Cambridge to take his degree in civil law, but without intending to follow the profession. His father was now dead, and though his mother's fortune was small, still they possessed sufficient to supply all their wants. He fixed his residence at Cambridge; and amidst its noble libraries and learned society, passed most of the remainder of his life. He devoted himself chiefly to classical learning, though not without attending to architecture, antiquities, natural history, and other branches of useful knowledge. His retired life was varied by occasional visits to London, where he would revel among the treasures of the British Museum; and by frequent excursions to the country, to pass brief periods with his learned and attached friends. In 1765, Gray took a journey into Scotland, and at Glammis Castle met his brother poet, Beattie. He also penetrated into Wales, and journeyed to Cumberland and Westmoreland, to view the scenery of the lakes. The letters in which he describes these excursions are remarkable for elegance and precision, for correct and extensive observations, and for a dry scholastic humor peculiar to the poet.

On his return from these agreeable holidays, Gray would set himself calmly down in his college retreat, pore over his favorite authors, compile tables of chronology or botany, moralize on 'all he felt and all he saw,' correspond with his friends, and occasionally venture into the realms of poetry and imagination. He had studied the Greek and Latin poets with such intense devotion and critical care, that their very spirit and essence seem to have sunk into his mind, and colored all his efforts at original composition. At the same time his knowledge of human nature, and his sympathy with the world, were varied and profound. Tears fell unbidden among the classic flowers of fancy, and in his almost monastic cell, his heart vibrated to the finest tones of humanity. In 1747, Gray published his *Ode to Eton College*, and two years after appeared his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. His *Pindaric Odes* appeared in 1757, but met with comparatively little success. His fame, however, was now so widely spread that he was offered the situation of poet-laureate, vacant by the death of Colley Cibber. Gray declined the appointment for the more lucrative situation of Professor of Modern History in the university, at a salary of four hundred pounds per annum. For some years he had been subject to hereditary gout, and as his circumstances improved, his health declined. While at dinner one day in the college hall, he was seized with an attack in the stomach, which was so violent, as to resist all the efforts of medicine, and after six days of suffering, he expired, on the thirtieth of July, 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was buried, according to his own request, by the side of his mother, at Stoke, near Eton—adding one more poetical association to that beautiful and classic district of England.

Gray's poetry is all comprised in a few pages, and yet, as a poet, he holds a very high rank. His two great odes, *The Progress of Poesy*, and *The Bard*, are the most splendid compositions, in the Pindaric style and measure, in the English language. Each presents rich personifications, striking thoughts, and happy imagery—

Sublime their starry fronts they rear.

'The Bard' is more dramatic and picturesque than 'The Progress of Poesy,' yet in the latter are some of the poet's richest and most majestic strains. Of these, the following sketch of the savage youth of Chili may be taken as an example :—

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

To these lines we may add the following graphic delineation of the poetical characters of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden :

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unvail
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;

Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstacy
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with exccess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

The 'Ode to Eton College,' the 'Ode to Adversity,' and the far-famed 'Elegy,' present the same careful and elaborate finish which characterize his more elevated strains; but the thoughts and imagery are far more simple, natural, and touching. A train of moral feelings, and solemn and affecting associations, is presented to the mind, in connection with beautiful natural scenery, and objects of real life. The 'Ode to Adversity,' and the 'Elegy' follow:—

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse, thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received;
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,

And melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen),
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smilling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, not at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;

Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray's letters are easy, flowing, and beautiful; and his descriptions of the lake scenery of Cumberland, and of the mountain scenery of Scotland and Wales, are highly graphic: they do not, however, call for farther notice.

William Collins, whose history is brief but painful, and whose poems are as limited in number, and finished in execution, as those of Gray, was the son of a respectable hatter, in Chichester, and was born on Christmas day, 1720. When in the thirteenth year of his age he entered Winchester school, and thence passed to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he greatly distinguished himself for his scholarship, and took his bachelor's degree. While at college he published his *Oriental Eclogues*, which, to the disgrace of the university, and the literary public, were entirely neglected. He soon after quitted Oxford, and repaired to London, as a literary adventurer. He arrived in London, in 1744, and two years afterwards published his *Odes*, which, for some unaccountable reason, failed to attract public attention. Though Collins's learning was extensive, yet he wanted steadiness of purpose and business application; and he therefore allowed himself to sink under this disappointment, and to become more indolent and dissipated than ever. The fine promise of his youth, his mental ardor and his ambition, all melted away under this baneful and depressing influence. The death of Thomson, whom he seems to have known and loved, occurred just at this critical period in Collins's life, and once again he strung his lyre with poetical enthusiasm. The following *Ode*, which the occasion elicited, is unquestionably one of the finest elegiac poems in the language. The scene is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond:—

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

The maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
  When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
  To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as ease and health retire
  To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
  And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
  Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
  That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
  Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
  And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
  No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
  Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
  Dun night has vailed the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
  Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
  Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
  With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
  Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
  In yonder grave your Druid lies!

When reduced in circumstances to the last extremity, Collins, by the death of his uncle, Colonel Martin, came into possession of two thousand pounds—'a sum,' says Dr. Johnson, 'which he could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust.' He had just before, in order to relieve himself under a pressing emergency, engaged to translate, for Miller, the bookseller, Aristotle's Poetics, and had received his pay in advance; but he now returned the money, and being relieved from the necessity of exertion, he became still more irregular in his habits, and soon sank into a state of nervous imbecility. Dr. Johnson, on one occasion, met him carrying with him, as he travelled, an English Testament. 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but it is the best!' He passed his latter days under the care of his sister at Chichester; but it was necessary at one time to confine him in a lunatic asylum. He used, when at liberty, to wander day and night among the aisles and cloisters of Chichester cathedral, accompanying the music with loud sobs and moans. Death at length came to his relief, and in 1756, just ten years after the publication of his immortal works, his troubled and melancholy career was terminated.

Collins's life affords one of the most touching examples of accomplished youth and genius, linked to personal humiliation and calamity, that throws its lights and shades over English literature. Conscious of the purity and elevation of his poetic strains, he yet had the mortification to see his finest productions fall lifeless from the press; and it was this that broke his heart, and sent him to a premature grave. Southey remarks 'that though utterly neglected on their first appearance, the Odes of Collins, in the course of one generation, without any adventitious aid to bring them into notice, were acknowledged to be the best of their kind in the language. Silently and imperceptibly they had risen by their own buoyancy, and their power was felt by every reader who had any true poetic feeling.' The following dirge assimilates the genius of Collins so nearly to that of Shakspeare, that we can scarcely realize the immortal bard of Avon did not himself write it:—

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here
  And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
  No goblins lead their mighty crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
  In tempests shake thy sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more;
  And mourned till pity's self be dead.

To this dirge we add the 'Ode on the Passions,' which should, perhaps, be regarded as the author's sublimest and most elevated strain:—

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings.
With woful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, oh Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waived her golden hair:
And longer had she sung, but with a frown
Revenge impatient arose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;
And ever and anon he beat
The double drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,

Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And clashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightly tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe 's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings
Love framed with Mirth, a gay, fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Oh Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess! why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?

As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn an all-commanding power·
Thy mimic soul, oh nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage;
Than all which charms this lagged age;
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh! bid your vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

James Merrick was born at Reading, in 1720. He prepared for the university at the grammar-school of his native place, and afterwards entered Trinity College, Oxford, where he so far distinguished himself as to be pronounced, by Bishop Lowth, one of the best men and most accomplished scholars of the age. He entered into orders, but the delicate state of his health would not permit him to assume the arduous duties of the ministry, and he therefore passed his life in the pursuits of literature. His death occurred in 1766.

The works of Merrick consist of *Poems on Sacred Subjects*, *Annotations on the Psalms*, and *on the Gospel of St. John*, and a *Metrical Version of the Psalms.* The latter is, however, a work of but comparative merit. The following fable from this worthy divine's pen, is both amusing and instructive :—

THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know!'—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature,
'A stranger animal,' cries one,
'Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue.
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?'
'Hold there,' the other quick replies,
'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.'
'I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade.'
''Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye.'
'Green!' cries the other, in a fury:
'Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?'
''Twere no great loss,' the friend replies;
'For, if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use.'
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred:
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light:
I marked it well, 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it.'—'Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
'And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'
'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'
He said; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo! 'twas white.
Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—
'My children,' the Chameleon cries,

(Then first the creature found a tongue)
'You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own.'

WILLIAM MASON, the friend and biographer of Gray, was the son of the vicar of St. Trinity, in Yorkshire, where he was born, in 1725. His acquaintance with Gray was formed at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and by that distinguished friend he was afterwards essentially assisted in obtaining his master's degree. After his career at college, he entered into orders, and was appointed one of the royal chaplains. He also held the living of Ashton, and was precentor of York cathedral. During the American Revolution, while politics ran high, Mason took an active part on the side of the Whigs, but was respected by all parties. His death occurred in 1797.

Mason's first literary production was an attack on the Jacobitism of Oxford, to which Warton replied in his 'Triumph of Isis.' In 1753, he published his tragedy of *Elfrida*, 'written,' according to Southey, 'on an artificial model, and in a gorgeous diction, because he thought Shakspeare had precluded all hope of excellence in any other form of drama.' The model which he followed was the Greek drama, and he introduced into his play the classic accompaniment of the chorus. A second drama *Caractacus*, is of a higher cast than 'Elfrida:' more noble and spirited in language, and of more sustained dignity in scenes, situations, and character. He also wrote a series of odes on *Independence*, *Memory*, *Melancholy*, and *The Fall of Tyranny*, in which his gorgeousness of diction swells into extravagance and bombast. His other poetical works are the *English Garden*, a long descriptive poem in blank verse, extending over four books, and an ode on the *Commemoration of the British Revolution*, in which he asserts those Whig principles which he steadfastly maintained during the trying period of the American war.

Of all Mason's literary performances, his *Life of Gray* is, perhaps, the most valuable. As in his dramas he had made an innovation on the established taste of the times, so he ventured, with equal success, to depart from the established practice of English authors, in writing the life of his friend. Instead of presenting a continuous narrative in which the biographer alone is visible, he incorporated the journals and letters of the poet in chronological order, thus making the subject of the memoir, in some degree, his own biographer, and enabling the reader to judge more fully and correctly of his situation, thoughts, and feelings. The same plan was afterwards adopted by Boswell in his Life of Johnson, and has been sanctioned by subsequent usage, in all cases where the subject is of importance enough to demand copious information and minute personal details. His poetry is not popular even with poetical readers. His greatest defect is want of simplicity, yet at times his rich diction has a fine effect. Gray quotes the following lines in one of Mason's odes as 'superlative':—

> While through the west, where sinks the crimson day.
> Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves his banners gray.

To this couplet we add the following lyric from 'Caractacus,' and the Epitaph on his wife:—

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings;
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear:
Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of snow;
See, their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark! 'tis magic's hour,
Now the muttered spell hath power;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock:
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steeped in the stream of harmony.
Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wondering grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round and round, and round they go,
Through the twilight, through the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted misletoe.
Cease, ye glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight;
Here, arranged in order due;
Spread your robes of saffron hue;
For lo! with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre:
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings;
Listen all.——

EPITAPH, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,

And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
  Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
  Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
  Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
  As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
  ('Twas even to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
  And bids 'the pure in heart behold their God.'

Lecture the Thirty-Eighth.

MARK AKENSIDE—THOMAS BLACKLOCK—FRANCIS FAWKES—JAMES GRANIGER—NATHANIEL COTTON—DR. THOMAS WARTON—JOSEPH WARTON—THOMAS WARTON—CHRISTOPHER SMART—CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY—THOMAS PERCY—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE year 1721 produced no less than five poets, whose genius has given comparative celebrity to their names. Akenside, the author of *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, one of the purest and most elegant didactic poems in the English language; Blacklock, who was blind from his birth; Fawkes, the translator of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, and other classic poets; Grainger, the opening of whose *Ode to Solitude* Dr. Johnson considered 'very noble;' and Cotton, whose *Visions in Verse* for children, and whose 'well-known humanity and sweetness of temper' Cowper so warmly commends.

Mark Akenside was the son of a butcher, and was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where his father followed his business, on the ninth of November, 1721. His parents were both dissenters, and the Puritan principles imbibed in his early years, seems, as in the case of Milton, to have given a gravity and earnestness to his character, and a love of freedom to his thoughts and imagination, which he preserved through life. He received the early part of his education at the grammar-school of his native place, and was afterward instructed at a private academy, by a Mr. Wilson. At the age of eighteen, the society of Dissenters sent him to Edinburgh university, that he might become qualified for the ministry; but he afterward changed his views, returned the money that he had received, and entered himself as a student of medicine. He was already a poet; and in the following *Hymn to Science*, written in Edinburgh, we see at once the formation of his classic taste, and the dignity of his personal character:—

That last best effort of thy skill,
To form the life and rule the will,
  Propitious Power! impart;

Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean;
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

After having passed three years at Edinburgh, Akenside removed to Leyden to complete his studies; and in 1744, he obtained his doctor's degree, returned to England, and commenced the practice of his profession in London. During his residence in Holland he had written, at the early age of twenty-three, his *Pleasures of Imagination*, which he now offered to Dodsley for publication, demanding for the copyright, one hundred and twenty pounds. The price being large, Dodsley, before he concluded to take it, consulted Pope, who having looked it over, advised the bookseller 'to make no niggardly offer, since this was no every-day writer.' The poem attracted much attention, and was, soon after it appeared in London, translated into French and Italian.

His reputation, by the publication of the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' being very widely extended, Akenside now resolved to establish himself as a physician in some rural district of the country. With this view he selected Northampton as his future abode; but after an unsuccessful trial of eighteen months, he returned to London, where he passed the remainder of his life. At Leyden he had formed an intimacy with Jeremiah Dyson, a young Englishman of fortune, which ripened into a friendship of the closest and most enthusiastic character; and Dyson, who was afterward clerk of the House of Commons, and a lord of the treasury, had the generosity to allow the poet three hundred pounds a year. After writing a few *Odes* of the most common-place kind, Akenside made no farther attempt at composition. His society was courted for his taste, knowledge, and eloquence; but his solemn sententiousness of manner, his romantic ideas of liberty, and his unbounded admiration of the ancients, frequently exposed him to ridicule. He died suddenly of a putrid sore throat, on the twenty-third of June, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and was buried in St. James's Church.

In his latter days, Akenside reverted, with melancholy delight, to his native landscape on the banks of the Tyne; and in his fragment of a fourth book of 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' written in the last year of his life, is found the following beautiful passage:—

—— O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower

Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands.
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Beloved of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelmed
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

'The Pleasures of Imagination' is a poem seldom read continuously, though its finer passages, by frequent quotation, particularly in works of criticism and moral philosophy, are well known. The pleasures of which the poem professes to treat 'proceed,' says the author, 'either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight; or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem.' These, with the moral and intellectual objects arising from them, furnish abundant topics for illustration; but Akenside dealt chiefly with abstruse subjects, pertaining more to philosophy than to poetry. He did not seek to graft upon them human interests and human passions. In tracing the final cause of our emotions, he could have described their exercise and effects in scenes of ordinary pain or pleasure in the walks of real life. This does not seem, however, to have been the purpose of the poet, and hence his work is deficient in interest.

Akenside's blank verse is free and well modulated, and is peculiarly his own. Though apt to run into too long periods, it is more compact in its structure than that of Thomson, and may, perhaps, be considered superior to it. Its occasional want of perspicuity probably arises from the delicacy of the author's distinctions, and the difficulty attending mental analysis in verse. He might also wish to avoid all vulgar and common expressions, and thus err from excessive refinement. A redundancy of ornament certainly, in some passages, mars the clearness of his conceptions; but his higher flights have a flow and energy of expression, and an appropriateness of imagery, peculiar to the great poet. His style is chaste, yet elevated and musical; and though he blends sweetness with his expression, he never compromises his dignity. We close our notice of this interesting writer with the following brief extracts:—

ASPIRATIONS AFTER THE INFINITE.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invest the orient. Now, amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,

Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

Mind, mind alone (bear witness earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look, then, abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, oh man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismayed, the dark profound

Where nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary-ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round: behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That saw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design: the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touched and awakened, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleased,
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant Sire,
To deck the honoured paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorned condition of her birth;
And, dressed by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature to attract
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act serene
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach,
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Thomas Blacklock, a blind descriptive poet, was the son of a Cumberland bricklayer, and was born at Annan, Dumfrieshire in 1721. When about six months old, he was totally deprived of sight by the small-pox; but his worthy father, assisted by his neighbors, amused his solitary boyhood by reading to him out of the works of Spenser, Milton, Pope, and Addison; and before he reached his twentieth year he had become entirely familiar with the writings of these great poets, and also with those of Thomson and Allen Ramsay. Blacklock's father was accidentally killed when the poet had scarcely reached his nineteenth year; but some of his early poems having been seen by Dr. Stevenson of Edinburgh, that benevolent gentleman took their blind author to the Scottish metropolis, where he was soon after enrolled in the university as a student of divinity. In 1759 he was licensed as a preacher, previous to which he had published a volume of his poems, three separate editions of which were called for in rapid succession. In 1762, he married the daughter of Dr. Johnston of Dumfries, and the same year, through the patronage of the Earl of Selkirk, was appointed minister of Kirkcudbright. In 1766, he was made a doctor of divinity, soon after which, in consequence of some dissatisfaction in his parish, he removed to Edinburgh, and opened a boarding-house.

To his literary pursuits Dr. Blacklock added a taste for music, and played well on both the flute and the flageolet. His residence in the city was the usual meeting place of its numerous literary men, and his family circle was one of peace and happiness. In the latter years of his life he suffered much from depression of spirits, and supposed that his imaginative powers were failing him. To this supposed decay of his faculties the blind bard thus pathetically alludes in a poem written a short time before his death:—

Excursive on the gentle gales of spring,
He roved, whilst favour imped his timid wing.
Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
But mourns abortive hopes and faded fires;
The short-lived wreath, which once his temples graced,
Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste;
Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
In cheerless gloom and winter premature.

Blacklock died on the seventh of July, 1791, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Though a poet by nature, and enthusiastically fond of the poetic art, Dr. Blacklock did not confine himself to that department of writing. He was the author of several sermons, and of some theological treatises; and he also wrote an elegant and ingenious article on *Blindness*, for the Encyclopædia Britannica, and two dissertations entitled *Paraclesis; or Consolations Deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion.* His poetry, though not remarkable for original imagery, deep sentiment, reflection, or imagination, still exhibits great fluency and correctness of versification, and entire familiarity with the visible objects of nature, such as trees, streams, rocks, the sky, and even with the different colors of flowers and plants. In one to whom all external phenomena had ever been a 'universal blank,' this was certainly very remarkable, and shows clearly that his poetical feeling must have been inherited from nature. Of the two poems which follow, the latter is a sweet and elegantly expressed compliment to his wife :—

TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat
Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound;
And now the sport he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughtered curse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

ODE TO AURORA ON MELISSA'S BIRTHDAY.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye;
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

Francis Fawkes was born in Yorkshire, in 1721, and educated at Jesus College, Cambridge. Having taken orders, he became curate of Bramham and Croyden, and died in 1777, in the vicarage of Hayes, in Kent. Fawkes enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and Warton; but though classic and refined in his taste, and, as already observed, the elegant translator of many of the Greek poets, he had, unfortunately, like Oldys, too great fondness for a cup of English ale. Though not bearing the stamp of superior genius, many of his original pieces are pleasing and even elegant. The following song will always be a favorite:—

THE BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl;
In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

James Grainger was born at Dunse, in the south of Scotland, in 1721. He was educated at the university of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of doctor of medicine, and attended Lord Stair as surgeon of the army in the German campaign, of 1748. He afterwards settled in London as a physician; but not being successful in his practice, he went, in 1759, to the island of St. Christophers, in the West Indies, commenced practising his profession, and soon after married a lady of fortune. He died of a contagious fever, in 1766.

Dr. Grainger published in 1755, his poem of *Solitude*, which contains a noble opening, and many other very fine passages. He also, before he left London, translated Tibullus, and was, for some time, a critic in the Monthly Review. During his residence at St. Christophers he wrote his poem of the *Sugar-Cane*, which Shenstone thought capable of being rendered a good poem, but which deserves little farther praise. For his poetical reputation he is indebted almost exclusively to the following ode:—

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again, I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Plumed Conceit himself surveying
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puffed Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
(Ignorant of time and place),
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambitious buskins, steeped in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection, bent with years,
Conscious Virtue void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye;
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Wrapt earth's gazing Reverie,
Blushing artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth, with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retired,
The wise Euripides inspired;
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlocked the springs of woe;
You penned what exiled Naso thought,
And poured the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vancluse you strayed,
When death snatched his long-loved maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
Ye strewed with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With blood-shot eyes, and sombre mien;
Hymen his yellow vestments tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapped her sable wing,
While you touched the mournful string;
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn;
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
When all nature's hushed asleep,
Nor Love, nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your caverned den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat,
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sun-burnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;

Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wildling grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease,
What is fame? an empty bubble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sydney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequestered fair,
To your sybil grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scooped by nature's salvage hands,
Bosomed in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decayed,
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine. * *

Nathaniel Cotton was born in 1721, and educated for the medical profession. Having taken a doctor's degree, he established himself at St. Albans, and became distinguished for his skill in the treatment of cases of insanity. The melancholy Cowper was, for some time, under his care, and between them a very warm friendship ever after subsisted. His death occurred in 1788, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Dr. Cotton was the author of *Visions in Verse for Children*, and a volume of poetical *Miscellanies*. Without any pretensions to a high order of genius, Cotton wrote with much delicacy of thought and sweetness of versification; and the following lines have long had a permanent popularity :—

THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
    In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
    Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and the fire,
    Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here;
Nor intermeddling stranger near
    To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our ownselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They 'll grow in virtue every day;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence had sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small.
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we 'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we 'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conscience like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

Joseph and Thomas Warton, two brothers of eminence in the literary circles of this period, belonged to a poetic race. DR. THOMAS WARTON, their father, was a native of Godalmin, in Surrey, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was afterwards chosen fellow. He filled the professorship of poetry in the university, from 1718 until 1728, and though not gifted with exalted genius, his enthusiasm contributed greatly to elevate the poetical art at the venerable institution to which he belonged. His death occurred in 1745. The following sonnet from the pen of this author is well worthy of being preserved, from the striking similarity it bears to the future productions of the younger son:

[*Written after seeing Windsor Castle.*]

From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,
Where Edward's chiefs starts from the glowing walls,
To my low cot from ivory beds of state,
Pleased I return unenvious of the great.
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes
Of corn, of heath, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket—soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill:
Now haunts old hollowed oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale lily's silver bells;
Sips the warm fragrance of the green-house bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron's flowers;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

Joseph Warton, the eldest son of Thomas, was born at Dunsfold, Surrey, in 1722. He studied, preparatory to entering the university, at Westminster school, where Collins was one of his schoolfellows. He was afterwards a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, and particularly distinguished himself by his application and regularity. Having taken his collegiate degrees, Warton entered into orders, and was ordained on his father's curacy, at Basingstoke. In 1751 he accompanied the duke of Bolton to France as his chaplain, and soon after his return to England was made rector of Tamworth. In this rectory he remained until 1766, when he was elected head master of Winchester school, to which were subsequently added a prebend of St. Paul's, and of Winchester. His death occurred on the twenty-third of February, 1800.

Dr. Warton early appeared as a poet, having published, while at the university, his *Enthusiasts*, his *Dying Indian*, and some *Satires*. His style is graphic and romantic, and his *Ode to Fancy* possesses a very high degree of merit. He also edited Pope's works, and prefixed, to his edition, an elegant and highly interesting essay on the genius and writings of that celebrated author. The following Ode has attained a permanent popularity :—

TO FANCY.

O parent of each lovely muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
  O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskined leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside;
'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between;
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,

Where never human heart appeared,
Nor e'er one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer tell,
To thy unknown sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest;
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
  Me, goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-robed Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court;
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-liped Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
Listening to the shepherd's song.
  Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of wo,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,
Where to avoid cold winter's showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
  Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat!
The trumpet's clangours pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;

'Give me another horse,' I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly.
Whence is this rage? What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to the ensanguined field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon shield!
  O! guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arched walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun!
The pangs of absence, O! remove,
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss.
  When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale:
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

Thomas Warton the younger, was born at Dunsfold, in 1728. At sixteen years of age, he entered Trinity College, Oxford, and at nineteen published his *Pleasures of Melancholy*, a poem which gave a promise of excellence which his more mature productions did not sustain. Having taken his degree and obtained a fellowship, Warton entered into orders, and in 1757, was appointed Professor of Poetry. He was also, about the same time, made curate of Woodstock, and rector of Kiddington, a small living near Oxford. From this period his life passed on in one even current, with only those interruptions which his occasional publications induced. The first of these publications was an elaborate *Essay* on Spenser's Fairy Queen. He also edited the minor poems of Milton, an edition which Leigh Hunt says 'is a wilderness of sweets, and is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation.' Some of the notes are highly poetical, while others display the author's taste for antiquities, for architecture, superstition, and his intimate acquaintance with the old Elizabethan writers.

The work which forms the basis of Dr. Warton's reputation, however, is his *History of English Poetry*, the first volume of which appeared, in 1774, and the second, which brings the history down to the accession of Elizabeth, four years after. In this work Warton poured out in profusion all the treasures of a well-stored mind. His antiquarian lore, his love of antique manners, and his chivalrous feelings, found appropriate exercise in tracing the stream of English poetry from its first fountain springs, down to the luxuriant reign of Elizabeth, which he justly styled, 'the most poetic age of English annals.' The order pursued in this important work is strictly chronological; and the author, by adopting this course, allowed himself freer opportunities for research, and was enabled to exhibit without transposition, the gradual improvements of English poetry, and the progress of the language. The untiring industry and extensive learning of the poet-historian accumulated a mass of materials equally valuable and curious. His work is a vast storehouse of facts connected with early English literature; and if he sometimes wanders from his subject, or indulges in extraneous details, it should be remembered, as his late editor, Price, remarks, that new matter was constantly presenting itself before him, and that Warton 'was the first adventurer in the extensive region through which he journeyed, and into which the usual pioneers of literature had scarcely penetrated.' The author's plan excluded the drama, but this defect has been partially supplied by Collier's Annals of the Stage.

On the death of Whitehead, in 1785, Dr. Warton was appointed poet-laureate. His learning gave dignity to an office usually held in small esteem, and which has recently been wisely converted into a sinecure. The same year he was made Camden Professor of History. While pursuing his antiquarian and literary researches, and in the midst of health and usefulness, he was attacked with the gout, and this being immediately followed by a stroke of paralysis, his valuable life terminated on the twenty-first of May, 1790.

Dr. Warton's poetry is deficient in natural expression and general interest; but some of his longer pieces, by their martial spirit and Gothic fancy, are calculated to awaken a stirring and romantic enthusiasm in the mind of the reader. Hazlitt considered some of his sonnets the finest in the language. Of these, the following are picturesque and graceful, and are fair samples of the whole :—

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled
Of painful pedantry, the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores

New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

ON REVISITING THE RIVER LODDON.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun—
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure;
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, an unfortunate and irregular genius, was born at Shipbourne, Kent, in 1722. His father was steward to Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington; and after his death, which happened when his son was only eleven years of age, the patronage of his Lordship was generously continued to his family. Through the influence of that nobleman, Smart procured, from the Duchess of Cleveland, an allowance of forty pounds per annum, with which he was enabled to make ample preparation for the university. He was admitted of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739, elected a fellow of his college in 1745, and two years after took his master's degree. At college he was chiefly remarkable for folly and extravagance, and his distinguished contemporary Gray prophesied truly that the result of his conduct would be a jail or bedlam. In the year that he was graduated he wrote a comedy, called a *Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair*, which was acted in Pembroke College Hall, the parlor of which was made the green-room. No remains of this play have been found, excepting a few songs and a mock-heroic soliloquy, the latter containing the following humorous simile :—

Thus when a barber and a collier fight
The barber beats the luckless collier *white;*
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber *black.*
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber *red;*
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tossed,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

Notwithstanding his irregularities, Smart cultivated his talents, and was distinguished at the university for both his Latin and English verses. His manners were remarkably agreeable, and this induced his college friends long to bear his misconduct; but their patience finally became exhausted, and they abandoned him. Having written several pieces for different periodicals published by Newberry, Smart became acquainted with the bookseller's family, and, in 1753, married his step-daughter, Miss Carnan. He now removed to London and depended entirely upon his pen for a subsistence. His knowledge of the classic languages seems to have been very profound, and one of his earliest tasks, after his settlement in the metropolis, was a metrical translation of the *Fables of Phœdrus*, and of some of the odes of Horace. Many of the latter are extremely elegant. He also had previously translated, with success, and to Pope's entire satisfaction, the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, into the Latin tongue. In 1756, Smart was one of the conductors of a monthly periodical called *The Universal Visitor;* and in order to assist him, Dr. Johnson, who sincerely sympathized with his unhappy vacillation of mind, contributed a number of essays.

In 1763, we find the poor unfortunate poet confined in a mad-house. 'He has partly as much exercise,' says Johnson, 'as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed before his confinement he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people's praying for him (also falling on his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place); and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.' He was afterwards released from his confinement; but, in consequence of his intemperate habits, his ill-fortune again pursued him, and he was committed to the King's Bench prison for debt, and there, after a short illness, died in 1770.

During Smart's confinement in the mad-house, writing materials, it is said, were denied him; and he used to indent his poetical thoughts with a key on the wainscot of the walls of his apartment. A religious poem, the *Song to David*, written at this time in his saner moments, possesses passages of considerable power and sublimity, and must be considered as one of the greatest curiosities of English literature. What the unfortunate poet did not write down he composed and retained in his memory until it was communicated to the printer. From this poem we select the following stanzas:—

SONG TO DAVID.

O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
  To praise the King of Kings:
And voice of heaven, ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
  Clear as a clarion rings:

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
  Of gratitude in throngs;

To keep the days on Zion's Mount,
And send the year to his account,
With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou may'st now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Best man! the swiftness and the race,
The peril and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
Which is the people's voice;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man—
The man of God's own choice.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose;
The fight—he triumphed o'er the foes
Whom God's just laws abhor;
And, armed in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war.

Pious—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple planned,
(The seraph in his soul:)
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain,
His aspect and his heart:
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
To play the sword and spear.

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme;
Notes from you exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
  The Sabbath-day he blest;
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
  To bless and bear the rest.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering when he watched the fleece,
  How sweetly Kidron purled—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
  When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
  In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair,
Were as the lion and the bear
  To his undaunted might.

Constant—in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
  To Jonathan his friend
Constant, beyond the verge of death;
And Ziba, and Mephibosheth.
  His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel without peer,
  Priest, champion, sage, and boy;
In armour, or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad;
  Majestic was his joy.

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
  Of all the most reviled;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
  And counsel to his child.

Christopher Anstey, the author of *The New Bath Guide*, a light satirical and humorous poem, was the son of the Rev. Dr. Anstey, and was born at Brinkeley, Cambridgeshire, in 1724. His father was possessor of considerable landed property, which the poet afterwards inherited. Anstey pursued his preparatory studies at Eton school, whence he was elected to King's College, Cambridge, and in both places he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. Just before he closed his course of study at the university, he refused to deliver certain declamations, in consequence of which he was denied the usual degree. He afterwards entered the army, but his marriage with Miss Calvert, sister to John Calvert, of Allbury Hall, in Hertfordshire, changed his destiny, and through the influence of his brother-in-law he was returned to parliament for the borough of Hertford.

Anstey passed much of his time in the city of Bath, and was a great favorite in the fashionable and literary circles of the place. In 1766, he published his celebrated poem, 'The New Bath Guide,' and it immediately became popular. He wrote various other pieces, among which are *A Poem on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock; An Election Ball; in Poetical Letters from Mr. Inkle, at Bath, to his Wife at Gloucester; A Pharaphase of the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians;* a satire entitled, *The Priest Dissected; Speculation, or a Defence of Mankind; Liberality, or Memoirs of a Decayed Macæroni;* and *The Farmer's Daughter, a Poetical Tale.* Anstey also translated Gray's Elegy into Latin verse, and addressed an elegant Latin Ode to Dr. Jenner. While 'The New Bath Guide' was 'the only thing in fashion,' and relished for its novel and original kind of humor, the other productions of Anstey were neglected by the public, and have never been revived. In the enjoyment of his paternal estate the poet, however, was independent of the public support, and he took part in the sports of the field up to the eightieth year of his age. While on a visit to his son-in-law, at Harnage, in Wiltshire, he was taken ill, and there died on the third of August, 1805.

The following passage from 'The New Bath Guide,' is a fair sample of the whole poem:—

THE PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

Now my lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn,
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution
For he carried us all to a place cross the river,
And vowed that the rooms were too hot for his liver:
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Garden sat out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;
For sure such confusion was never yet known;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown:
While his lordship, embroidered and powdered all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore:
How the misses did huddle, and scuddle, and run;
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their tails, they all seemed to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to see, how like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flocked all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond:
You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:
    There was Lady Greasewrister,
    And Madame Van-Twister,

Her ladyship's sister:
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Mouzer,
And the great Hanoverian Baron Panzmouzer;
Besides many others who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment:
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance.
All the chocolate too, that my lord set before 'em,
The ladies dispatched with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns and the clarions echoing sound.
Sweet were the strains, as odorous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow,
The peer was quite ravished, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture surveyed
All the powerful charms she so nobly displayed:
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breathed heavenly measures.

Thomas Percy, chiefly known as the compiler of the *Reliques of English Poetry*, was related to the Percys of Northumberland, and was born at Bridgenorth, Shropshire, in 1728. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, where, in 1753, he took his master's degree, immediately after which he entered into orders, and became chaplain to the king. In 1778, he was promoted to the deanery of Carlisle, and four years afterwards advanced to the see of Dromore, in Ireland, in which he remained until his death, in 1811.

Dr. Percy's 'Reliques of English Poetry,' contains many excellent old songs and ballads, and a selection of the best lyrical pieces scattered throughout the works of more modern authors. The learning and ability with which he executed his task, and the sterling value of his materials, give to his volumes great importance. They soon found their way into the hands of poets and poetical readers, and awakened a love of nature, simplicity, and true passion, in contradistinction to that coldly-correct and sentimental style which pervaded so much of the poetry of his day. The influence of Percy's collection was very general, and is perceived in the poetry of the present time. It opened a spring of sweet, tender, and heroic thoughts and imaginations, which could never be again turned back into the artificial channels in which the genius of poesy had been too long and too closely confined. Percy was himself a poet, and the following ballad evinces both taste and talent :—

O NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME.

O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the winter wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share wi' him the pang of wae?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thee repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Besides various other poems and poetic translations, Dr. Percy was the author of *A Key to the New Testament*, which, as a text book, is of very great value.

Oliver Goldsmith, the author of *The Traveller*, and *The Deserted Village*, two of the most popular poems in the English language, was born at Pallas, a small village in the county of Longford, Ireland, on the tenth of November, 1728. He was the sixth son of a family of nine children, and his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a poor curate, who eked out the pittance which he derived from his profession, by renting and cultivating a small farm. The poet's father afterwards succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to the house and farm of Lissoy, in his former parish. Here Goldsmith's youth was spent, and here he stored his mind with those rural images which he afterwards so beautifully elaborated in his 'Deserted Village.'

Having received a good preparatory education at home, Goldsmith, on the eleventh of June, 1745, was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin. At college, though his expenses were defrayed chiefly by his excellent uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarini, yet through his thoughtlessness and irregularity, he was always in want. He was unfortunate in his tutor, too, who was a man of fierce and brutal passions, and on one occasion, struck him in the presence of one of his friends. This so incensed Goldsmith that he left college and wandered about the country for some weeks in the utmost poverty. His brother Henry at length found him in this pitiable condition, clothed him, and carried him back to college, where he remained until the twenty-seventh of February, 1749, when he was admitted to his bachelor's degree.

Goldsmith now gladly left the university, and returned to Lissoy; and though his father was dead, and the family somewhat dispersed, still he idled away two years among his relations. He afterwards became tutor in the family of a gentleman in Ireland; but at the expiration of a year, having been furnished by his uncle with fifty pounds for that purpose, he repaired to Dublin to study law. He soon, however, lost the whole sum in a gaming house; but a second contribution was raised, and with it the poet went to Edinburgh, and there, for eighteen months, studied medicine. At the expiration of that time, he drew upon his uncle, who seems to have been devotedly attached to him, for twenty pounds, and with that sum embarked for Bordeaux. But the vessel was compelled through stress of weather, to put into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and whilst there, Goldsmith and his companions were arrested and cast into prison, where the poet remained for two weeks.

Having recovered from this the most innocent of his misfortunes, Goldsmith next became usher in Dr. Milner's school, at Peckham, in the neighborhood of London, where he is supposed to have passed between three and four years. The tradition of the school represents him to have been extremely good-natured and playful, and to have advanced his pupils more by conversation than by book-tasks. From Peckham he went to Leyden, and there formed the resolution of making the tour of the Continent, notwithstanding the limitedness of his finances. He stopped some time at Louvain, in Flanders, at Antwerp, and at Brussels. In France, he is said to have occasionally earned a night's lodging and food by playing on his flute. To this he alludes in the following lines of the 'Traveller':—

> How often have I led thy sportive choir,
> With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
> Where shading elms along the margin grew,
> And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew:
> And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
> But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
> Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
> And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Scenes of this kind formed an appropriate school for the wandering poet.

He brooded, with delight, over these pictures of humble primitive happiness, and his imagination loved to invest them with the charms of poetry. From France he went into Germany and Switzerland, and from the latter he sent the first sketch of the 'Traveller' to his brother. He thence visited Florence, Verona, Venice, and Padua; and at the university of Padua, after a residence of some months, he took his medical degree.

In 1756, Goldsmith, after two years of lonely wandering abroad, returned, in deep poverty, to England; and for want of other means of subsistence, engaged as assistant to a chemist. A college friend, Dr. Sleigh, soon after enabled him to commence practice as an humble physician in Bankside, Southwark; but his chief support arose from contributions to the periodical literature of the day. In 1758, he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination as an hospital mate, with the view of entering the army or navy; but he had the mortification to be rejected as unqualified. That he might appear before the examining surgeon suitably dressed, he obtained a new suit of clothes, for which Griffiths, publisher of the Monthly Review, became security. The clothes were to be returned immediately after the examination, or to be paid for; but poor Goldsmith, having failed in his object, and being pressed with want, pledged them, in a luckless moment, to a pawnbroker. This incident involved him in deep distress, and even threatened him with a gaol; but he finally recovered from the effects of his imprudence, and henceforth devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits. Besides numerous contributions to the Monthly and Critical Reviews, the Lady's Magazine, and the British Magazine, he published, at this time, an *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, his admirable *Chinese Letters* afterwards published under the title of *The Citizen of the World*, a *Life of Beau Nash*, and the *History of England* in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son. The latter was highly successful, and was currently attributed to Lord Chesterfield.

Towards the close of the year 1764, Goldsmith published *The Traveller*, a poem so perfect as to be 'without one bad line,' and 'without one of Dryden's careless verses.' Charles Fox pronounced it one of the finest poems in the English language; and Dr. Johnson soon after observed that 'the merit of 'The Traveller' was so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise could not augment it, nor his censure diminish it.' In 1766, appeared his exquisite novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and this was followed, in the following year, by his comedy of *The Good Natured Man*. In 1768, he produced his *Roman History*, and two years after *The Deserted Village*. This sweet poem was as popular as 'The Traveller,' and speedily ran through a number of editions. In 1773, his comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was brought out at Covent Garden with immense applause. He was now at the summit of his fame and popularity; and though the march to it had been long and toilsome, and he was often ready to faint by the way, his success was at length complete. Habits of extravagance and carelessness had, however, become firmly fixed upon him; and, notwithstanding his annual income, from his various publications, was not less than fifteen hundred pounds, still difficulty and distress clung to him. He hung loosely on society, having neither wife nor domestic tie; and with little farther literary effort, he passed the remainder of his brief life until death summoned him to his final account, on the fourth of April, 1774, at the early age of forty-five.

Dr. Goldsmith, notwithstanding his many foibles—his undisguised vanity, his natural proneness to blundering, his thoughtless extravagance, his credulity, and his frequent absurdities, was still greatly beloved by all who intimately knew him; for under all the objectionable traits of his character, ran a current of generous benevolence, of enlightened zeal for the happiness and improvement of mankind, and of manly independent feeling. His remains were interred in the Temple burying ground, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, next to the grave of Gay, whom he closely resembled in character, and far excelled in genius.

Besides the works already noticed, Goldsmith produced a *History of England* in four volumes, and a *History of Greece* in two; and commenced to write a *History of Animated Nature*, which was to embrace eight volumes, and for which he was to receive eight hundred guineas. His historical works, though elegantly written, were never of much intrinsic value; for, being the result of contracts for specific sums, of which he was always in pressing want, he usually seized the first materials at hand, without giving himself much concern about their importance or their accuracy. His poetry is, however, of a very different character. It is elaborated to the highest degree of polish. From 'The Traveller' we take the following extract, in which the rich scenery of Italy, and the effeminate character of the people, are placed in striking juxtaposition with the rugged mountains of Switzerland, and their hardy natives:—

ITALIANS AND SWISS CONTRASTED.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
  Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvass glowed beyond even nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form,
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind,
An easy compensation seems to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of the shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
  Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

The 'Deserted Village' is one of the most popular poems in the English language. Its best passages are learned in youth, and are never forgotten. 'Song,' says Campbell, 'is but the eloquence of truth,' and of this eloquence is this poem made up—eloquence that will ever be listened to; truth that it is impossible to doubt. Goldsmith drew upon his recollections of Lissoy for most of the landscape, as well as the characters introduced. His father sat for the village pastor, and such a portrait might well have cancelled, with the poet's relations, all the follies and irregularities of his youth. We quote the following pictures :—

AUBURN—THE VILLAGE PASTOR—THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!

How often have I paused on every charm!
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.
  Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
  Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize;
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
  Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
  Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
  At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
  Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And even the story ran that he could guage;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even, though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Another sweet poem of Goldsmith's, the ballad of *Edwin and Angelina*, might claim particular attention; but we can only refer to it as a production unsurpassed in ease and simplicity, and touching pathos.

Lecture the Thirty-Ninth.

WILLIAM FALCONER—JOHN CUNNINGHAM—JOHN SCOTT—SAMUEL BISHOP—ROBERT LLOYD—CHARLES CHURCHILL—JOHN LANGHORNE—SIR WILLIAM JONES—THOMAS CHATTERTON—ALEXANDER ROSS—JOHN SKINNER—JOHN LOWE—ROBERT CRAWFORD—SIR GILBERT ELLIOT—ROBERT FERGUSSON.

FALCONER, the poet to whom our attention is next to be directed, must be regarded as a very remarkable man. Born in obscurity, and reared without education, he yet, in comparatively early life, produced a poem which has won for itself a permanent place in English literature. The terrific circumstances attending a shipwreck had been, before the appearance of his work, often described by poets, both ancient and modern, but never with any attempt at professional accuracy or minuteness of detail. It was reserved for a genuine sailor to disclose, in correct and harmonious verse, the 'secrets of the deep,' and to enlist the sympathies of the general reader in favor of the daily life and occupations of his brother seamen. The ocean, which is the scene of the poem, naturally excites sublime poetical aspirations; but its interest soon wanders from this source, and centres in the stately ship and her crew—the gallant resistance the men made to the fury of the storm—their calm and deliberate courage—the various resources of their skill and ingenuity—their consultations and resolutions as the ship labors in distress—and the brave, unselfish piety and generosity with which they met their fate, when at last—

> The crashing ribs divide—
> She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Such a subject Falconer justly considered as 'new to epic lore;' but it possessed strong attractions to the English public, whose national pride and honor are so closely identified with the sea, and so many of whom have 'some friend, some brother there.'

WILLIAM FALCONER was the son of a poor Edinburgh barber, and was born in that city, in 1730. He left his home in his childhood, and went to sea as a cabin boy, on board of a Leith merchant ship, but soon after entered the royal navy. Before he was eighteen years of age, he, by good conduct and attention to his duties, raised himself to the position of second mate, in the Britannia, a vessel that traded to the Levant. The vessel was, however, soon after shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, as described in his poem; and Falconer returned to Edinburgh, where, in 1751, he published his first attempt at poetry, in the form of a monody on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The choice of such a subject by a young friendless sailor, was as singular as is the depth of grief he describes in his poem.

In 1757 Falconer was promoted to the quarter-deck of the Ramilies, and being now in a superior situation for cultivating his taste for learning, he was an assiduous student. Three years afterwards he suffered a second shipwreck, as the Ramilies, while endeavoring to make the harbor of Plymouth, struck upon the shore; and out of a crew of seven hundred and thirty-four men, the poet and twenty-five others were all that escaped.

In 1762 Falconer published his great poem *The Shipwreck*, with a dedication to the Duke of York. The work was eminently successful, and his royal highness procured him the appointment of midshipman on board the Royal George, whence he was subsequently transferred to the Glory, a frigate of thirty-two guns, on board of which he held the situation of purser. The peace between England and France relieved him, for a short time, from active service, during which he resided in London, wrote an indifferent satire upon Wilkes, Churchill, and their associates, and compiled a valuable *Marine Dictionary*. In September, 1769, the poet again went to sea, sailing from England in the Aurora frigate, bound to India. The vessel reached the Cape of Good Hope the following December, but was afterwards lost in Mosambique Channel, and no 'tuneful Arion' escaped to commemorate the sad calamity.

'The Shipwreck' possesses the rare merit of being a pleasing and interesting poem, and, at the same time, a safe guide to practical seamen. Its nautical rules and directions are approved of by all naval officers. In his first edition the author merely described, in nautical phraseology and simple narrative, the melancholy disaster he had witnessed in connection with the loss of the Britannia. The characters of Albert, Rodmond, Palemon, and Anna, were added in a subsequent edition of the work. By choosing the shipwreck of the Britannia, Falconer imparted a train of the most interesting recollections and images to his poem. The wreck occurred off Cape Colonna, one of the fairest portions of the beautiful shores of Greece. 'In all Attica,' says Lord Byron, 'if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over 'isles that crown the Ægean deep;' but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of

Falconer's shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

> Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
> The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.

Falconer was not insensible to the charms of these historical and classic associations, and he was still more alive to the impressions of romantic scenery and genial climate.

In the delineation of character Falconer particularly excels. The characters of his naval officers are finely discriminated. Albert, the commander, is brave, liberal, and just, with feeling softened and refined by domestic ties and superior associations: Rodmond, the next in rank, is coarse and boisterous, yet of a kind compassionate nature, as is evinced by the following striking incident:—

> And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
> Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
> A flash quick glancing on the nerves of light,
> Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
> Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
> Touched with compassion, gazed upon the blind;
> And while around his sad companions crowd,
> He guides the unhappy victim to a shroud.
> 'Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend,' he cries,
> 'Thy only succour on the mast relies.'

Palemon, 'charged with the commerce,' is the lover of the poem, and his passion for Albert's daughter is drawn with truth and delicacy—

> 'Twas genuine passion, Nature's eldest born.

The truthfulness of the whole poem is, indeed, one of its greatest attractions. We feel that it is a passage of real life; and even where the poet seems to violate the principles of taste and criticism, allowance is liberally made for the peculiar situation of the author, while he rivets our attention to the scenes of trial and distress which he so fortunately survived, and afterwards so vividly described.

THE WRECK.

> With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
> Where death's inexorable jaws expand;
> Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
> As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
> Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
> In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
> The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
> The black eventful moment seemed to bring.

The fatal sisters, on the surge before,
Yoked their infernal horses to the prore.
The steersman now received their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend:
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-pressed by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee:
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpowered, they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink forever, numbered with the dead!
  Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear;
Even they, amid the unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Inclosed with all the demons of the main,
They viewed the adjacent shore, but viewed in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell;
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore;
But Heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more!
  And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore,
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!

O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove!
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels;
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges; hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rend the solid oak:
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.
O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art,
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress!
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivalled strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below;
Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan;
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach—a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! the eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:

What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife, forever doomed to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want and hardships unforeseen inclosed;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned,
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
His outstretched arms the master's legs infold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And 'Oh protect my wife and child,' he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound;
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.

Cunningham, Scott, Bishop, and Lloyd, though poets of less genius than Falconer, were still writers of very considerable merit. Of their lives, with the exception of the last, little is known, and even that little does not involve much of deep interest.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, the son of a wine-cooper, was born in Dublin, in 1728. He early became familiar with the stage, and at the age of seventeen produced a farce under the title of *Love in a Mist*, which was quite successful. He then joined Digges's company, at Edinburgh, with which he remained for several years. The latter part of his life was passed at the house of a 'generous printer,' who resided at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and by whose hospitality he was supported until his death, which occurred in 1773.

Cunningham's poems are full of pastoral simplicity and lyrical melody; and, as he aimed at nothing higher, he was uniformly successful. The following *Pastoral* is a gem of rare beauty:—

CONTENT.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wildered and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crowned,
Green rushes were strewed on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And decked the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she culled me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms!
I kissed the ripe roses that glowed on her cheek,
And locked the loved maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well-known for her sire,
And shepherds have named her Content.

John Scott belonged to the society of Quakers, and was the first poet that that persuasion produced. He was the son of a London draper, and born in 1730. His father having acquired, by his trade, a competence, retired to Amwell, in Hertfordshire, and here the poet spent his days in quiet retirement, and in improving his garden and grounds. His death occurred in 1783.

Besides his poems, Scott wrote a *Digest of Laws respecting Highways and Turnpikes*, *Observations on the Poor*, and a *Tract on Rowley's Poems.* His poems were generally of the descriptive class, and the longest and best celebrates the praises of Amwell. The following ode seems to have been dictated by real feeling, as well as quaker sentiment:—

ON HEARING THE DRUM.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:

To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

Samuel Bishop was born in London, in 1731, and educated at the university of Oxford. After he had taken his degrees, and obtained a fellowship in his college, he entered into orders, and was appointed head master of Merchant Tailor's School, London, with the livings of St. Martin Outwich, and Ditton. In these varied duties he passed a peaceful and happy life, with little variety or change, until his death, which occurred in 1795.

The poems of Bishop are numerous, comprising two large octavo volumes. They are chiefly on light subjects, and written in an easy and elegant style. The best of them was devoted to the praise of his wife; and it is impossible to read such lines as the following without *feeling* that their author was an amiable and happy man. They were addressed to Mrs. Bishop, and accompanied with a ring, on the anniversary of her wedding-day, which was also her birth-day.

TO MARY.

'Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed'—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring!—'For what?'
'To wed thee o'er again?' Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine),
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;

Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake as well as love's.
And why ?—They show me every hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

ROBERT LLOYD was the son of Dr. Pierson Lloyd, under-master of Westminster school, and was born in London, in 1733. He was thoroughly prepared for the university under his father's guidance, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, greatly distinguished himself by his talents and scholarship; but he was very irregular in his habits. After taking his master's degree, he became an usher under his father; but the wearisome routine of this line of life soon disgusted him, and he attempted to earn a subsistence by his literary talents. His poem called *The Actor* attracted some notice, and was the precursor of Churchill's 'Rosciad.' The style is light and easy, and the observations are generally correct and spirited. By contributing to periodical works as an essayist, a poet, and a dramatic critic, Lloyd might have obtained a respectable subsistence; but his means, as fast as he obtained any, were thoughtlessly squandered away in company with Churchill and other wits 'upon town.' He brought out two indifferent theatrical pieces, published his poems by subscription, and edited the 'St. James Magazine,' to which his literary friends generally contributed. The magazine failed, and Lloyd was cast into prison for the debts he had contracted to sustain it. His friend Churchill allowed him, under these trying circumstances, a guinea a-week and a servant; and endeavored to raise a subscription for the purpose of extricating him from his embarrassments. But Churchill's death, which occurred in 1764, proved fatal to our poet. 'Lloyd,' says Southey, 'had been apprised of his danger; but when the news of his death was somewhat abruptly announced to him, as he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying 'I shall follow poor Charles,' took to his bed, from which he never rose again; dying, if ever man thus died, of a broken heart. The tragedy did not end here ; for Churchill's favorite sister, who is said to have possessed much of her brother's sense, and spirit, and genius, and to have been betrothed to Lloyd, attended him during his illness ; and sinking under the double loss, soon followed her brother and her lover to the grave.'

Lloyd successfully parodied the Odes of Gray and Mason, without tincturing the humor of his burlesques with the least degree of malignity. Indeed this unfortunate young poet seems to have been one of the gentlest of witty observers and lively satirists : he was ruined by the friendship of Churchill and the Nonsense Club, and not by the force of an evil nature. The vivacity of his style, which Churchill closely copied, may be seen from the following short extract:—

WRETCHEDNESS OF A SCHOOL USHER.

Were I at once empowered to show
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour
I could inflict no penance bigger,
Than, using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And labouring with incessant pains,
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
  For one, it hurts me to the soul,
To brook confinement or control;
Still to be pinioned down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,
The links, and points, and rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
Oh, 'tis a service irksome more,
Than tugging at the slavish oar!
Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth,
And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
'Yet still he's on the road,' you say,
'Of learning.' Why, perhaps he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still;
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

Charles Churchill, the intimate friend and companion of Lloyd, was the son of a clergyman in Westminster, and was born there, in 1731. After studying at Westminster school, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge; but he left the university abruptly, without a degree, returned to his father's house, and soon after entered into a clandestine marriage with a young lady in Westminster. His conduct had hitherto been comparatively unimpeachable, and he therefore entered into orders, and settled in the curacy of Rainham, in Essex. His father died in 1758, and the poet was appointed his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, at Westminster. This transition, which promised an accession of comfort and respectability, proved the bane of poor Churchill. He renewed his intimacy with Lloyd and other school companions, and launched, with them, into a career of dissipation and extravagance. His poetry drew him into notice; and he not only disregarded his lectureship, but he laid aside the clerical costume, and appeared in the extreme of fashion, with a blue coat, gold-laced hat, and ruffles. The dean of Westminster remonstrated with him for this breach of clerical propriety, and his animadversions were seconded by the poet's parishioners. Churchill affected to ridicule this prudery; but the dean and his congregation were too powerful for him, and he was compelled to resign his lectureship.

Released now from all external restraints, Churchill's debauchery knew no limit; and he unfortunately formed, about this time, an acquaintance with Wilkes, the notorious and profligate conductor of the 'North Briton.' His ready pen, however, still threw off, at will, his popular satires, and the profits arising from their publication enabled him to plunge into every excess. This conduct he attempted to justify in a poetical epistle to Lloyd, entitled *Night*, in which he revenges himself on prudence and the world, by railing at them in the most severe terms. 'This vindication proceeded,' says one of his biographers, 'on the exploded doctrine, that the barefaced avowal of vice is less culpable than the practice of it under a hypocritical assumption of virtue. The measure of guilt in the individual is, we conceive, tolerably equal; but the sanction and dangerous example afforded in the former case, renders it, in a public point of view, an evil of tenfold magnitude.'

Churchill's irregularities sensibly affected his powers of composition, and his poem, *The Ghost*, published at this time, was an incoherent and tiresome production. The outlawry of Wilkes, roused the intensest satirical power of the poet, and he produced his *Prophecy of Famine*, which, like the North Briton, was especially directed against the Scottish nation. This is a Scots pastoral, and is the most ludicrous, and, perhaps, the best of Churchill's satires. Soon after the publication of this poem, the poet embarked for France, on a visit to his friend Wilkes, who then resided in that country, and with whom he had kept up a constant correspondence from the time of his departure from England. He had been in France, however, but a few weeks, before he was seized with a fever while at Bologne, which terminated his misguided life on the fourth of November, 1764, before he had reached the thirty-third year of his age. His remains were brought back to England, and buried at Dover; and some of his gay associates placed over his grave a stone on which was engraved the following line from one of his own poems:—

Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies.

The enjoyment, however, may be doubted, hardly less than the taste of the inscription. It is certain that Churchill expressed his compunctions for part of his conduct, in verses like the following, in his *Conference*, and which evidently came from his heart :—

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet can not bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise or censure are at random hurled,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No; 'tis the tale, which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind which starting heaves the heartfelt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

Churchill's genius was evidently above mediocrity; and hence when *The Rosciad* appeared, he was hailed as a second Dryden. The 'fatal facility' of his verse, and his unscrupulous satire of living individuals and passing events, had the effect of making all London 'ring from side to side' with his applause, at a time when the real poetry of the age could hardly obtain either publishers or readers. The moral lesson which his life and career teach is unmistakable. With his clerical profession he had renounced his belief in Christianity itself; and though he made his will only the day before his death, there is in it not the slightest expression of religious faith or hope. We close this gloomy sketch with the following sprightly passage from the *Prophecy of Famine* :—

Two boys whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head
By niggard nature doomed on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kissed,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where from their youth inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
  Jockey, whose manly high cheek bones to crown,
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bagpipes play,
Even from the rising to the setting day;

Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratched her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.
Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen;
Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green;
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the chameleon who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No stream, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnished with bitter draughts the steady clan:
No flowers embalmed the air, but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows;
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

John Langhorne, an amiable and excellent clergyman, presents a striking contrast with the two poets last noticed. He was, like Churchill, the son of a clergyman, and was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland, in 1735. Having entered into orders, he obtained the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Clerkenwell, in London, and afterwards a prebendary in Wells Cathedral. As a minister of the gospel, Langhorne was beloved, and even revered by all who intimately knew him; and as a preacher he was greatly admired. After a brief but useful career, he died at the early age of forty-five, on the first day of April, 1779.

The poetical works of Dr. Langhorne were chiefly slight effusions, dictated by the passion or impulse of the moment. His ballad, *Owen of Carron*, founded on the old Scottish tale of Gil Morrice, is smoothly versified, but in poetical merit it is inferior to the original. His best and most original poem is his *Country Justice.* Here he paints the rural life of England in its true colors; and his picture of the gipsys, and sketches of venal clerks and rapacious overseers, are genuine likenesses. In the following passage he pleads warmly for the poor vagrant tribe:—

Still mark if vice or nature prompt the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with Fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.

Alike if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
  Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.

The allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott remarks that the only time he ever saw Burns, this picture was in his room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then only fifteen years old, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. The passage is beautiful in itself, but this incident will embalm and preserve it forever. To the extract from the 'Country Justice,' we add the following fervent and pious ode :—

ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

Light of the world, Immortal Mind;
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on nature's ample breast,
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Though thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave;
Yet 'twas thy goodness still to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its towering mind to thee.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor contracted span,
This life, that bears the name of man,
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and evening hours.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Through error's maze, through folly's night,
The lamp of reason lends me light;

Where stern affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When nature shrinks, oppressed with woes,
Even then she finds in thee repose.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and Hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
Gay Love with all his smiling train,
And Peace and Joy are here again;
These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give;
I trusted; and, behold, I live!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love.
Let Truth and Virtue guard my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart:
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Besides his poems Dr. Langhorne produced several works in prose, the most successful of which was his *Letters of Theodosius and Constantia*; and in conjunction with his brother, he published a *Translation of Plutarch's Lives*, which is still regarded as the best English version of that ancient author.

Sir William Jones, whose profound learning and philological researches, were the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries, was a poet also of no mean pretensions; but, as Southey justly observes, 'it is not as a poet, but as an oriental scholar and legislator, an enlightened lawyer and patriot, that he earned his laurels, and perpetuated his name.'

William Jones was the son of a celebrated mathematician, and was born in London, in 1746. He had the misfortune, however, to lose his father when he was only three years of age; but his mother, on whom his education now devolved, was, by her virtues and extensive learning, well qualified for the task. When in his fifth year, his youthful imagination was caught by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the impression was never effaced from his mind. In 1753, he was placed at Harrow school, where he continued nearly ten years, and became an accomplished and critical classical scholar. He did not confine his attention merely to the ancient authors usually studied at the school, but acquired also a knowledge of the Arabic characters, and sufficient Hebrew to enable him to read the Psalms.

In 1764, Jones entered University College, Oxford; and his taste for oriental literature increasing, he engaged a native of Aleppo, with whom he had become acquainted in London, to act as his preceptor. He also assiduously perused the Greek poets and historians. In his nineteenth year, he accepted an offer to become private tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer. A fellowship at Oxford was also conferred upon him, and thus the scholar was relieved from the fear of want, and enabled to pursue his favorite studies with unremitting diligence. An opportunity for displaying one branch of his acquirements was afforded in 1768. The king of Denmark in that year visited England, and brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he wished translated into French. Jones executed this arduous task successfully, being, as Lord Teignmouth, his biographer, remarks, the only oriental scholar in England adequate to the performance. He still continued in the noble family of Spencer, and, in 1769, accompanied his pupil to the continent.

On his return to England in the following year, Jones, feeling anxious to attain an independent position in life, entered as a student of the Temple, and, applying himself with his characteristic ardor to his new profession, he contemplated, with pleasure, the 'stately edifice of the laws of England,' and soon mastered their most important principles and details. In 1774, he published *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*, but finding that jurisprudence was a jealous mistress, and would not admit the eastern muses to participate in his attentions, he devoted himself for some years exclusively to his legal studies. In 1778, having now commenced practice at the bar, he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, to which he added notes and a commentary. The stirring events of the time in which he lived, were not beheld without strong interest by this accomplished scholar. He was decidedly opposed to the American war, and to the slave-trade, at that time so prevalent; and, in 1781, he produced his noble *Alcaic Ode*, animated by the purest spirit of patriotism, and a high strain of poetical enthusiasm. Anxious to go abroad, he obtained the appointment of one of the judges of the supreme court, at Fort William, in Bengal, and the honor of knighthood was, at the same time, conferred upon him.

In April, 1783, Sir William Jones, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, married the daughter of the bishop of St. Asaph, and immediately after embarked for India. He entered upon his judicial functions with all the advantages of a high reputation, unsullied integrity, disinterested benevolence, and unwearied perseverance. In the intervals of leisure from his judicial duties, he directed his attention to scientific objects, and established a society in Calcutta to promote inquiries by the ingenious, and to concentrate the knowledge to be collected in Asia. In 1784, he wrote *The Enchanted Fruit, or Hindoo Wife*, a poetical tale, and *A Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*, besides contributing to *The Asiatic Miscellany*, a periodical established in Calcutta. In 1789, he translated an ancient Indian drama, *Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring*, which exhibits a picture of Hindoo manners in the century preceding the Christian era. He also contemplated an epic poem on the *Discovery of England by Brutus*, to which his knowledge of Hindoo mythology suggested a new machinery, the agency of Hindoo deities. In December, 1793, Lady Jones' health had become so feeble that a voyage to her native country was advised by her physician, and Sir William intended to follow her in the ensuing season; but about three months after her departure he was seized with inflammation of the liver, which, after an illness of one week, terminated fatally, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1794. Every honor was paid to his remains, and the East India Company erected a monument to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The attainments of Sir William Jones were so profound and various, that it is difficult to conceive how they could all have been made in his short life of forty-eight years. Besides his varied and extensive scientific and legal knowledge, he was master of twenty-eight different languages, together with the literature of the nations to which they belonged. 'He seems,' says one of his biographers, 'to have acted on this maxim, that whatever had been attained, was attainable by him; and he was never observed to overlook or to neglect any opportunity of adding to his accomplishments or to his knowledge. When in India, his studies began with the dawn; and in seasons of intermission from professional duty, continued throughout the day; meditation retraced and confirmed what reading had collected or investigation discovered. By a regular application of time to particular occupations, he pursued various objects without confusion; and in undertakings which depended on his individual perseverance, he was never deterred by difficulties from proceeding to a successful termination.' But after all, the most interesting characteristic of Sir William Jones is his unaffected piety. Of the Scriptures, his reverence and admiration were profound. 'I have regularly and attentively read,' says he, 'the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independent of its Divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language or age they may have been composed.' With respect to the division of his time, Sir William, while in India, wrote on a small piece of paper the following lines:—

[*Sir Edward Coke.*]

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.

[*Rather:*]

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven.

The poems of Sir William Jones comprise two small volumes, and consist of a few original pieces in English and Latin, with translations from Petrarch and Pindar; paraphrases of Turkish and Chinese odes, hymns on subjects of Hindoo mythology, Indian Tales, and a few songs from the

Persian. Of these the following beautiful lyric from Hafiz is the most valuable:—

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden can not show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But, ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?

Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet the damsels say;
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

To this lyric we will venture to add his celebrated 'Alcaic Ode.'

AN ODE, IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,
Nor cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed posts,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, perhaps the most precocious genius that England ever produced, was born at Bristol, on the twentieth of November, 1752. Having early lost his father, he was educated at a charity-school, where nothing but English, writing, and accounts were taught; and as he enjoyed no other opportunity of instruction, his education must have been very defective. His first lessons were from a black-letter Bible, which, no doubt, had a strong effect upon his youthful imagination. At the age of fourteen he was put apprentice to an attorney, where his situation was irksome and uncomfortable, but left him ample time to prosecute his private studies. He was passionately devoted to poetry, antiquities, and heraldry, and ambitious of distinction. His ruling passion, he says, was 'unconquerable pride.' He now set himself at work to accomplish his various impositions, by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts, which he stated he found in his mother's house. 'In the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe church of Bristol,' says Campbell, 'several chests had been anciently deposited, among which was one called the 'Coffre' of Mr. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who had rebuilt the church in the reign of Edward IV. About the year 1727, those chests had been broken open by an order from proper authority: some ancient deeds had been taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed as if of no value. His father, whose uncle was sexton of the church, had carried off great numbers of the parchments, and had used them as covers for books in his school. Amidst the residue of his father's ravages, Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr. Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley (the friend of Canynge), a priest of the fifteenth century.' Those fictitious poems Chatterton published in the Town and Country Magazine, to which he was a contributor, and the imposition was at first successful; but as soon as they were examined by Gray, Mason, and other competent judges, they were at once pronounced forgeries.

After having spent three years in the attorney's office, Chatterton obtained a release from his apprenticeship, and went to London, where he engaged in various tasks for the booksellers, and wrote for the magazines and newspapers. He soon found, however, that this was a very precarious mode of living; and he therefore applied for the appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa, but was refused the necessary recommendation. This failure at once crushed him. His spirits had always been unequal, alternately gloomy and elevated—both in extremes. He had cast off the restraints of religion, and had no steady principles to guide him, unless it was a strong affection for his mother and sister, to whom he regularly sent remittances while his means lasted. Habits of intemperance, succeeded by fits of remorse, exasperated his constitutional melancholy; and after being reduced to actual want, he destroyed all his papers, and then put an end to his own wretched existence by taking arsenic. This sad event occurred on the twenty-fifth of August, 1770, before the young and unhappy poet had reached the eighteenth year of his age. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane workhouse, but the citizens of Bristol have since erected a monument to his memory.

'No English poet,' says Campbell, 'ever equalled Chatterton at the same age.' Pope and Cowley approached more nearly to him than any others; but neither of them, at the age of fifteen, could write such verses as the following, which was produced by this obscure youth when only *eleven* :—

Almighty Framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise,
  Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
  Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
  And bid the vapours fly:
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
  To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
  The mark of worldly scorn.
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
  And hailed Salvation's morn?

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
  To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
  In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
  Nor bids his vengeance rise:
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade,
  He saw with Mercy's eyes.

His imitations of the antique also, executed when he was not over fifteen or sixteen years of age, exhibit a vigor of thought, and a facility of versification, to say nothing of their antiquarian character, that stamp him a poet of the first class.

The poems of Chatterton, published under the name of Rowley, consist of *The Tragedy of Ella*, *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin*, *Ode to Ella*, *The Battle of Hastings*, *The Tournament*, and a few others of less importance. As a specimen of these poems we present the following:—

THE MINSTREL'S SONG IN ELLA.

O! sing unto my roundelay;
  O! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
  Like a running river be;
    My love is dead,
    Gone to his death-bed,
    All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave
Shall the garish flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the sorrows of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
Round his holy corse to gre;
Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

The Scottish poets of the present period wrote generally in the English language; but as a few, such as Ross, Skinner, Lowe, Crawford, Elliot, and Fergusson, stimulated by the success of Allan Ramsay, cultivated their native tongue with considerable success, we shall here give them a passing notice.

Alexander Ross, a schoolmaster in Lochlee, in Angus, published at Aberdeen, in 1768, a volume of poems entitled *Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, a Pastoral Tale in the Scottish Dialect, to which are added a few Songs by the Author.* Ross was a good descriptive poet, and some of his songs are still popular in Scotland; but being chiefly written in the northern dialect, which differs materially from the lowland Scotch of Burns, the author is less known out of his native district than he should be. Beattie took a warm interest in the 'good-humored, social, happy old man,' and to promote the sale of his poems, he addressed a letter and a poetical epistle in praise of them to the Aberdeen Journal. This epistle is remarkable as Beattie's only attempt in Aberdeenshire Scotch; and the following stanza of it is equal to Burns:—

O bonny are our green sward hows,
Where through the birks the burnie rows,
And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
And saft winds rustle,
And shepherd lads on sunny knowes
Blaw the blythe whistle.

The last of Ross's songs are, *Woo'd, and Married, and a'*, and *The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow.* His death occurred in 1784, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

John Skinner, born in 1721, inspired some of the finest strains of Burns, and delighted, in life as in his poetry, to diffuse feelings of kindness and good-will among men. He was a clergyman of the Episcopal church, and officiated as minister of Longside, in Aberdeenshire, for sixty-five years. After the Rebellion of 1745, when the Episcopal clergy of Scotland labored under the charge of disaffection, Skinner was imprisoned six months for preaching to more than four persons. He died at his son's house at Aberdeen, in 1807, having realized his wish of 'seeing once more his children's grandchildren, and peace upon Israel.'

Tullochgorum, Skinner's principal poem, partakes both of a national and patriotic character, and has always been extremely popular. He was the author of several other songs also, an *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, and some theological treatises.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gie 's a song, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
  For what 's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
  To drop their Whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum 's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
  In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we 's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we 's be a',
  And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we 's be a',
As long as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
  The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wad na gie our ain strathspeys
  For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They 're douff at dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They 're douff and dowie at the best,
  Wi' a' their variorums.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
  Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
  Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
  Like old Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
  At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend,
Each honest hearted open friend;
And calm and quiet be his end,
  And a' that 's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
  And dainties, a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat,
  That 's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
  And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
  And nane say, Wae 's me for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
  The reel of Tullochgorum!

John Lowe, son of the gardener at Kenmore, in Galloway, and afterwards a student of divinity, was born in 1750. He is chiefly known as the author of a fine pathetic lyric, called *Mary's Dream*, occasioned by the death of a gentleman named Miller, a surgeon in the navy, who was attached to a Miss M'Ghie, Airds. The poet was, at the time, tutor in the family of the lady's father, and was engaged to her sister. He emigrated to America, however, where he married another lady, became dissipated, and died in great misery, near Fredericksburg, in Virginia, in 1798.

Lowe was the author of numerous other poems, all of which seem to have been prompted by poetical feeling and the romantic scenery of his native glen, but his ballad is his only production worthy of preservation.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climbed the highest hill
  Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
  Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep
  Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
  Saying, 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

She from her pillow gently raised
  Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
  With visage pale, and hollow ee.

'O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!'
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

Robert Crawford was the brother of Colonel Crawford, of Achinames; but little farther of the history of his life has been ascertained than that he was drowned in coming from France, in the year 1733. He assisted Allan Ramsay in his 'Tea-Table Miscellany' and possessed genuine poetical fancy and expression. 'The true muse of native pastoral,' says Allan Cunningham, 'seeks not to adorn herself with unnatural ornaments; her spirit is in homely love and fireside joy; tender and simple, like the religion of the land, she utters nothing out of keeping with the character of her people, and the aspect of the soil; and of this spirit and of this feeling, Crawford is a large partaker.'

Crawford was the author of *The Bush aboon Traquair*, and the still finer lyric of *Tweedside*, which follows:—

TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed;
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come let us go forth to the mead;
Let us see how the primroses spring;

We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
  And love while the feathered folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
  Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray
  While happily she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
  Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
  I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
  No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
  She 's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
  Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
  Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Sir Gilbert Elliot, of an ancient and honorable family, was father of the first Earl of Minto, and was distinguished as a speaker in parliament. In 1763, he was made treasurer of the navy, and afterwards keeper of the signet in Scotland. In such honorable offices he was occupied until his death, which occurred in 1777.

Elliot, according to Tytler, had been taught the German flute in France, and was the first to introduce that instrument into Scotland. He was the author of the following beautiful 'pastoral song,' and a number of others, though, according to Sir Walter Scott, not of equal merit :—

AMYNTA.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
  Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
  Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
  Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
  And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
Oh, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

Robert Fergusson, the poet of Scottish city-life, was born in Edinburgh, on the seventeenth of October, 1751. He was educated at the university of St. Andrews, where he passed his time from the thirteenth to the seventeenth year of his age, after which he became a copying clerk in a lawyer's office. In this mechanical and irksome duty his days were spent, while his evenings were devoted to the tavern, where, over 'caller oysters,' with ale and whisky, the choice spirits of Edinburgh used to assemble. His conversational powers were of a very superior order, and he could adapt them at will to humor, pathos, or sarcasm, as the occasion might require. He was well educated, had a fund of youthful gayety, and sang Scottish songs with taste and elegance. To these qualifications he soon added the reputation of a poet, and for the last two years of his life he was a constant contributor to Ruddiman's 'Weekly Magazine,' a popular periodical established in Edinburgh, in 1768.

In 1773, Fergusson collected and published his poems in one volume, and that the book was well received by the public is evident from the fame and popularity of its author. His dissipations, however, increased with his years; and his tavern life and boon companions soon hastened him to a premature and painful death. His reason first gave way; and his widowed mother being unable to maintain him at home, he was sent to an asylum for the insane. The religious impressions of his youth returned, at times, to overwhelm him with dread, but his gentle and affectionate nature was easily soothed by the attentions of his relatives and friends. His recovery was anticipated, but after about two months' confinement, he died in his cell, on the sixteenth of October, 1774, one day before he had reached the twenty-third year of his age. His remains were interred in the Canongate churchyard, where they lay unnoticed, till Burns, twelve years afterwards, erected a simple stone to mark the poet's grave.

A happy talent for portraying the peculiarities of local manners, a nice perception of the ludicrous, a vein of original comic humor, and language at once copious and expressive, form Fergusson's chief merits as a poet. His best pieces are *The King's Birthday*, *The Sitting of the Session*, *Leith Races*, *Guid Braid Claith*, and the *Address to the Tron Kirk Bell*. His *Farmer's Ingle* suggested 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' of Burns, though the latter added passion, sentiment, and patriotism to the subject. Indeed Burns is represented to have had an excessive admiration for the writings of Fergusson, and even to have preferred them to those of Ramsay. This opinion must, however, be attributed to the partial admiration of youthful associations. From *Auld Reekie* we take the following extract:—

A SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH.

On Sunday, here, an altered scene
O' men and manners meets our een.
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,

And fain wad gar ilk neibour think
They thirst for guidness as for drink;
But there 's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why should religion mak' us sad,
If good frae virtues 's to be had?
Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses loe to frisk it.
Some tak' a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace owre the face;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comely-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark;
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them wi' their Sunday's gills;
Where writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.
While danderin cits delight to stray
To Castlehill or public way,
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Where bonnie pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakspeare's muse.
If fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the live-lang day.
Or should some cankered biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyrood-house let me stray,
And gie to musing, a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bein days forever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her coutly vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie 's us our dignity again!
For, oh, wae 's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.

Lecture the Fortieth.

WILLIAM COWPER—THOMAS MOSS—WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE—JAMES BEATTIE—JAMES MACPHERSON—MICHAEL BRUCE—JOHN LOGAN—ROBERT BURNS.

COWPER, to whom our attention is next to be directed, was, according to Southey, 'the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter writers.' In contemplating his literary merits, the mind very naturally reverts to Thomson; for between these two poets there are stronger marks of affinity than between any others in the language. They are both emphatically descriptive poets, and in description lay the strength of each. Cowper, it is true, had not the genius of Thomson, but then he had much more taste; and while his range is neither so wide nor so lofty, as far as it extends, it is peculiarly his own. He could not paint the plague, or the snow storm, or the earthquake as Thomson has done; but place him by the banks of the Ouse, or see him taking his 'winter walk at noon,' or accompany him in his rambles through his flower garden, and where is the author to be found who can compare with him for a moment? The pictures of domestic life, too, which he has painted, are so inimitable, that it is hard to say whether his sketches of external nature or of indoor life, are the best. He does not attempt the same variety of scene that Thomson did; but in what he does attempt, he always succeeds. The grander features of nature, such as mountains and cataracts, frowning rocks, and wide-spreading seas, were, perhaps, beyond his grasp; but the meadow and the hay-field, the gurgling rill, and the flower-crowned porch, he places before our eyes in verisimilitude. Sometimes, too, he takes a flight beyond his ordinary stretch; and his personification of winter, commencing with the line—

> Oh Winter! ruler of the inverted year!

is powerful, and even sublime.

Cowper's minor poems are full of beauties, and of beauties of the most varied kind. Some of his hymns are remarkable for deep piety and touching pathos; and for fervor of feeling, his lines *On his Mother's Picture* are absolutely unrivalled. His *Review of Schools*, and his piece entitled *Con-*

versation, display an acute observation of men and manners, and are replete with the keenest, but, at the same time, the most polished satire; while his *John Gilpin* is a master-piece of quiet and unforced, but, at the same time, strong and racy humor.

WILLIAM COWPER belonged emphatically to the aristocracy of England. His father, the Rev. Dr. Cowper, chaplain to George the Second, was the son of Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the court of common pleas, and a younger brother of the first Earl Cowper, the lord chancellor. His mother was allied to some of the noblest families in England, descended, by four different lines, from King Henry the Third. This lofty lineage, though it does not add to the lustre of the poet's fame, still sheds additional grace on his piety and humility.

Dr. Cowper, besides his royal chaplaincy, held the rectory of Great Berkhamstead, in Hertford, and there the poet was born on the fifteenth of November, 1731. In the sixth year of his age he lost his mother, and was placed at a boarding-school, where he continued two years. The tyranny of one of his school-fellows led to his removal from this seminary, and undoubtedly prejudiced him against the whole system of public education. He was next placed at Westminster school, where, as he says, he served a seven years' apprenticeship to the classics; and at the age of eighteen was articled to an attorney. In 1754 Cowper was called to the bar, but he had never made the law his study; for, in the solicitor's office he and Thurlow, afterwards lord chancellor, were 'constantly employed, from morning to night, in giggling and making giggle.' After he had taken chambers in the Temple, instead of devoting himself to his profession, he passed his time in company with Lloyd and other wits, contributing an occasional paper to the Connoisseur, and to St. James's Chronicle.

In 1762 Cowper lost his father; and now, in the thirty-second year of his age, with a small patrimony, he was almost 'unprovided with an aim;' for the law was with him a mere nominal profession. In this crisis of his fortunes his kinsman, Major Cowper, presented him to the office of clerk of the journals to the House of Lords—a desirable and lucrative appointment. Cowper readily accepted the situation; but the labor of studying the forms of procedure, and the dread of qualifying himself by appearing at the bar of the House of Lords, plunged him into the deepest misery. The seeds of insanity were then in his frame; and after brooding over his fancied ills till reason had fled, he attempted to commit suicide. Happily this desperate effort failed; and the appointment being given up, Cowper was placed in the private insane asylum, kept by Dr. Cotton, to which we alluded in our notice of that author. The cloud of horror gradually passed away, and on his recovery he resolved to retire from the society and business of the world. He had still a small portion of his funds left, and his friends subscribed a farther sum, to enable him to live frugally in retirement.

The bright hopes of Cowper's youth seemed thus to have all vanished:

his prospects of advancement in the world were gone; and in the new-born zeal of his religious fervor, his friends might well doubt whether his reason had been completely restored. He retired to the town of Huntingdon, near Cambridge, where his brother resided, and there formed an intimacy with the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, a clergyman resident in the place. He was adopted as one of the family; and when Mr. Unwin was removed, soon after, by death, the same connection was continued with his widow. Death only could sever a tie so strongly knit—cemented by mutual faith and friendship, and by sorrows of which the world knew nothing. To the latest generation the name of Mary Unwin will be associated with that of Cowper, partaker of his fame as of his sad decline—

By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light.

On the death of Mr. Unwin, in 1767, the family were advised, by the Rev. John Newton, to fix their abode at Olney, in the northern part of Buckinghamshire, where Mr. Newton himself was settled. This was accordingly done, and Cowper removed with them to a spot which he has consecrated by his genius. The river Ouse was still before him, and with more varied and attractive scenery than at Huntingdon. His life was that of a religious recluse; he ceased to correspond with his friends, and associated only with Mrs. Unwin and Newton. The latter engaged his assistance in writing a volume of hymns, and of those which Cowper furnished we present the following as a specimen:—

SUFFICIENCY OF THE ATONEMENT.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood
   Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
   Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoic'd to see
   That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
   Wash'd all my sins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
   Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
   Be saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
   Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
   And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
   I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
   Lies silent in the grave.

6. Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
   (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
   A golden harp for me!

7. 'Tis strung, and tuned, for endless years,
   And form'd by power divine;
 To sound in God the Father's ears
   No other name but thine.

Cowper's morbid melancholy had been, for some time, increasing, and in 1773, it became a case of decided insanity. He passed about two years in this unhappy state; and after his recovery, he occupied his time alternately with gardening, rearing hares, drawing landscapes, and composing poetry. The latter was fortunately the most permanent source of enjoyment; and its fruits appeared in a volume of poems, published in 1783. The reception of these poems, though not enthusiastic, was such as to revive his spirits: he resumed his correspondence, and cheerfulness again became an inmate of his retreat at Olney. This happy change was augmented by the presence of a third party, Lady Austen, a widow, who came to reside in the immediate neighborhood of Olney, and whose conversation charmed away, for a time, Cowper's melancholy spirit. She told him the story of John Gilpin, and the 'famous horseman and his feats were an inexhaustible source of merriment.' Lady Austen also prevailed upon him to try his powers in blank verse, and from her suggestion sprung the noble poem, *The Task.* This great work appeared in 1785, and its success was instant and decided. The public rejoiced to hear again the true voice of poetry and of nature, and in the rural descriptions and fireside scenes of 'The Task,' they saw the features of English scenery and domestic life faithfully delineated.

Cowper had no sooner completed the Task, than he resolved to undertake the translation of Homer. He had gone through the great Grecian at Westminster school, and afterwards read him critically in the Temple; and by translating forty lines a day he at length completed the laborious undertaking, which, in 1791, appeared, in two volumes quarto. As a translation the work is faithful to the original; but it wants the infusion of the old Ionian bard's spirit, and hence it has failed to become popular. This, with the exception of the *Castaway*, one of his minor poems, was his last literary performance. On the seventeenth of December, 1796, Mrs. Unwin died suddenly at Norfolk, whither Cowper had accompanied her on a visit. When the mournful intelligence was imparted to the unhappy poet, he refused to believe that his long-tried friend was actually dead. He went to see the body, and on witnessing the unaltered placidity of death, flung himself to the other side of the room with a passionate expression of feeling, and from that time forward he never mentioned her name. He lingered on in lonely life, however, for more than three years; but death at length came to his relief, on the twenty-fifth of April, 1800.

The mind uniformly turns from contemplating the life of Cowper with deep melancholy. So sad and strange a destiny never has, before or since, attended a man of genius. With wit and humor at all times at his command, he was, for the most part of his life, bordering on despair. Though innocent, pious, and confiding, he lived in constant dread of everlasting punishment: he could only see between him and heaven a high wall, which he despaired of ever being able to scale. Yet who can doubt that the spirit that breathed forth such strains as the following, is not now in heavenly bliss!—

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
  A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
  That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew,
  When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
  Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
  How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
  The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
  Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
  And drove thee from my breast:

The dearest idol I have known,
  Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
  And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
  Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
  That leads me to the Lamb.

The almost universal popularity of Cowper's poetry, renders the task of selecting particular poems or passages from it, a very delicate and difficult one. We shall first present, without reference to their relative merit, his verses addressed to Mrs. Unwin, in 1793, and then his sketch of the Greenland Missionaries, in 'Conversation.' These shall be followed by his 'Lines on his Mother's Picture,' after which some extracts from 'The Task,' will find an appropriate place.

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be our last!
          My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

THE GREENLAND MISSIONARIES.

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the farthest north;
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.
Oh blessed within the inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show reversed the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes to make your lands a prey;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote unenvied isle!
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That decks with all the splendour of the true
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,

The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return:
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum;

The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
  Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
  Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:

To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

'The Task,' in versification, unites, in a remarkable degree, strength and freedom with elegance and harmony. No other poet has introduced so much idiomatic expression into a grave poem of blank verse; but the higher passages are all carefully finished, and rise or fall, according to the nature of the subject, with inimitable grace and melody. In this respect Cowper has greatly the advantage of Thomson, whose stately march is never relaxed, however trivial the theme. The variety of the Task, in style and manner, no less than in subject, is one of its greatest charms. The mock-heroic opening is a fine specimen of his humor, and from this he strides into rural description and moral reflection so naturally and easily, that the reader is carried along apparently without an effort. The scenery of the Ouse—its level plains and spacious meads—is described with the vividness of painting, and the poet then, in the following passage, elevates the character of his picture by a rapid sketch of still nobler features:—

RURAL SOUNDS.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountains, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,

Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

With the same strength and felicity of painting, he describes the diver-
ed character of creation, and the happiness of a winter evening in the
ntry :—

DIVERSIFIED CHARACTER OF CREATION.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug inclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us, happy to renounce a while,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock may please,
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man; his hoary head
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly goss, that, shapeless, and deform,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

WINTER EVENING.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all. * *
O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,

And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powdered pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assault these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom: buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,

The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
O evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours!
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy. * *
  Come Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured night, of clustering gems:
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

The Rev. Thomas Moss, a very worthy contemporary of Cowper, and minister of Brierly Hill, and of Trentham, in Straffordshire, published, in 1762, a collection of miscellaneous poems, forming a thin quarto volume. One of these poems, *The Beggar*, contains much pathetic and natural sentiment, finely expressed. It was copied by Dodsley into the 'Annual Register,' and thence it has been transferred into almost every collection of fugitive poems since made. Moss died in 1808, but at what age is unknown.

THE BEGGAR.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
  Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
  Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
  These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
  Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Mickle, Beattie, Macpherson, Bruce, Logan, and Burns, will complete the list of British poets embraced in the original design of these lectures.

William Julius Mickle, a poet of taste and elegance, but of no great originality of genius, is chiefly celebrated for his translation of 'The Lusiad' of Camoens, the most distinguished poet of Portugal. Mickle was the son of the minister of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, where he was born, on the twenty-ninth of September, 1734. He was instructed by his father, a very accomplished scholar, and one of Bale's translators, until the thirteenth year of his age, when he entered the High-school of Edinburgh, and there remained till he had completed his studies. At this time his aunt owned a large brewery in Edinburgh, and in the brewing business Mickle entered with her, first as a conductor of the establishment, and afterwards as a partner. He was, however, unsuccessful, and therefore, in 1764, went to London in search of literary distinction. Lord Littleton noticed and encouraged his poetical efforts, and Mickle was buoyed up with dreams of patronage and celebrity; but two years of destitution dispelled this vision, and the poet was glad to accept the situation of corrector of the Clarendon press, at Oxford.

Soon after Mickle's settlement at Oxford, he published *Pollio*, an elegy, and *The Concubine*, a moral poem, after the manner of Spenser, with whose writings he had become familiar while pursuing his studies at Edinburgh. He adopted the obsolete phraseology of Spenser, which Thomson had almost wholly discarded in his 'Castle of Indolence,' and which doubtless proved an impediment to the success of the work. The first stanza of this poem has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott, in illustration of the remark made by him, that Mickle, 'with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody, which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown.' The stanza is as follows:—

Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropped with dew;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake
The withered rye-grass and the harebell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew.

This poem was published anonymously, and was so successful as to pass through three editions in a single year.

In 1771, Mickle, having acquired a thorough knowledge of the Portuguese language, published the first canto of his great translation, which was completed four years after; and being supported by a long list of subscribers, was highly advantageous, both to his fame and his fortune. In 1779, he went out to Portugal as secretary to Commodore Johnstone, and was received with much distinction in Lisbon by the countrymen of Camoens. On the return of the expedition, he was appointed joint agent for the distribution of the prizes. His own share was considerable; and having received some money by his marriage with a lady whom he had known in his obscure sojourn at Oxford, his latter days were spent in ease and leisure. He died at Forrest Hill, near Oxford, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1789.

Of Mickle's original poems, the most popular is his ballad of *Cumnor Hall;* and to this work additional celebrity is attached by its having suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his romance of Kenilworth. Of Mickle's tenderness and pathos the strongest proof is afforded by the following Scottish song, delineating humble matrimonial happiness and affection:—

> Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
> His breath like caller air!
> His very foot has music in't
> As he comes up the stair.
>
> And will I see his face again?
> And will I hear him speak?
> I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
> In troth I'm like to greet.

Then there are the two lines—a happy Epicurean fancy, but elevated by the situation and the faithful love of the speaker—which Burns says 'are worthy of the first poet':—

> The present moment is our ain,
> The neist we never saw.

As Mickle's fame, however, rests almost exclusively on his translation of 'The Lusiad,' we shall select our principal extract from that work:—

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

> Now prosperous gales the bending canvass swelled;
> From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
> Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
> Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
> When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
> And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
> A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
> The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
> So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
> Transfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast.
> Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
> As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
> Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
> The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
> Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortunes guide,
> Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried;
> Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
> Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
> Which these wild solitudes of seas and sky
> Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
> Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
> Than midnight tempest and the mingled roar,
> When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.
> I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,
> Appalled we saw a hideous phantom glare;
> High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
> And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.
> Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
> Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;

Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings seared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the Fiend began:
  O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew,
To vail her secret shrine from mortal view,
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.
  With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my dear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tost,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then He who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse, wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore. * *
  He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view;
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.

James Beattie was the son of a small farmer and shopkeeper, at Laurencekirk, in Kincardshire, and was born on the twenty-fifth of October, 1735. His father died while he was a child, but an older brother, who perceived indications of talent in the boy, assisted him in obtaining a good education; and in his fourteenth year he was admitted into Marischal College, Aberdeen. Having closed his studies at the university, Beattie, in the eighteenth year of his age, was appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Fordoun. He was now situated amidst interesting and romantic scenery, such as he afterwards delineated in his *Minstrel*, and this increased his passion for nature and poetry. He here became himself a poet; and his poetry, though indifferent, procured him the appointment of usher of Aberdeen grammar-school, and subsequently, in his twenty-fifth year, that of porfessor of natural philosophy, in Marischal College. At this time he published, in London, a collection of his poems; and though the piece on *Retirement* displays considerable poetical feeling and taste, yet the collection, as a whole, gave little indication of that genius which afterwards produced 'The Minstrel.'

In 1770, Beattie appeared as a metaphysician, by his *Essay on Truth*, in which correct principles were advanced, though with an unphilosophical spirit, and in language which suffered greatly from a comparison with that of Hume, his illustrious opponent. In the following year he again appeared in his true character, as a poet, by the publication of the first part of 'The Minstrel,' which received universal approbation. Honors now flowed in upon the fortunate author almost without limit. He visited London, and was admitted to all the brilliant and distinguished circles of that city. Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds, were numbered among his personal friends. On a second visit, in 1773, he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in a pension of two hundred pounds per annum; the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of doctor of laws, and Reynolds painted his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which Beattie was seen by the side of an angel pushing down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly. To the honor of Beattie, it must here be recorded, that he declined to enter the Church of England, in which preferment was promised him, and no doubt, would have been readily granted.

Beattie published the second part of his 'Minstrel' in 1774; but domestic circumstances marred the happiness which increasing fame would have afforded him. His wife became insane, and he was obliged to confine her in an insane asylum. His eldest son, associated with his father in the professorship, died in 1790, in his twenty-second year; and the afflicted parent soothed his grief by writing his life, and publishing some specimens of his composition, in prose and verse. His second son died in 1796, in his nineteenth year; and the only consolation of the now lonely poet was, that he could not have borne to see their 'elegant minds mangled with madness' —an allusion to the hereditary insanity of their mother. From the death of his second son Beattie relinquished the world, and ceased to correspond with his friends, or to continue his studies. Shattered by a long train of nervous complaints, in April, 1799, he had a stroke of palsy, and after returns of the same malady, which excluded him from all society, he died on the eighteenth of August, 1803.

'The Minstrel,' on which Beattie's fame now rests, is a didactic poem, in the Spenserian stanza, designed to 'trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel.' The character of Edwin, the minstrel, in which the poet embodied his own early feelings and poetical aspirations, is very finely drawn. The romantic seclusion of his youth, and his ardor for knowledge, find a response in all young and generous minds; while the calm philosophy and reflection of the author, interest the more mature and experienced reader. The poem was left unfinished, and this is scarcely to be regretted; for Beattie had not strength of pinion to keep long on the wing in the same lofty region, and Edwin would have contracted some earthly taint in his descent. Of this charming poem we annex the opening of the first part:—

OPENING OF THE MINSTREL.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious day
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray;
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide;
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill,
O let them ne'er with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise,
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;
Ambition's grovelling crew forever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

Oh how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

* * * * * *

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree,
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairy land might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;

A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat bespent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings wheresoe'er they went.

To this extract from the 'Minstrel,' we add Beattie's lines on *Retirement*, written in 1758, and his *Hermit*, one of the most touching poems in the English language:—

RETIREMENT.

When in the crimson cloud of even,
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

'Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequestered bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair?
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarmed,
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harmed.

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallowed bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.'

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

'Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthrall:
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays;
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father of Light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!'

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

JAMES MACPHERSON, whose fame rests entirely upon his translation of the poems of Ossian, was born at Kingussie, a village near Perth, in 1738. Being intended for the church he received the necessary education at Aberdeen; but immediately after he left the university he took charge of the school at Ruthven, near his native place, whence he, however, soon removed, to become tutor in the family of Mr. Graham, of Balgowan. While attending his pupil, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, at the spa of Moffat, he became acquainted with Home, the author of 'Douglas,' to whom he showed what he represented as the translations of some fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry, which he said was still floating in the Highlands. He stated that it was one of the favorite amusements of his countrymen to listen to the tales and compositions of their ancient bards; and he described these fragments as full of pathos and poetical imagery. This statement was so plausible that the patronage of Dr. Blair, Lord Kames, and others, was immediately secured, and Macpherson published a small volume of sixty pages, entitled *Fragments of Ancient Poetry; translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language.* The publication attracted universal attention; and a subscription was immediately made to enable Macpherson to make a tour of the Highlands to collect other pieces. His journey proved so highly successful that, in 1772, he presented to the world *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books;* and in the following year *Temora*, another epic poem, in eight books. The success of these publications was immense; but the merits of the works were so fully investigated when we were examining the early poetry of the Island, that any farther notice of them would here be superfluous.

From these translations Macpherson is represented to have realized no less than twelve hundred pounds. In 1764, he accompanied Governor Johnston to Pensacola, as his secretary; but having quarrelled with his patron, he returned to England, settled in London, and became one of the literary supporters of the administration. He published some historical works, was a copious pamphleteer, and, in 1773, sent forth a translation of the Iliad, in the same style of poetical prose, as Ossian. This last performance was a complete failure, and served only as a source of ridicule and personal opprobrium to the translator. As a politician Macpherson was more successful; and a pamphlet of his in defence of American taxation, and another on the opposition in parliament, in 1779, were much applauded. He now obtained a seat in parliament as representative for the borough of Camelford; but with all his ambition and political zeal, it does not appear that he ever attempted to speak in the House of Commons. In 1789, having realized a handsome fortune, he purchased the property of Raitts, in his native parish, changed the name to the more euphonious and sounding one of Belleville, and built upon it a splendid residence, in the style of an Italian villa, in which he hoped to spend an old age of ease and dignity. He enjoyed his splendor, however, for but a brief period; as his death occurred on the seventeenth of February, 1796.

When Macpherson had not the original poems of Ossian to depend upon, he was but a very indifferent poet. Besides the works already mentioned, he produced, in early life, an heroic poem, in six cantos, entitled *The Highlander*, which is so miserable a production, as to be entirely beneath criticism. He also published several minor pieces, of which the following alone exhibits any poetical fancy :—

THE CAVE.

The wind is up, the field is bare,
Some hermit lead me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair,
With blessed Content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock, beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake, I see
The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hill arise.

The gray-cloaked herd drives on the cow;
The slow-paced fowler walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curved o'er the ruin of an oak,
The woodman lifts his axe on high;
The hills re-echo to the stroke;
I see—I see the shivers fly!

Some rural maid, with apron full,
Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoky columns roll,
And, through the chinky hut, the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
Three panting dogs beside repose;
One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,
Skirted with shady forests round;
In midst, an island's rocky height
Sustains a ruin, once renowned.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls;
Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh;
By intervals a fragment falls,
As blows the blast along the sky.

The rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide
With labouring oars along the flood;

An angler, bending o'er the tide,
  Hangs from the boat the insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
  On grassy bank, two lovers lean;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
  And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;
  They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
  Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the gray mist from the lake
  Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
  Rain beats around a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly;
  I see it smoking on the plain;
When storms are past and fair the sky,
  I'll often seek my cave again.

Michael Bruce, a young and lamented Scottish poet, of rich promise, was the son of an humble weaver, and was born at Kinnesswood, in the county of Kinross, on the twenty-seventh of March, 1746. The dreariest poverty and obscurity hung over the poet's infancy, but his father was a good and pious man, and trained all his children to a knowledge of their letters, and a deep sense of religious duty. In the summer months Michael was put out to herd cattle; and though his education was retarded by this employment, his training, as a poet, was greatly benefitted; as it afforded him an opportunity of communion with nature, amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven and its fine old ruined castle. When he had arrived at the age of fifteen, he was judged fit for college; and as a relation of his father died just at this period, and left him a legacy of about eleven hundred pounds sterling, the old man piously devoted it to the education of his favorite son. The poet, accordingly, proceeded to Edinburgh, and was enrolled a student of the university. Here he soon became distinguished for his proficiency in general learning, and for his excellence in poetry.

Having been three sessions at college, supported by his parents and some kind friends and neighbors, Bruce engaged to teach a school at Gairney Bridge, where he received, for his labors, about eleven pounds per annum! He afterwards removed to Forest Hill, near Alloa, and there taught for some time with no better success. His school-room was low-roofed and damp, and the poor youth, confined for five or six hours a-day in this unwholesome atmosphere, depressed by poverty and disappointment, soon lost both health and spirits. He wrote his poem of *Lochleven* at Forest Hill, but was at length forced to return to his father's cottage, which he never after left. A pulmonary complaint had settled on him, and he was in the last stage of consumption. With death full in view, he wrote his *Ode to Spring*, by far the finest of his productions. He was pious and cheerful to the last, and died on the fifth of July, 1767, aged twenty-one years and three months. His Bible was found upon his pillow, turned down at the twenty-second chapter and tenth verse of Jeremiah, 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him.' So innocent a life could not, indeed, be contemplated without pleasure; but its premature termination must have been a heavy blow to his aged parents, who had struggled in their poverty to nurture his youthful genius.

The poems of Bruce have all the marks of youth upon them—a style only half-formed and immature, and resemblances to other poets, so close and frequent, that the reader is constantly falling upon some familiar image or expression. Had he, however, lived to mature age, it is probable he would have taken a high stand amongst Scottish poets; for he possessed the requisite enthusiasm, fancy, and love of nature, and there was also a moral beauty in his life and character, that must have infused itself into his works. We subjoin this 'Elegy' as the best of his productions :—

ODE TO SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
  That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
  While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
  Along the green sward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
  The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
  Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
  And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
  Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty course,
  And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays;
  Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
  And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn;
  My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
  And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chilled the aged year,
  I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
  Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days;
  I feared no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease;
  Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now, Spring returns: but not to me returns
  The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
  And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
  Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
  And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
  No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
  And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
  And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
  And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
  I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
  Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
  Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
  And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
  When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes:
The world and all its busy follies leave,
  And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
  When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
  Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

John Logan, the friend and college companion of Bruce, was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid-Lothian, in 1748. His father, a small farmer, educated him for the church, and, after he had obtained a license to preach, he distinguished himself so much by his pulpit eloquence, that he was appointed one of the ministers of South Leith. He afterwards read, in Edinburgh, a course of lectures on the *Philosophy of History*, the substance of which he published in 1781, and the following year he gave to the public one of his lectures entire, on the *Government of Asia.* The same year he published his poems, which were well received; and, in 1783, he produced a tragedy called *Runnimede*, founded on the signing of Magna Charta. This play was condemned in London, but it was performed with great success in Edinburgh. Logan's parishioners were opposed to such an exercise of his talents, and unfortunately he had lapsed into irregular and dissipated habits. The consequence was, that, on receiving a small annuity, he resigned his charge, proceeded to London, and there died of a broken heart, in December, 1788.

Among Logan's manuscripts was found several unfinished tragedies, thirty lectures on Roman history, portions of a periodical work, and a collection of sermons, from which two volumes were selected and published by his executors. The sermons are warm and passionate, full of piety and fervor, and must have been highly impressive when delivered. Of his poetical productions the best are, the verses on a *Visit to the Country in Autumn*, the half-dramatic poem of *The Lovers*, the ballad stanzas on the *Braes of Yarrow, the Address to the Cuckoo*, and the *Complaint of Nature.* The language of these poems is select and poetical, and a vein of tenderness and moral sentiment pervades the whole. The last two follow:—

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou messenger of Spring!

Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shall to dust return.

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year, the forest fades;
And shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

The inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrent to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeemed
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers! Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
'The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enrolled?

Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.'

Thus nature poured the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice, in agony extreme,
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard: then from his throne
  In majesty he rose;
And from the Heaven, that opened wide,
  His voice in mercy flows.

When mortal man resigns his breath,
  And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
  To never-setting day.

Prepared of old for wicked men
  The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
  Immortal in the skies!

Robert Burns, the Shakspeare of Scotland, according to Professor Wilson, was born in the parish of Alloway, near Ayr, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1759. His father, a poor farmer, was a man of sterling worth and intelligence, and gave his son the best education he could afford. Robert was taught English well, in the parish school, and 'by the time he was ten or eleven years of age, he was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles.' He also learned to write, had a fortnight's instruction in French, and was one summer-quarter at land-surveying. All this, however, was a small foundation on which to erect the miracles of genius! His library, at this time, consisted of the Spectator, Pope's Works, Allan Ramsay's Poems, and a collection of English Songs. To these, in the twenty-third year of his age, he added the poems of Thomson and of Shenstone, and the works of Sterne and of Mackenzie, with the writings of a few other standard authors. As he could not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education, it is scarcely to be regretted that his library was so small; for what books he had he read and studied thoroughly—his attention was not distracted by a multitude of volumes—and his mind grew up with original and robust vigor.

It is impossible to contemplate the character of Burns at this period of his life, without a strong feeling of admiration and respect. His laborious and cheerful exertions to support, by peasant labor, his aged and infirm parents, his manly integrity of character, and his warm and true heart, elevate him, in our conceptions, almost as much as the native force and beauty of his poetry. Toiling on from day to day 'like a galley-slave,' he yet grasped at every opportunity to acquire knowledge from both men and books, with a heart beating with warm and generous emotions, a strong and clear understanding, and a spirit abhorring all meanness, insincerity, and oppression, Burns, in his early days, might have furnished the subject for a great and instructive moral poem.

From childhood Burns, according to his own account, had been in the habit of 'making verses;' but it was not until 1786, that he ventured to appear before the public as an author. In that year he issued, from the obscure press of Kilmarnock, his first volume; and its influence was immediately felt throughout the whole of Scotland. A second edition was published in the following year, at Edinburgh; and such was the prodigious popularity of the book, that nearly three thousand copies were sold immediately. The profits to the poet from the sale were over five hundred pounds; and believing himself now to be 'well to do in the world,' he took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, married his 'bonny Jean,' and, in 1788, entered upon his new occupation. Soon after his settlement at Ellisland, Burns obtained an appointment as an exciseman; and as the duties of his office interfered with the management of his farm, he relinquished the latter, and, in 1791, removed with his family to the town of Dumfries. Here he published, in 1793, a third edition of his poems, with the addition of Tam O'Shanter and other pieces, composed at Ellisland. He was now the fashionable wonder and idol of the day, and it is not, therefore, surprising that his fondness for convivial society should have led him into some errors and frailties which threw a shade over the noble and affecting image that he had reared; but its higher lineaments were never destroyed. The column was defaced, not broken; and now that the mists of prejudice have cleared away, its just proportions and exalted symmetry are recognized with pride and gratitude by his admiring countrymen, and all others who are able to appreciate his genius. Burns died at Dumfries, on the twenty-first of July, 1796, aged thirty-seven years and six months.

In reviewing the various productions of Burns, it is usual to regard *Tam O'Shanter* as his master-piece. It was so considered by himself, and the judgment has been confirmed by Campbell, Wilson, Montgomery, and almost every other critic. It displays more varied powers than any of his other performances, beginning with low comic humor and Bacchanalian revelry, and ranging through the various styles of the descriptive, the terrible, the supernatural, and the ludicrous. The poem reads as if it were composed in one transport of inspiration, before the bard had had time to cool or to slacken in his fervor; and such is said to have actually been the case. Next to this inimitable 'tale of truth' in originality, and in happy grouping of images, both familiar and awful, is the *Address to the Devil.* The poet adopted the common superstitions of the peasantry as to the attributes of Satan, but though his address is mainly ludicrous, he intersperses passages of the highest beauty, and blends a deep feeling of tenderness and compunction with his objuration of the Evil One. The *Jolly Beggars* is another strikingly original production. It is the most dramatic of his works, and the characters are all finely sustained. Of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, the *Mountain Daisy* or the *Mouse's Nest*, it would be superfluous to attempt any eulogy. In these Burns is seen in his fairest colors—not with all his strength, but in his happiest and most heartfelt inspiration—his brightest sunshine and his tenderest tears. Of his four hundred poems we shall quote only the following:—

COILA'S ADDRESS.

With future hope I oft would gaze
Fond on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripened fields and azure skies,
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
The adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song
To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was bright from Heaven.

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

Yet, all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine,
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect.

And wear thou this'—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough, in April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou 'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it 's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes had striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green,
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn haw,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be the traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Lecture the Forty-First.

DRAMATIC WRITERS.

EDWARD MOORE—JOHN HOME—GEORGE COLMAN—ARTHUR MURPHY—HUGH KELLY—RICHARD CUMBERLAND—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN—MRS. HANNAH COWLEY—DAVID GARRICK—REV. MR. TOWNLEY—SAMUEL FOOTE—COFFEY—CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE most distinguishing feature of the dramatic literature of this period is the complete separation of tragedy from comedy, and the origin of the Farce. In the brief remarks which this subject will here elicit, we shall, therefore, treat these three departments of the drama separately.

Of the tragic dramatists, one of the most successful and conspicuous was the author of the 'Night Thoughts.' Dr. Young, before he entered the church, produced three tragedies, all having one peculiarity, that they ended in suicide. 'The Revenge,' still a popular acting play, contains, amidst much rant, passages of strong passion and eloquent declamation. Like Othello, 'The Revenge' is founded on jealousy, and the principal character, Zanga, is a Moor. The latter, a son of the Moorish king Abdallah, is taken prisoner after a conquest of the Spaniards, in which his father fell, and is condemned to servitude by Don Alonzo. In revenge, he sows the seeds of jealousy in the mind of his conqueror, Alonzo, and then thus glories in the ruin of his victim :—

> Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
> Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
> Whose sacred person, oh ! thou hast profaned,
> Whose reign extinguished—what was left to me,
> So highly born ? No kingdom but revenge ;
> No treasure but thy torture and thy groans.
> If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
> Tell them the Moor, and they will not despise thee.
> If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
> Warn them they judge not of superior beings,
> Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue.

In 1749, Dr. Johnson produced his tragedy of *Irene;* but it met with little success on the stage, and has never since been revived. It is cold and stately, but contains some admirable sentiments and maxims of morality, though destitute of elegance, simplicity, and pathos. The following passage in this play is of unusual merit:—

——— To-morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward and the fool, condemned to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow—
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this general fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier labouring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow dressed in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

Between 1729, and his death, the author of 'The Seasons' produced the following five tragedies:—*Sophonisba*, *Agamemnon*, *Edward and Eleonora*, *Tancred and Sigismunda*, and *Coriolanus*. They all, however, exhibit the defects of Thomson's style, without its excellences. The author was deficient in the plastic powers of the dramatist, and though he could declaim forcibly on the moral virtues, and against corruption and oppression, he could not draw characters, or invent scenes, to lead captive the feelings and the imagination.

The *Gustavus Vasa* of Brooke, and the *Barbarossa* of Dr. Brown, were tragedies of a similar kind to those of Thomson, though more easy in dialogue, and animated in expression. The latter, sustained by the genius of Garrick, was unusually successful. The following sentiment, at the conclusion, is finely expressed:—

Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

The Gamester, one of the most affecting domestic tragedies in the English language, was written by EDWARD MOORE, and produced upon the stage, in 1753. Though wanting the merit of ornamental poetical language and blank verse, the vivid picture drawn by the author of the evils of gambling, ending in despair and suicide, and the dramatic art evinced in the characters and incidents, have given, to this tragedy, a high place among acting dramas. The following thrilling scene, though long, will not bear to be curtailed:—

THE GAMESTER'S LAST STAKE.

Beverley. Why, there's an end then. I have judged deliberately, and the result is death. How the self-murderer's account may stand, I know not; but this I know, the load of hateful life oppresses me too much. The horrors of my soul are more than I can bear. [*Offers to kneel.*] Father of mercy! I can not pray; despair has laid his iron hand upon me, and sealed me for perdition. Conscience! conscience! thy clamours are too loud: here's that shall silence thee. [*Takes a phial of poison out of his pocket.*] Thou art most friendly to the miserable. Come, then, thou cordial for sick minds, come to my heart. [*Drinks it.*] Oh, that the grave would bury memory as well as body! for, if the soul sees and feels the sufferings of those dear ones it leaves behind, the Everlasting has no vengeance to torment it deeper. I'll think no more on it; reflection comes too late; once there was a time for it, but now 'tis past. Who's there?

[*Enter Jarvis.*]

Jar. One that hoped to see you with better looks. Why do you turn so from me? I have brought comfort with me; and see who comes to give it welcome.

Bev. My wife and sister! Why, 'tis but one pang more then, and farewell, world.

[*Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.*]

Mrs. B. Where is he? [*Runs and embraces him.*] O, I have him! I have him! And now they shall never part us more. I have news, love, to make you happy forever. Alas! he hears us not. Speak to me, love! I have no heart to see you thus.

Bev. This is a sad place.

Mrs. B. We come to take you from it; to tell you the world goes well again; that Providence has seen our sorrows, and sent the means to help them; your uncle died yesterday.

Bev. My uncle? No, do not say so. O! I am sick at heart!

Mrs. B. Indeed, I meant to bring you comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives, then; if you would bring me comfort, tell me he lives.

Mrs. B. And if I did, I have no power to raise the dead. He died yesterday.

Bev. And I am heir to him?

Jar. To his whole estate, sir. But bear it patiently, pray bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well. [*Pausing.*] Why, fame says I am rich then?

Mrs. B. And truly so. Why do you look so wildly?

Bev. Do I? the news was unexpected. But has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, sir; he could not leave it from you.

Bev. I am sorry for it.

Mrs. B. Why are you disturbed so?

Bev. Has death no terrors in it?

Mrs. B. Not an old man's death; yet if it trouble you, I wish him living.

Bev. And I, with all my heart; for I have a tale to tell, shall turn you into stone; or if the power of speech remain, you shall kneel down and curse me.

Mrs. B. Alas! Why are we to curse you? I'll bless you ever.

Bev. No; I have deserved no blessings. All this large fortune, this second bounty of heaven, that might have healed our sorrows, and satisfied our utmost hopes, in a cursed hour I sold last night.

Mrs. B. Impossible!

Bev. That devil Stukely, with all hell to aid him, tempted me to the deed. To pay false debts of honour, and to redeem past errors, I sold the reversion, sold it for a scanty sum, and lost it among villains.

Char. Why, farewell all then.

Bev. Liberty and life. Come, kneel and curse me.

Mrs. B. Then hear me, heaven. [*Kneels.*] Look down with mercy on his sorrows! Give softness to his looks, and quiet to his heart! On me, on me, if misery must be the lot of either, multiply misfortunes! I'll bear them patiently, so he be happy! These hands shall toil for his support; these eyes be lifted up for hourly blessings on him; and every duty of a fond and faithful wife be doubly done to cheer and comfort him. So hear me! so reward me! [*Rises.*]

Bev. I would kneel too, but that offended heaven would turn my prayers into curses; for I have done a deed to make life horrible to you.

Mrs. B. What deed?

Jar. Ask him no questions, madam; this last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

[*Enter Stukely.*]

Bev. Why is this villian here?

Stuk. To give you liberty and safety. There, madam, is his discharge. [*Gives a paper to Charlotte.*] The arrest last night was made in friendship, but came too late.

Char. What mean you, sir?

Stuk. The arrest was too late, I say; I would have kept his hands from blood; but it was too late.

Mrs. B. His hands from blood! Whose blood?

Stuk. From Lewson's blood.

Char. No, villain! Yet what of Lewson; speak quickly.

Stuk. You are ignorant then; I thought I heard the murderer at confession.

Char. What murderer? And who is murdered? Not Lewson? Say he lives, and I will kneel and worship you.

Stuk. And so I would; but that the tongues of all cry murder. I came in pity, not in malice; to save the brother, not to kill the sister. Your Lewson's dead.

Char. O horrible!

Bev. Silence, I charge you. Proceed, sir.

Stuck. No; justice may stop the tale; and here's an evidence.

[*Enter Bates.*]

Bates. The news, I see, has reached you. But take comfort, madam. [*To Charlotte.*] There's one without inquiring for you; go to him, and lose no time.

Char. O misery! misery!

Mrs. B. Follow her, Jarvis; if it be true that Lewson's dead, her grief may kill her.

Bates. Jarvis must stay here, madam; I have some questions for him.

Stuk. Rather let him fly; his evidence may crush his master.

Bev. Why, ay; this looks like management.

Bates. He found you quarrelling with Lewson in the street last night. [*To Beverley.*]

Mrs. B. No; I am sure he did not.

Jar. Or if I did—

Mrs. B. 'Tis false, old man; they had no quarrel, there was no cause for quarrel.

Bev. Let him proceed, I say. O! I am sick! sick! Reach a chair. [*Jarvis brings it, he sits down.*]

Mrs. B. You droop and tremble, love. Yet you are innocent. If Lewson's dead, you killed him not.

[*Enter Dawson.*]

Stuk. Who sent for Dawson?

Bates. 'Twas I. We have a witness too, you little think of Without there.

Stuk. What witness?

Bates. A right one. Look at him.

[*Enter Charlotte and Lewson*].

[*Mrs. B. on perceiving Lewson, goes into a hysterical laugh, and sinks on Jarvis.*]

Stuk. Lewson! O villains! villains! [*To Bates and Dawson.*]

Mrs. B. Risen from the dead! Why, this is unexpected happiness!

Char. Or is it his ghost? [*To Stukely.*] That sight would please you, sir.

Jar. What riddle is this?

Bev. Be quick and tell it, my minutes are but few.

Mrs. B. Alas! why so? You shall live long and happily.

Lew. While shame and punishment shall rack that viper. [*Points to Stukely.*] The tale is short; I was too busy in his secrets, and therefore doomed to die. Bates, to prevent the murder, undertook it; I kept aloof to give it credit.

Char. And give me pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt them all, and would have told you; but vengeance wanted ripening. The villain's scheme was but half executed; the arrest by Dawson followed the supposed murder, and now, depending on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverley.

Bates. Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

Lew. And of a thousand frauds; his fortune ruined by sharpers and false dice; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopped on this side murder, we had been villains till.

Lew. [*To Beverley.*] How does my friend?

Bev. Why, well. Who's he that asks me?

Mrs. B. 'Tis Lewson, love. Why do you look so at him?

Bev. [*Wildly.*] They told me he was murdered!

Mrs. B. Ay; but he lives to save us.

Bev. Lend me your hand; the room turns round.

Lew. This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight; and on your lives, see that you guard him. [*Stukely is taken off by Dawson and Bates.*] How is it, sir?

Bev. 'Tis here, and here. [*Pointing to his head and heart.*] And now it tears me!

Mrs. B. You feel convulsed, too. What is it disturbs you?

Bev. A furnace rages in this heart. [*Laying his hand upon his heart.*] Down, restless flames! down to your native hell; and there you shall rack me! Oh, for a pause from pain! Where is my wife? Can you forgive me, love?

Mrs. B. Alas! for what?

Bev. For meanly dying.

Mrs. B. No; do not say it.

Bev. As truly as my soul must answer it. Had Jarvis staid this morning, all had been well; but pressed by shame, pent in a prison, and tormented with my pangs for you, driven to despair and madness, I took the advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and swallowed poison.

Lew. Oh, fatal deed!

Bev. Ay, most accursed. And now I go to my account. Bend me, and let me kneel. [*They lift him from his chair, and support him on his knees.*] I'll pray for you, too. Thou Power that mad'st me, hear me. If, for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of death, thy justice doom me, here I acquit the sentence; but if, enthroned in mercy where thou sitt'st, thy pity hast beheld me, send me a gleam of hope, that in these last and bitter moments my soul may taste of comfort! And for these mourners here O let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths happy.

Mrs. B. Restore him, heaven! O, save him, save him, or let me die too!

Bev. No; live, I charge you. We have a little one; though I have left him, you will not leave him. To Lewson's kindness I bequeath him. Is not this Charlotte? We have lived in love, though I have wronged you. Can you forgive me, Charlotte?

Char. Forgive you? O, my poor brother!

Bev. Lend me your hand, love. So; raise me—no; it will not be; my life is finished. O for a few short moments to tell you how my heart bleeds for you; that even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of a hereafter, my bosom pang is for your miseries. Support her, Heaven! And now I go. O, mercy! mercy! [*Dies.*]

Lew. How is it, madam? My poor Charlotte, too!

Char. Her grief is speechless.

Lew. Jarvis, remove her from this sight. [*Jarvis and Charlotte lead Mrs. Beverley aside.*] Some ministering angel bring her peace. And thou, poor breathless corpse, may thy departed soul have found the rest it prayed for. Save but one error, and this last fatal deed, thy life was lovely. Let frailer minds take warning; and from example learn that want of prudence is want of virtue. [*Exeunt.*]

The *Elfrida*, and *Caractacus*, of Mason, whom we have already noticed, were dramas of a much more intellectual and scholar-like cast than 'The Gamester,' but were destitute of tragic interest. They were brought on the stage by Colman, manager of Covent Garden theatre, and were well received; but they are now known only as dramatic poems, and not as acting plays. From 'Elfrida' we select the following fine passage:—

AGAINST HOMICIDE.

Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling soul, who launches forth
Unlicensed to eternity. Think, think,
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.
The race of man is one vast marshalled army,
Summoned to pass the spacious realms of Time,
Their leader, the Almighty. In that march
Ah! who may quit his post? when high in air
The chosen archangel rides, whose right hand wields
The imperial standard of Heaven's providence,
Which, dreadful sweeping through the vaulted sky,
Overshadows all creation.

Far the most natural and affecting of all the tragic productions of this period, was the *Douglas* of Home, which was founded on the old ballad of 'Gil Morrice.' 'Douglas' was brought out in Edinburgh, in 1756, and its representation was attended with praises and with tears without limit; and in the following year it was produced at Covent Garden with equal success. The plot of this drama is pathetic and interesting in the extreme; and while some parts of the dialogue are flat and prosaic, others are written with the liquid softness and moral beauty of Heywood, or Dekker. Maternal affection is admirably delineated under the novel and striking circumstances of the accidental discovery of a lost child; and the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas is discovered, has no equal in the modern, and scarcely a superior, in the ancient drama. Douglas himself, the young hero, 'enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honor, careless of life and every other advantage when glory lay in the balance,' is beautifully drawn, and formed the school-boy model of most of the English youth, 'sixty years since.'

John Home, the author of this fine drama, was connected with the family of the Earl of Home, and was born at Leith, in 1722. He received his education, in preparation for the ministry, at the university of Edinburgh, and succeeded Blair, the author of 'The Grave,' as minister of Athelstaneford. Previous to his ordination, however, he had, in 1745, taken up arms as a volunteer, against the Chevalier, and after the defeat at Falkirk, was imprisoned in the old castle of Downe, whence he effected his escape, with some of his associates, by cutting their blankets into shreds, and letting themselves down to the ground. The romantic poet soon found the church as severe and tyrannical as the army of Charles Edward. So violent a storm was raised because a Presbyterian minister had written a play, that Home was forced to bow to the authority of the presbytery, and resign his living. To compensate him, in some degree, for his loss, Lord Bute bestowed upon him the sinecure office of conservator of the Scots' privileges at Campvere, and on the accession of George the Third, in 1760, when the influence of Bute was paramount, the poet received a pension of three hundred pounds per annum. He wrote various other tragedies, all of which have now passed into oblivion; but with an annual income of about six hundred pounds, an easy, cheerful, benevolent disposition, and the enjoyment of the friendship of Hume, Blair, Robertson, Lord Kames, and many others, distinguished for rank and talents, Home's life glided on in happy tranquillity. He survived nearly all his associates, and died in 1808, having attained the advanced age of eighty-six.

As a specimen of the style and diction of Home, we subjoin part of the discovery scene in 'Douglas,' already alluded to. Lord Randolph is attacked by four men, and rescued by young Douglas. An old man is found in the woods, and is taken up as one of the assassins, some rich jewels being also in his possession :—

DISCOVERY OF HER SON BY LADY RANDOLPH.

[*Prisoner—Lady Randolph—Anna, her maid.*]

Lady R. Account for these; thine own they can not be:
For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.
[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*]

Pris. Alas! I'm sore beset; let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.
Lady R. O, Anna, hear! Once more I charge thee speak
The truth direct; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration:
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.
Pris. Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;
But falling to decay, his servant seized
All that I had, and then turned me and mine
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river side
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and run
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:
But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.
Lady R. Was he alive?
Pris. He was.
Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!
How could'st thou kill what waves and tempests spared?
Pris. I was not so inhuman.
Lady R. Didst thou not?
Anna. My noble mistress, you are moved too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.
Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them;
And such a man was I; a man declined,
Who saw no end of black adversity;

Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.
Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives!
Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.
Lady R. O, God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?
Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.
Lady R. Where is he now?
Pris. Alas! I know not where.
Lady R. O, fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak
Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
Anna. Permit me, ever honoured! keen impatience,
Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.
Pris. Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay
Was stored a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travelled to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore;
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,
Have trusted him now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood,
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talked of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain; for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountain came—
Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy name?
Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.
Lady R. 'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O, sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.
Anna. Just are your transports; ne'er was woman's heart
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassioned, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna; Heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires!
Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.
Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.
Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.
Pris. Blessed be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty has saved my master's house.
Lady R. Thy words surprise me; sure thou dost not feign!
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.
Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master;
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame;
May heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race!
Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?
Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.
Lady R. 'Tis that I mean;
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who saved
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

Mallet and Glover, though not distinguished in this department of literature, were authors of tragedies that must not be passed by unnoticed. Mallet's tragedy of *Elvira* was highly successful, and his *Mustapha* enjoyed a factitious popularity by glancing at the king and Sir Robert Walpole. Glover also produced a tragedy, *Boadicea*, but it was found deficient in interest for a mixed audience. In this play we find the following gem:

FORGIVENESS.

So prone to error is our mortal frame,
Time could not step without a trace of horror,
If wary nature on the human heart,
Amid its wild variety of passions,
Had not impressed a soft and yielding sense,
That when offences give resentment birth,
The kindly dews of penitence may raise
The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

Horace Walpole was the author of a tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, which, though painful and revolting in the plot and incidents, abounds in vigorous description, and striking imagery. As this writer had a strong predilection for Gothic romance, and had also a dramatic turn of mind, it is much to be regretted that he did not devote himself to the service of the stage. 'The Mysterious Mother' has never, for want of adaptation, been ventured on the stage. Murphy, the last tragic writer whom we shall notice, produced, in 1772, the *Grecian Daughter*. The subject is purely classic, and though treated in the French style, is not destitute of tenderness. It has never, however, been a successful acting drama.

Otway and Southerne had marred the effect of some of their most pathetic and impressive dramas, by the intermixture of comic, and even farcical and licentious scenes and characters; but they were the last dramatic writers who committed this incongruity. After their day public sentiment demanded that tragedy and comedy should no longer be intermingled in the same performance; and it is rather remarkable that from the period of their separation, the comic muse has been more successful than her tragic sister, and has also greatly improved in moral tone and purity of sentiment. In the reign of George the Second, the witty and artificial comedies of Vanbrugh and Farquhar, began to lose their ground, both on account of their licentiousness, and the formal system on which they were constructed. In their room, Garrick, Foote, and other writers, placed a set of dramatic compositions, which though often of an humble and unpretending character, exercised great influence in introducing a taste for more natural portraitures and language; and these again led the way to the higher productions, which we are still accustomed to refer to with veneration, as the legitimate English comedies. Amongst the first five-act plays in which this improvement was seen, was *The Suspicious Husband*, of Hoadly. In this comedy there is little of the license of Farquhar, and Ranger, its leading character, is still a favorite on the stage.

Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, the author of this drama, was the eldest son of the bishop of Winchester, and was born in London, on the tenth of February,

1705. He prepared for the university at Newcome's school, Hackney, and in 1722, entered Bennet College, Cambridge. Having studied medicine and taken his doctor's degree, he became, in 1742, physician to the king, and four years after, to the Prince of Wales. In his profession, Dr. Hoadly greatly distinguished himself by three letters on Respiration, read before the college of physicians, in 1740. His death occurred on the tenth of August, 1757.

George Colman, the manager of Covent Garden theatre, was an excellent comic writer, and produced more than thirty plays, some of which still keep possession of the stage. His *Jealous Wife*, founded on Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' has some highly effective scenes and well-drawn characters. This play was produced in 1761, and five years afterwards Colman, in connection with Garrick, brought out *The Clandestine Marriage*, in which the character of an ancient beau, affecting gayety and youth, is strikingly personified, in Lord Ogleby.

George Colman was of good parentage, and was born at Florence, in Italy, where his father was British resident, in 1733. On the return of the parent to England, the son was placed at Westminster school, and thence passed to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he remained, and with honor completed his university studies. Having returned to London, he entered Lincoln's Inn, as a student of law; but though he was afterwards called to the bar, he never practiced his profession, the pursuits of literature being much more congenial to his taste and feelings. He commenced his literary career by writing fugitive poems for the magazines; but from these he soon turned his attention to the drama, and besides the comedies already mentioned, he brought out, in the course of a few years, *Polly Honeycomb*, *The English Merchant*, *The Oxonian in Town*, *The Man of Business*, *The Spanish Barber*, *Suicide*, *The Separate Maintenance*, *The Manager in Distress*, and many others. He did not, however, confine his attention exclusively to the drama, but evinced his ability as a scholar and a critic, by his translation of Terence's comedies, and Horace's Art of Poetry. After successfully managing Covent Garden theatre for many years, Colman died, much respected, on the fourteenth of August, 1794.

Arthur Murphy, born in Ireland of respectable parents, in 1727, and educated at the school of St. Omers, added comedy as well as tragedy to the stage, and his *Way to Keep Him* is still occasionally performed. Murphy, after he left school, was placed under the care of a relation in London, engaged in commercial pursuits; but business had no attractions for him, and he soon left the house of his friend, to devote himself to the labors of a literary life. He had a strong inclination to become an actor, but after trying his powers in Othello and other characters, he gave up all pretensions to eminence on the stage, and determined to support himself by his pen. He studied the law, and was called to the bar; but as the dramatic muse absorbed his entire attention, he never entered into practice. As an author, he was eminently successful. The best of his dramas, after the 'Way to Keep Him,' are *All in the Wrong*, *Know Your Own Mind*, *Three Weeks After Marriage*, and the *Citizen*. Besides these plays, he produced various other works, the most important of which is his translation of Tacitus. The latter part of his life was passed in the midst of the affluence acquired by his literary performances, and his death occurred on the eighteenth of June, 1805.

Murphy was followed by Hugh Kelly, a scurrilous newspaper writer, who surprised the world by producing a comedy, *False Delicacy*, the success of which was remarkable in its effects, both on the fortunes and the character of the author. From the profits of the first third night he realized over one hundred and fifty pounds—a larger sum of money than he had ever before seen; 'and from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censurer,' says Davies, 'Kelly was transformed to the humane, affable, good-natured, well-bred man.' Kelly's other successful comedies are *A Word to the Wise*, *School for Wives*, and the *Romance of an Hour*. He died comparatively young, in 1777.

The marked success of Kelly's sentimental style, gave the tone to a much more able dramatist, Richard Cumberland, who, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, brought out, in 1771, *The West Indian*, one of the best stage comedies in the English language. The plot, incidents, and characters, are all admirably sustained. This play is farther remarkable for containing the first draught of an Irish gentleman ever witnessed on the stage. Cumberland afterwards produced with success, *The Wheel of Fortune*, *The Fashionable Lover*, and some other pieces, but they are too stiff and sentimental for an audience of the present day.

This interesting writer was born on the nineteenth of February, 1732. He studied at Westminster school until the fourteenth year of his age, when he entered Trinity College, Oxford, and there, in 1750, took his bachelor's degree. Soon after he left the university, he became secretary to Lord Halifax, viceroy of Ireland. On his return to England he obtained the place of clerk of reports in the office of trade and plantations; and afterwards was appointed secretary to that board. In 1780, he went on a mission to Lisbon and Madrid, but was recalled in the following year, in consequence of having exceeded his powers. He was also deprived of his situation at the board of trade, and from this time until his death, which occurred on the seventh of May, 1811, his circumstances were much embarrassed. Of Cumberland's other works, his *Observer*, a series of miscellaneous papers, is the most valuable, and still holds a distinguished rank among the British classics.

Goldsmith, whom we have already noticed in connection with another department of literature, thought that Cumberland had carried the refinement of comedy to excess, and he therefore attempted to correct the fault. His first dramatic performance, *The Good-Natured Man*, produced, in 1772, presents one of the happiest of his delineations, in the character of Croaker; but as a whole, the play wants point and sprightliness. His second drama, *She Stoops to Conquer*, performed in the following year, has all the requisites for interesting and amusing an audience; and Dr. Johnson said, 'he knew of no comedy for many years that had answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry.' The plot turns on what may be termed a farcical incident—two parties mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn. But the excellent discrimination of character, and the humor and vivacity of the dialogue throughout the play, render this drama one of the richest contributions that have been made to modern comedy. The native pleasantry and originality of Goldsmith were never more happily displayed, and his success, as Davies remarks, 'revived fancy, wit, gayety, humor, incident, and character, in the place of sentiment and moral preachment.'

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the greatest comic writer of modern times, appeared before the public two years after Goldsmith obtained his dramatic triumph. On the seventeenth of January, 1775, his play of *The Rivals* was brought out at Covent Garden. In this first effort of Sheridan there is more humor than wit. He copied some of his characters from 'Humphrey Clinker,' and the testy but generous Captain Absolute, evidently borrowed from Matthew Bramble, and Mrs. Malaprop, whose mistakes in words are the echoes of Mrs. Winifred Jenkin's blunders. Some of these are farcical enough; but as Moore observes, the luckiness of Mrs. Malaprop's simile, 'as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile,' will be acknowledged as long as there are writers to be run away with by the wilfulness of this species of composition. In the same year, *St. Patrick's Day* and *The Duenna* were produced; and such was the popularity of the latter that it had a run of seventy-five successive nights. His popularity did not, however, reach its height until 1777, when he produced *The Trip to Scarborough*, and *The School for Scandal.* In plot, character, and incident, dialogue, humor, and wit, 'The School for Scandal' is acknowledged to surpass any other comedy of modern times. The author selected, arranged, and moulded his language with such consummate skill, as to render it a transparent channel for the communication of his thoughts.

As in his first comedy Sheridan had taken hints from Smollett, so in this, his last, he had recourse to Smollett's rival novelist, Fielding. The characters of Charles and Joseph Surface are evidently copied from Tom Jones and Blifil. Nor is the moral of the play an improvement on that of the novel. The careless, extravagant rake, is generous, warm-hearted, and fascinating; seriousness and gravity are rendered odious by being united to meanness and hypocrisy. The dramatic art of Sheridan is evinced in the ludicrous incidents and situations with which 'The School for Scandal' abounds: his genius shines forth in his witty dialogues. 'The entire comedy,' says Moore, 'is an El Dorado of wit, where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value.' Some shorter pieces were afterwards written by Sheridan; such as *The Camp*, a musical opera, and *The Critic*, a witty afterpiece, in the manner of 'The Rehearsal.' The character of Sir Fretful Plagiary, intended, it is supposed, for Cumberland, is one of the author's happiest efforts; and the schemes and contrivances of Puff, the manager—such as making his theatrical clock strike four in the morning scene, 'to beget an awful attention' in the audience, and to 'save a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere'—are a felicitous combination of humor and satire. The scene in which Sneer mortifies the vanity of Sir Fretful, and Puff's description of his own mode of life by his proficiency in the art of puffing, are, perhaps, the best that Sheridan ever wrote.

This versatile and extraordinary genius was born in the city of Dublin, on the thirty-first of October, 1751. After receiving his education at Harrow, he entered Lincoln's Inn, as a student of law; but he was never called to the bar. He married early in life, and having exhausted his pecuniary resources, was compelled to look to literature for his immediate subsistence. The drama, at that time, held out stronger inducements than any other department of writing; and with what success his devotion to it was attended, we have already seen. In 1780, he was elected member of parliament for Strafford, and during a parliamentary career of thirty-two years, he was unrivalled in wit, and had few equals in eloquence. One of his greatest efforts of oratory was his speech, as manager, upon the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Burke declared, at its close, that neither ancient nor modern times had ever produced any thing equal to it. In his latter years Sheridan drank deeply of the cup of bitterness. His profuse habits involved him largely in debt; the destruction of Drury Lane theatre, of which he was one of the proprietors, increased his embarrassments; his failure to obtain a seat in parliament deprived him of protection from arrest; his person was more than once seized by the harpies of the law; and, amidst difficulties, fears, and sorrows, this highly-gifted man sunk to the grave, on the seventh of July, 1816.

Our space will allow us to select but a single scene from Sheridan's comedies, and we know of none superior to the following from 'The School for Scandal':—

ANATOMY OF CHARACTER PERFORMED BY UNCHARITABLENESS.

[*Maria enters to Lady Sneerwell and Joseph Surface.*]

Lady S. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Maria. Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S. Is that all?

Joseph S. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest that places a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady S. Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Serv. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, every body allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I'faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady S. Hush!—here she is.

[*Enter Mrs. Candour.*]

Mrs. C. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century? Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Oh, Maria! child—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs. C. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. C. Very true, child: but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filligree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for 't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The license of invention some people take up is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. * * No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah! Mrs. Candour, if every body had your forbearanee and good-nature!

Mrs. C. I confess, Mr. Surface, I can not bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintances, I own I always love to think the best. By-the-by, I hope 'tis not true your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; every body almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he'll find half of his acquaintances ruined too; and that you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite. [*Exit Servant.*]

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

[*Enter Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.*]

Crab. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand. Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir B. O fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad, it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire? Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

Sir B. Uncle, now—prithee—

Crab. I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish any thing.

Sir B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you! you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir B. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crab. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs. C. What, sir, do you mean the report of—

Crab. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. C. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes; and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir B. O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. O lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir B. To be sure he may; for my part I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad, nephew. If the old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable. Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria.*]

Mrs. C. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady S. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

Mrs. C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [*Exit Mrs. Candour.*]

Lady S. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir B. The young lady's penchant is obvious.

Crab. But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good-humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir B. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but, depend on 't, your brother is utterly undone.

Crab. O lud, ay! undone as ever man was. Can't raise a guinea!

Sir B. And every thing sold, I'm told, that was movable.

Crab. I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots.

Sir B. And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him.

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir B. But, however, as he is your brother—

Crab. We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exit Crabtree and Sir Benjamin.*]

Lady S. Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

Joseph S. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

Lady S. I doubt her affections are further engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the mean time, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment. [*Exeunt.*]

The last comic writer of the present period whom we shall notice, is Mrs. HANNAH COWLEY, whose brilliant comedy *The Belle's Stratagem*, still holds possession of the stage. This lady was born at Tiverton, in Devonshire, in 1743, and died in the same place, in the sixty-seventh year of her age, 1809. Besides 'The Belle's Stratagem' Mrs. Cowley wrote *The Runaway*, *More Ways than One*, and some others of less note; but all, except the first-mentioned, are now forgotten.

We have still to notice the well-known species of sub-comedy entitled the Farce—a kind of entertainment more peculiarly English than comedy itself, and in which the literature of England is surprisingly rich. As inferior in dignity, we place it after comedy; but as some of its luminaries flourished early in this period, and by their productions exercised a considerable influence on the comedies which were afterwards written, it might have been placed first. Among the first who shone in this department of literature was David Garrick, so eminent as an actor in both tragedy and comedy.

GARRICK was a native of Lichfield, and was born on the twentieth of February, 1716. He was the pupil of Dr. Johnson, and in 1735, accompanied him to London that they might there seek their fortunes together.

He at once turned his attention to the stage, and his merits quickly raised him to the head of his profession. As the manager of one of the principal London theatres for a long course of years, he banished from the stage many plays that had an immoral tendency; and his personal character gave a dignity and respectability to the profession of an actor. As an anthor he was more lively and various than vigorous or profound. He wrote some epigrams, and even ventured an ode or two; he succeeded in the composition of some dramatic pieces, and in the adaptation of others to the stage. His principal plays are, *The Lying Valet* and *Miss in her Teens*, both of which are still favorites with the public. But unquestionably his chief strength lay in those powers as an actor by which he gave a popularity and importance to the drama that it had not possessed since its palmy days in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Garrick died on the twentieth of January, 1779, and Sheridan honored his memory with a florid sentimental monody, in which he invoked the 'gentle muse,' to 'guard his laurelled shrine'—

> And with soft sighs disperse the irreverent dust,
> Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

Fielding, Macklin, Townley, and Foote, are the remaining writers of this class that belong to the present period. Fielding's farces were numerous, but *Tom Thumb* is the only one that keeps possession of the stage. He threw off these light pieces to meet the demands of the town for amusement, and to satisfy his own clamorous necessities; and they generally indicated very hasty composition. *Love-a-la-Mode*, a humorous satire on the Scottish character, was produced by Charles Macklin, and was soon followed by his more sarcastic comedy *The Man of the World*, first performed in 1781. Macklin was an actor by profession, and so remarkable for his personation of Shylock, as to seem 'the very Jew that Shakspeare drew.' This character he performed successfully after he had passed the ninetieth year of his age. His death occurred on the eleventh of July, 1797, at the very unusual age of one hundred and seven years. The two dramas of Macklin are lively and entertaining, and are still popular on the stage.

The REV. MR. TOWNLEY, master of Merchant Tailors' School, was the author of *High Life below Stairs*, a happy burlesque on the extravagance and affectation of servants in aping the manners of their masters, and which had the effect, by a well-timed exposure, of correcting abuses in the domestic establishments of the opulent classes in England. From this unique farce we select the following scene:

[*Enter Sir Harry's Servant.*]

Sir H. Oh, ho! are you thereabouts, my lord duke! That may do very well by-and-by. However, you'll never find me behind hand. [*Offers to kiss Kitty.*]

Duke. Stand off: you are a commoner; nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think we have more true nobility than you. Let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke. A knight of the shire! Ha, ha, ha! a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the country.

Kit. O lud! this is charming to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry, that is good morillity.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord; now, Sir Harry.

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt—

Duke. Zounds! sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here. Ha' done, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Not I; why, he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity. [*Slow.*]

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies. [*Quick.*]

Kit. Peace, peace; here's Lady Bab.

[*Enter Lady Bab's Servant in a chair.*]

Dear Lady Bab.

Lady Bab. Mrs. Kitty, your servant: I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you do? My lord duke, your servant, and Sir Harry too, yours.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted.

Lady B. I'm afraid I have trespassed in point of time. [*Looks on her watch.*] But I got into my favorite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning; some wicked poem.

Lady B. Oh, you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady B. Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

Kit. Shikspur! Shikspur! Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other. Here's Lady Charlotte.

[*Enter Lady Charlotte's Maid in a chair.*]

Dear Lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh! Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house. Such a fit of the cholic seized me. Oh! Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here? My chairmen were such drones. My lord duke! the pink of all good-breeding.

Duke. Oh! ma'am. [*Bowing.*]

Lady C. And Sir Harry! Your servant, Sir Harry. [*Formally.*]

Sir H. Madam, your servant: I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park.

Sir H. The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations. [*Scornfully.*]

Sir H. Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. No, sir; I have observed your coldness of late, and despise you. A trumpery baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility. That sly dog, the marquis ——.

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir. The marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I—I, madam? I scorn such a thing. I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—Egad, I am confounded. My lord duke, what shall I say to her? Pray help me out. [*Aside.*]

Duke. Ask her to show her legs. Ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*]

[*Enter Philip and Lovel, laden with bottles.*]

Phil. Here, my little peer, here is wine that will ennoble your blood! Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Lov. [*Affecting to be drunk.*] Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free; I am very free.

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

Lov, Thank you, madam; I will certainly wait on their lordships and their ladyships too. [*Aside and exit.*]

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance? and then to supper.

[*Enter Cook, Coachman, Kingston, and Cloe.*]

Come here; where are all our people? I'll couple you. My lord duke will take Kitty; Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry and Lady Charlotte; coachman and cook; and the two devils will dance together: ha! ha! ha!

Duke. With submission, the country dances by-and-by.

Lady C. Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after. I beg the duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us. [*Sir Harry bows.*]

All. Minuet, Sir Harry; minuet, Sir Harry.

Kit. Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

[*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty; awkward and conceited.*]

Lady C. Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper. A gentleman and a lady. [*They sit down.*] Here is claret, burgundy, and champaign; and a bottle of tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle: if any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. Port! 'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you? Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country. The gentlemen will be as good as to take care of themselves. [*A Pause.*]

Duke. Lady Charlotte, 'Hob or nob!'

Lady C. Done, my lord, in burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. [*They drink. A pause.*]

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round; I have a health for you. 'Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses.'

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh. A pause.*]

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady C. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*]

Phil. My lord duke, your toast.

Duke. Lady Betty.

Phil. Oh, no, a health and a sentiment.

Duke. Let us have a song. Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you hear it? Well, then, Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you: will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song; ay, ay, Sir Harry's song; Sir Harry's song.

Duke. A song to be sure, but first, preludio. [*Kisses Kitty.*] Pray, gentlemen, put it about. [*Kisses round. Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.*]

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but hem—I must clear up my pipes, hem! This is Sir Harry's song; being a new one, entitled and called the 'Fellow Servant, or All in a Livery.' [*Sings.*]

Phil. How do you like it, my lord duke?

Duke. It is a vile composition.

Phil. How so?

Duke. O, very low!—very low indeed!

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! You are a rascal; I'll pull you by the nose. [*All rise.*]

Duke. Lookye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons!—what you will—pistols.

Duke. Done, behind Montague House.

Sir H. Done, with seconds.

Duke. Done.

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen. My lord duke! Sir Harry—the ladies!—fie! [*Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing. A violent knocking. Kitty faints.*] What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. [*Exit Kingston.*] It sounds like my master's rap; pray heaven it is not he!

Samuel Foote, by far the greatest of this class of authors, still remains to be noticed. Foote was born of a good family at Truro, in Cornwall, in 1721, and educated at Oxford; but squandering away his fortune, he was forced to become an actor and dramatic writer. In powers of mimicry, in wit, and in humor, he went so far beyond all the men of his own time, as to be commonly known as the English Aristophanes. Dr. Johnson, though he disliked the man for his easy morals and his burlesquing of private characters as a profession, was yet forced to admit the amazing powers and fascinations of his conversation. In 1747, Foote commenced a class of new entertainments in the Hay-market theatre, London, in which he was, himself, the sole stage figure, and which proved highly attractive by the many droll and whimsical portraits of character which they presented, many of these being transcripts or caricatures of persons well known. *The Diversions of the Morning*, *The Auction of Pictures*, and *The Englishman in Paris*, were the names of some of these pieces. Of the regular farces of Foote, *The*

Minor, a scurrilous attack upon the Methodists, was the most successful. This was followed by *The Mayor of Garratt*, a coarse but humorous sketch, including two characters, Major Sturgeon, the city militia officer, and Jerry Sneak, which can never become completely obsolete. Foote's plays are twenty in number, and he boasted, at the close of his life, that he had added sixteen decidedly new characters to the English stage. He died at Dover, when on his way to France, on the twentieth of October, 1777. From his 'Lame Lover' we select the following scene:—

TUFT HUNTING.

[*Charlotte and Serjeant Circuit.*]

Char. Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity not inferior to that I have mentioned.

Serjeant. Cite them.

Char. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serjeant. Titles! I don't understand you.

Char. I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three to a duke.

Serj. Keeping good company!—a laudable ambition!

Char. True, sir, if the virtues that procured the father a peerage could with that be entailed on the son.

Serj. Have a care, hussy; there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities.

Char. Sir!

Serj. Scandalum magnatum is a statue must not be trifled with: why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts who think a man the worse for being a lord?

Char. No, sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj. For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char. Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj. Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char. It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage; but, come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char. You mean, sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is—

Char. Nobody.

Serj. Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out? He is neither a person attainted or outlawed, may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney or in propria persona, can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char. But, sir—

Serj. Nay, further, child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm let, ditto lands, or to any person whomsoever—and—

Char. Without doubt, sir; but there are notwithstanding in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

[*Sir Luke Limp makes his appearance, and after a short dialogue, enter a Servant and delivers a card to Sir Luke.*]

Sir Luke [*Reads*]. 'Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An answer is desired.' Gadso! a little unlucky, I have been engaged for these three weeks.

Serj. What! I find Sir Gregory is returned for the corporation of Fleecem.

Sir Luke. Is he so? Oh, oh! that alters the case. George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle Street; sorry can't wait upon him, but confined to bed two days with the new influenza. [*Exit Servant.*]

Char. You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke. What can a man do? These fellows (when one has the misfortune to meet them) take scandalous advantage: when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day? They are as bad as a beggar who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them without a penny to one, and a promise to t'other.

Serj. True; and then for such a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke. Not but upon these occasions no man in England is more punctual than—

[*Enter a Servant, who gives Sir Luke a letter.*]

From whom?

Serv. Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke. Answer! By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte. [*Reads.*] 'Taste for music—Mons. Duport—fail—dinner upon table at five.' Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant an't gone.

Serv. Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke. Run after him as fast as you can—tell him quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed, and return in an instant. [*Exit Servant.*]

Char. You see, sir, the knight must give way for my lord.

Sir Luke. No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business. No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but, to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world: it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char. By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke. You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit: you know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

Serj. What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary—

Sir Luke. He knows that well enough; but for all that—

Serj. Indeed, by a late act of his own house (which does them infinite honour), his goods or chattels may be—

Sir Luke. Seized upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready furnished lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj. Nay, if the sheriff return 'non inventus'—

Sir Luke. A plague o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coachmaker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was un-luckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up. You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd? At your lordship's service, my lord. What, Lloyd with an L! It was with an L, indeed, my lord. Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Flloyd were synonymous, the very same names. Very often, indeed, my lord. But you always spell yours with an L? Always. That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke. That is unlucky: tell my lord I'll attend him. I'll call on Sir Gregory myself. [*Exit Servant.*]

Serj. Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively; promised to procure a husband for Lady Sicily Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard, in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arrived; so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj. True, true.

Sir Luke. At your toilet to-morrow you may—[*Enter a Servant abruptly, and runs against Sir Luke*]—Can't you see where you are running, you rascal.

Serv. Sir, his Grace the Duke of—

Sir Luke. Grace! Where is he? Where—

Serv. In his coach at the door. If you aint better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke. In his own coach, did you say?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir Luke. With the coronets—or—

Serv. I believe so.

Sir Luke. There's no resisting of that. Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv. He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. Then do you step to the knight—hey!—no—you must go to my lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—step first to Sir Greg's., then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv. What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke. Any thing—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my lord?

Sir Luke. What!—Why tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey! Why, tell him—hold, I have it. Tell him that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney-coach, and carried into the Pied Bull in the borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his grace wait, but his grace knows my misfor— [*Exeunt Sir Luke and Servant.*]

Char. Well, sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj. Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws, they don't vitiate the title; that stands unimpeached.

A few remarks on the comic operas of this period, in which songs and dialogue alternate, will close the present subject. *The Devil to Pay*, by

Coffey, was long a favorite, chiefly for the female character, Nell, which made the fortune of several actresses. The operas of this description by Isaac Bickerstaff, among which are *The Padlock*, *Love in a Village*, and *Lionel Clarissa*, present a pleasing union of lyrical charms with those of dramatic incident and dialogue. The *Quaker*, by Charles Dibdin, author and composer of a multitude of these operas, and dramatic trifles, was produced in 1777, contains much excellent music, and is still popular.

Lecture the Forty-Second.

PROSE WRITERS.

CONYERS MIDDLETON — NATHANIEL LARDNER — ARCHIBALD BOWER — THOMAS CARTE—WILLIAM LAW—WILLIAM STUKELEY—JOSEPH BUTLER—JOHN LELAND —FRANCIS HUTCHESON—JAMES FOSTER—JOHN GILL—JOHN JORTIN—WILLIAM WARBURTON—PHILIP DODDRIDGE—JOHN WESLEY—GEORGE WHITEFIELD—FERDINANDO WARNER—THOMAS LELAND—LORD CHESTERFIELD—LORD KAMES.

ONE of the most striking features of the prose writing of this period is the variety and extent of the subjects which it embraces. Periodical essayists, novelists, historians, metaphysicians, theologians, political writers, and writers of miscellanies, were equally numerous. Without reference, therefore, to their relative claim upon our attention, we shall notice them as the order of time presents their names.

Dr. Conyers Middleton, the first that occurs, was the son of the rector of Hinderwell, near Whitby, and was born at York, on the twenty-seventh of December, 1683. At the age of seventeen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he afterwards became fellow. In 1709, he joined the other fellows of the society in opposition to Dr. Bentley, the master; but having soon after married a widow lady of large property, he relinquished his fellowship and retired from the college. His life now presented little variety for a number of years; but in 1723, desiring an active occupation, he accepted the office of principal librarian at Cambridge. In the following year he was induced, by the death of his wife, to visit the continent, and wherever he went he was received by men of learning and rank with the greatest kindness and respect.

Soon after his return to England, Dr. Middleton issued some letters and other papers, which created suspicions of his orthodoxy, and by this means he was involved in a succession of controversies, which consumed, very unprofitably, many years. During much of this period, however, he was engaged in preparing and arranging materials for a history of the *Life and Writings of Cicero*, and the great work made its appearance in 1741. Reviewing the whole of the celebrated orator's public career, and the principal transactions of his times—mingling together questions of philosophy, government, and politics, with the details of biography, Middleton compiled a highly interesting work, full of varied and important information, and written with great care and taste. An admiration of the rounded style and flowing periods of Cicero, seems to have produced in his biographer a desire to attain to similar excellence; and perhaps no author, prior to Dr. Johnson, wrote English with the same careful finish and sustained dignity. The graces of Addison, it is true, were wanting, but certainly no historical writings of the day were at all comparable to Middleton's memoir. The following sentences from his summary of Cicero's character will be sufficient to exemplify the author's style :—

CHARACTER OF CICERO.

He made a just distinction between bearing what we can not help, and approving what we ought to condemn; and submitted, therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance that he expresses very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without control, as in his consulship, in his province, and after Cæsar's death—the only period of his life in which he was truly master of himself—there we see him shining out in his genuine character of an excellent citizen, a great magistrate, a glorious patriot; there we could see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus, as to the best witness of his conscience, that he had always done the greatest service to his country when it was in his power; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it but what was divine. If we must needs compare him, therefore, with Cato, as some writers affect to do, it is certain that if Cato's virtues seem more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other was natural; the one drawn from the refinements of the school, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude: Cicero's death, though violent, can not be called untimely, but was the proper end of such a life; which must also have been rendered less glorious if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was, therefore, not only what he expected, but, in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who before had been timid even in dangers, and desponding in distress, yet, from the time of Cæsar's death, roused by the desperate state of the republic, assumed the fortitude of a hero; discarded all fear; despised all dangers; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself, as it were, for the last act, and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory.

Lardner, Bower, Carte, Law, Stukeley, Butler, Leland, Hutcheson, Foster, Gill, Jortin, Warburton, Doddridge, and Wesley, are among the earliest writers of this period who distinguished themselves by any marked excellence.

Nathaniel Lardner, a dissenting minister, was born at Hawkhurst, in Kent, where his father owned a small estate, in 1684. His early studies were pursued in London, after which he went to Utrecht, and thence to Leyden, where he remained until his education had become very complete. In 1713, he became tutor to the younger son of Lady Treby, widow of the chief justice of the English common pleas, with whom he travelled over France, Holland, and the Netherlands. In 1723, having returned to England, Lardner was employed with others in a course of lectures at the old Bailey; but though his abilities were great and universally acknowledged, he did not obtain a settlement among the dissenters until the forty-fifth year of his age, when he became assistant minister at Crutched Friars. His literary labors had now so distinguished him that the university of Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Towards the close of his life this learned divine retired to his patrimonial estate at Hawkhurst, where he died of natural exhaustion, in 1768.

Some of Dr. Lardner's theological treatises are of the highest importance to the divinity student. His greatest performance is his *Credibility of the Gospel History*, in fifteen volumes, and in which proofs are brought from innumerable sources in the religious history and literature of the first five centuries in favor of the truth of Christianity. Another voluminous work, entitled *A Large Collection of Ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of the Christian Religion*, appeared towards the close of the author's life, and completed a design, which, making allowance for the interruptions occasioned by other studies and writings of less importance, occupied his attention for forty-three years.

ARCHIBALD BOWER was born at Dundee, in Scotland, on the seventeenth of January, 1685, and educated at Douay, in France, whence he went to Rome, and became a Jesuit. Dissatisfaction, however, with his relations to the order, induced him, in 1726, to escape to England, where he soon after embraced the Protestant faith. His learning recommended him to the great, and he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Lord Aylmer, in whose family he passed several years. Unsteady and insincere in his principles, and not realizing the advantages that he had anticipated from his union with the Protestants, he became, in 1745, reconciled to the Jesuits; but two years afterwards he again made public his dissent from the religion of those within whose pale he had lately been received as a penitent refugee. Late in life Bower gave to the public his great literary performance, a *History of the Popes.* This work displays extensive learning, and much skill in composition; but unfortunately the versatile character of the author, and the want of stability in his religious principles, render his statements of doubtful authority. His death occurred on the second of September, 1766.

THOMAS CARTE was born at Clifton, Warwickshire, in April, 1686, and educated at University College, Oxford. Immediately after he left the university he entered into orders, and being appointed reader of the Abbey-church, Bath, he there, in a sermon, ably vindicated the memory of Charles the First, and soon after issued his first literary performance, *The Irish Massacre, set in a Proper Light.* On the accession of George the First to the crown, Carte refused to take the oaths required, and as he renounced the clerical habit, he has been accused of participating in the rebellion of 1715. Continuing his attachment to the Stuarts, he became secretary to Bishop Atterbury, a circumstance which rendered him suspected to the government, so that, on the imprisonment of the prelate, a thousand pounds were offered for his apprehension. He, however, escaped into France, and there remained, under the assumed name of Phillips, for six or seven years, sedulously engaged in various literary pursuits. At length Queen Caroline, who knew and respected his merits, procured his recall; and soon after his return to England he published a *Life of James Duke of Ormond*, remarkable for the fullness of its information, but tinctured with the author's Jacobite predilections.

In 1738, Carte issued proposals for a *Complete Domestic, or Civil History of England;* and so great was the popularity of his name, that while he was collecting materials in public and private libraries, subscriptions upon subscriptions poured in upon him, until they amounted to six hundred pounds a year. The first volume appeared in 1747, the second, in 1750, the third in 1752, and the fourth, which extends the history to the year 1654, and which was posthumous, in 1755. The work is a composition of very unusual merit, and displays the author's abilities to great advantage. That there are prejudices and partialities in the narrative can not be denied; but the history is valuable for the accurate information which it imparts in reference to many curious, important, and interesting facts. Carte died on the second of April, 1754.

William Law, by whose writings a permanent service was rendered to the cause of Christianity, was the author of a still popular treatise, *A Serious Call to a Holy Life.* This work happening to fall into the hands of Dr. Johnson, at college, gave that eminent man 'the first occasion of thinking in earnest of religion after he became capable of rational inquiry.'

Law was born at King's Cliff, Northamptonshire, in 1686. He was educated at Oxford, where he took his degrees, after which he designed to enter into orders; but on mature reflection he found his scruples with respect to the necessary oath, not to be overcome, and he therefore determined to take up his lot with the dissenters. As a preacher he possessed great influence, his doctrines being powerfully enforced by the meekness and sincerity of his life, and his inoffensive manners. Law died in 1761, at the house of Mrs. Gibbon, aunt of the famous historian, where he had, for several years, found an hospitable asylum.

William Stukeley, a celebrated antiquarian writer, was born at Holbeck, Lincolnshire, on the seventh of November, 1687. Having received his education at the university of Cambridge, and there taken his degrees as doctor of medicine, he first settled as a physician in Boston, and thence, in 1717, removed to London, where he was soon after, at the recommendation of Dr. Mead, elected fellow of the royal society, and member of the society of antiquarians. In 1726, he left London and settled at Grantham, in his native county, the noblest and most respectable families of which, soon became his friends and patrons.

Dr. Stukeley had long evinced a strong inclination to enter the church, and upon this course he finally resolved, being ordained by archbishop Wake, in 1730, and immediately after presented to the living of All-Saints, in Stainford. After one or two other country preferments, he was induced, by the pressing solicitations of the Duke of Montague, to accept, in 1747, the rectorship of St. George, Queen's Square, London, where he remained till his death, which occurred on the twenty-seventh of February, 1765.

The best known and most celebrated of Dr. Stukeley's productions are *An Account of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Great Britain*, and *An Account of Stonehenge.* Besides the celebrated works, Stukeley was the author of *Discourses on the Monuments of Antiquity, that relate to Sacred History*, and several treatises pertaining to the medical profession. His knowledge of druidical history was so extensive and accurate, that he was usually called, by his friends, the arch druid of his age.

Joseph Butler, a prelate of the most distinguished learning and piety, was born at Wantage, Berkshire, in 1692. His father was a presbyterian, and as his son early evinced a strong inclination for learning, he sent him, first to the grammar-school of his native town, and afterwards to an academy in Gloucestershire, in order to qualify him for a dissenting preacher. Young Butler had not long been at the academy, before he resolved to leave the presbyterians and conform to the established church; and he, therefore, in 1714, removed to Oxford, and was admitted a commoner of Oriel College. Here he contracted an intimate acquaintance aud friendship with Edward Talbot, son of the bishop of Durham, and brother to the lord chancellor; which, in concert with his own rare qualities, laid the foundation of his subsequent advancement. Having completed his studies at the university, he entered into orders, and was immediately appointed preacher at the rolls, and rector of Houghton and Stanhope, two rich and valuable benefices in the bishopric of Durham. On quitting the rolls, in 1726, he published a volume of *Sermons*, which at once placed him, both as a writer and a divine, in a very prominent position. During the seven following years he resided constantly at Stanhope, devoting himself exclusively to the duties of his office; but in 1733, he was called to attend the lord chancellor Talbot as his chaplain, who bestowed upon him a prebend in the church of Rochester. In 1736, he was appointed clerk of the closet, to Queen Caroline, and two years after was nominated to the bishopric of Bristol, and the deanery of St. Paul's, London. He now resigned his living at Stanhope, and having been made clerk of the closet to the king, was, in 1750, raised to the rich and important bishopric of Durham. Bishop Butler enjoyed this last honor for but the brief space of two years, as his death occurred at Bristol, on the sixteeenth of June, 1752.

Bishop Butler's great work on the *Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature*, the design of which was to animate the drooping spirit, and to place revelation upon the imperishable foundations of true philosophy, appeared in 1736. Without entering on the question of the miracles and prophecies, the author rested his evidence on the analogies of nature: 'he reasons from that part of divine proceedings which comes under our view in the daily business of life, to that larger and more comprehensive part of those proceedings which is beyond our view, and which religion reveals.' His argument for a future life, from the changes which the human body undergoes at birth, and in its different stages of maturity; and from the instances of the same law of nature, in the change of worms into butterflies, and birds and insects bursting the shell, and entering into a new world, furnished with new powers, is one of the most conclusive pieces of reasoning in the English language.

The same train of argument, in support of the immortality of the soul, has been followed up by Dr. Brown of Edinburgh, in two admirable lectures in his philosophy. The work of Butler, however, extends over a wide field—over the whole of the leading points, both in natural and revealed religion. The germ of his treatise is contained in a passage quoted in his introduction from Origen, one of the early fathers of the church. It is to the effect that he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from the author of nature, may well believe that the same difficulties exist in it as in the constitution of nature. Hence Butler infers that he who denies the Scripture to have come from God, on account of difficulties found in it, may, for the same reason, deny that the world was formed by Him. Inexplicable difficulties are found in the course of nature; no sound theist can, therefore, be surprised to find similar difficulties in the Christian religion. If both proceed from the same author, the wonder would rather be, that, even on this inferior ground of difficulty and adaptation to the comprehension of man, there should not be found the impress of the same hand, whose works we can trace but a very little way, and whose word equally transcends, on some points, the feeble efforts of unassisted reason.

In the volume of sermons already alluded to, Dr. Butler shines with as much splendor as in his ethical philosophy. In the three first, on human nature, he has laid the science of morals on a surer foundation than any previous writer ever did. After showing that our social affections are disinterested, he proceeds to vindicate the supremacy of the moral sentiments. Man is, in his view, a law to himself; but the intimations of this law are not to be deduced from the strength or temporary predominance of any single appetite or passion. They are to be deduced from the dictates of one principle, which is evidently intended to rule over the other parts of our nature, and which issues its mandates with authority. This master principle is conscience, which rests upon rectitude as its object, as disinterestedly as the social affections rest upon their appropriate objects, and as naturally as the appetite of hunger is satisfied with food.

The ethical system of Bishop Butler has been adopted by Professors Reid, Stewart, and Brown, and his moral system forms the basis of President Wayland's popular work on Moral Science. Butler's style, though not elegant, is remarkably terse, and well adapted as a channel for his thoughts.

John Leland, an eminent dissenter from the established church, was born at Wigan, Lancashire, in 1691. In childhood he was deprived of his understanding and memory by the small-pox, and for more than a year remained in that deplorable condition; but he afterwards gradually recovered his powers, and applied himself, with unusual diligence and success, to his studies. Meantime his parents removed to Dublin, and having there completed his education, he entered into the ministry in connection with a dissenting congregation, and was soon after chosen assistant to Rev. Nathaniel Weld, the pastor. In this relation Leland remained till his death, which occurred on the sixteenth of January, 1766.

Of Leland's literary performances, the most important are *A View of the Deistical Writers in England*, and an elaborate work on the *Advantages and Necessity of the Christian Revelation.* The former is a solid and valuable treatise, and is still regarded as one of the best confutations of infidelity in the language.

Francis Hutcheson, a writer of more than ordinary genius, though of some erroneous idea, was born in Ireland, on the eighth of August, 1694. After an excellent preparatory education at home, he entered the university of Glasgow, where he devoted six years to the study of divinity, philosophy, and the learned languages, and then returned to his native country and opened an academy in Dublin. Here he published, in 1726, his *Inquiry into Beauty and Virtue*, which so extended his reputation that, in 1729, he was called to the professorship of moral philosophy in the university of Glasgow. In this position he remained, highly respected for his private virtues and his ability as a public teacher, till his death, which occurred in 1747, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three.

Dr. Hutcheson's great work, a *System of Moral Philosophy*, did not appear till after his death, when it was published, in two quarto volumes, by his son. The rudiments of his philosophy were borrowed from Shaftesbury; but he introduced a new term, *the moral sense*, into the metaphysical vocabulary, and assigned to it a sphere of considerable importance. With him the moral sense was a capacity of perceiving moral qualities in action, which excite what he called ideas of those qualities, in the same manner as external things give us not merely pain or pleasure, but notions or ideas of hardness, form, and color. Dr. Brown considers this a very great error, remarking that "a moral sense considered as strictly and truly a sense, is as much so as any of those that are the source of our direct external perceptions, and not a state or act of the understanding, seems a purely fanciful hypothesis.' The ancient doctrine, that virtue consists in benevolence, was supported by Hutcheson with much acuteness; but when he asserts that even the approbation of our own conscience diminishes the merit of a benevolent action, we instinctively reject his theory as unnatural and visionary. These paradoxes induced Sir James Mackintosh to charge Hutcheson with confounding the theory of moral sentiments with the criterion of moral actions, but he, at the same time, bears testimony to the ingenuity of his views, and the elegant simplicity of his language.

JAMES FOSTER was a dissenting minister, and born at Exeter, on the sixteenth of September, 1697. He was educated at the academy of his native place, and early evinced such unusual abilities and soundness of judgment, united with a ready elocution, that, in 1718, he was called to the ministry by the congregation of Independents to which he belonged. But the warm disputes which at this time prevailed in the west of England, and especially in Exeter, about the Trinity, rendered his situation unpleasant, and he removed, first to Melborn, in Somersetshire, and afterwards to Ashwick, where he remained for a number of years. Having renounced the sentiments of the Independents and embraced those of the Baptists, he removed to London, and became the pastor of a church, meeting in the Old Jewry, where his eloquence as a preacher soon rendered him highly popular with men of every rank and condition in life, though they might dissent from his doctrines. He attended Lord Kilmarnock after his trial, in 1746, and died of a paralytic stroke, on the fifth of November, 1753.

Dr. Foster's character for humanity and benevolence of heart, and liberality of religious sentiments, was equal to his learning and eloquence. Pope, in the preface to his satires, mentions him in terms of exalted commendation. The chief productions of this eminent divine are *Tracts on Heresy*, *a Defence of the Usefulness and Truth of Christian Revelation*, and *Discourses on Natural Religion and Social Virtue*, all of which are written with great force and power, and are still popular.

JOHN GILL, an other eminent divine of the Baptist persuasion, was of a respectable parentage, and was born at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, on the twenty-third of November, 1697. He was early placed at a neighboring grammar-school, where his advances in classical learning were so remarkable as to attract public attention. Meantime he resorted so constantly to a bookseller's, in search of general knowledge, that it became proverbial in his native town to say, a thing 'was as certain as that John Gill was at the bookseller's shop.'

After passing some years at the grammar-school, young Gill was driven thence by the bigotry of the clergyman who presided over it; upon which his friends endeavored to procure for him admission into a dissenting theological seminary, to effect which they sent testimonials of his proficiency in different branches of literature. These, however, defeated the object they were intended to promote; and to the application the following answer was returned:—'He is too young; and should he continue, as it might be expected he would, to make such rapid advances, he would go through the common circle before he would be capable of taking care of himself, or of being employed in any public service.' It is to be hoped that this reply was accompanied with some explanation, which made it appear more justifiable than it does in its present detached state; or it would seem that the guardians of this seminary felt little solicitude to see the finest talents consecrated to the noblest of causes.

Not discouraged by this cold repulse, Gill continued to pursue his studies with such ardor, that before he reached the nineteenth year of his age, he had read the principal Greek and Latin classics, had gone through a course of logic, rhetoric, natural and moral philosophy, and acquired a considerable knowledge of the Hebrew tongue. But it is highly gratifying to find that religion was still dearer to him than learning; for, instead of resembling those sciolists who suppose it a proof of genius to disdain the study of their Maker's will, he imitated Him, who, in early youth, resorted to the temple, or his Father's house, and there employed, in sacred researches, that understanding at which all were astonished. The Baptist church in Kettering first received this extraordinary youth into its fellowship, and soon after called him to the ministry. To prepare for this important work, he went to study under Mr. Davis, at Higham Ferries; but was soon invited to preach to the Baptist church in Horselydown, near London, over which he was ordained, in 1719, when he was in his twenty-second year.

Gill now applied, with intense ardor, to the study of oriental literature; and having formed an acquaintance with one of the most learned of the Jewish rabbis, he read with him the Targums, the Talmud, and every other book of rabbinical lore that he could procure. In this department of learning he was never excelled by any whose names are recorded in the annals of literature. Having published, in 1748, *A Commentary on the New Testament*, in three folio volumes, the immense reading and learning which it displayed, induced the university of Aberdeen to send him the diploma of doctor of divinity, with the following compliment:—'On account of his knowledge of the Scriptures, of the oriental languages, and of the Jewish antiquities; of his learned defence of the Scriptures against deists and infidels, and the reputation gained by his other works, the university had, without his privity, unanimously agreed to confer on him the degree of doctor of divinity.'

Dr. Gill also published *A Commentary on the Old Testament*, which, together with that of the *New*, forms a work of nine folio volumes. At the close of this Herculean labor, he was so far from resting satisfied, that he said, 'I considered with myself what would be next best to engage in, for the farther instruction of the people under my care, and my thoughts led me to enter upon a scheme of doctrinal and practical divinity.' This work he executed in three folio volumes. Amidst the labors of the study and the pulpit, he lived to reach the seventy-third year of his age, and died in 1771.

Besides the works already mentioned, Dr. Gill wrote *The Cause of God and Truth*, in which, with much temper and learning, he maintains the five points of Calvinism. He also published *A Dissertation on the Hebrew Language; Discourses on the Canticles;* numerous sermons, and many smaller controversial pieces. So pure and elevated was his private character, that it has been said, 'his learning and labors were exceeded only by the invariable sanctity of his life and conversation.' As a divine, he was a strict Calvinist; but in his *Body of Divinity*, he attempts to reconcile the Calvinistic with the Arminian doctrines. While his works impress us with a sense of the magnitude of his labors, and the purity of his intentions, they excite regret that they had not been prepared with greater delicacy of taste, and revised with more accurate judgment. His style is lumbering and heavy, and we have, therefore, looked through his works in vain, to find a single passage suited to our purpose.

John Jortin, a prebendary of St. Paul's and archdeacon of London, was an eminent scholar, and an independent theologian. He was of French descent, and born in London, whither his father had fled from persecution, on the twenty-third of October, 1698. Young Jortin was first instructed at the Charter-house school, London, and in 1715, entered Jesus College, Cambridge. From the university he entered into orders, and being fellow of his society, he was presented to the college living of Swavesey, near Cambridge, which he resigned in 1728, and removed to London, where he passed the remainder of his life, in the course of which he attained to the exalted dignities already mentioned. He died, after a short illness, on the fifth of September, 1770.

Dr. Jortin's publications are numerous, and many of them highly valuable. The most important of his works are *Discourses on the Truth of the Christian Religion*, *Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors, Ancient and Modern*, *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*, and a *Life of Erasmus*, with dissertations on his works. The freedom of some of his strictures gave offence to the high church clergy, and probably prevented him from obtaining a bishopric.

William Warburton, afterwards bishop of Gloucester, engrossed, perhaps, in his own time, a larger share of the attention of the learned world than any other literary man of that period. Prodigious powers of study and of expression, a bold and original way of thinking, and indomitable self-will and arrogance, were the leading characteristics of this extraordinary man; and unfortunately he was too eager to arrest the attention of mankind and astonish them, to care for any more beneficial result from his literary exertions. His writings have, accordingly, after passing like a splendid meteor across the horizon of his own age, sunk into all but oblivion.

Warburton was the son of an attorney at Newark, in Nottinghamshire, and was born on the twenty-fourth of December, 1698. Though for some years he followed, in his native town, the profession of his father, he seems to have had little business, and consequently he applied those high endowments of classical knowledge which he had made by his industry at school, to pursuits more congenial to his taste and inclination. In the twenty-fifth year of his age he abandoned the law and adopted the clerical profession; and by a dedication to a small and obscure volume of translations from Roman literature, published in 1723, obtained a presentation to a small vicarage. He now threw himself amidst the inferior literary society of London, and sought for subsistence and advancement by his pen. On obtaining the rectory of Brand Broughton, in Lincolnshire, he retired thither, and devoted himself, for years, to a long and severe course of reading.

The first work of any importance that Warburton published, appeared in 1736, under the title of *Alliance between Church and State*, which, though scarcely calculated to please either party in the church, was extensively read, and brought the author into notice. In his next production, the *Divine Legation of Moses*, of which the first volume appeared in 1738, and the remaining four in the course of several years thereafter, the gigantic scholarship of Warburton shone out in all its vastness. It had often been objected to the pretensions of the Jewish religion, that it presented nowhere any acknowledgment of the principle of a future state of rewards and punishments. Warburton, who delighted in paradox, instead of attempting to deny this or explain it away, at once acknowledged it, but asserted that therein lay the strongest argument for the divine mission of Moses. To establish this point, he ransacked the whole domain of pagan antiquity, and reared such a mass of curious and confounding argument, that mankind might be said to be awed by it into a partial concession to the author's views. He never completed the work; he became, indeed, weary of it; and perhaps the fallacy of the hypothesis was first secretly acknowledged by himself. If it had been consecrated to truth, instead of paradox, it would have been by far the most illustrious book of the age. As it is, we only look upon it to wonder at its endless learning and misspent ingenuity. Ten years after the author's death, this great work is spoken of by Gibbon as already a brilliant ruin. It is now rarely referred to, its learning being felt as no attraction where the solid qualities of truth are wanting.

The merits of Warburton, or his worldly wisdom, brought him preferment in the church: he rose through the grades of prebend of Gloucester, prebend of Durham, and dean of Bristol, to the bishopric of Gloucester, to which he attained, in 1759. It would be tedious, however, to detail the other literary adventures of this arrogant prelate. The only one that falls particularly in our way is his edition of the works of Pope, for the publication of which he had obtained a patent right in consequence of the poet's bequest. The annotations of Warburton upon Pope, perverting the author's meaning in numberless instances, and full of malignity against the learned men of the age, were a disgrace to contemporary literature.

The latter years of Warburton's life were passed in a melancholy state of mental weakness, occasioned partly by grief for the loss of a son, but chiefly by the recollection of the unhallowed means by which he had reached his exalted position in the church. He died in his palace at Gloucester, on the seventh of June, 1779, in the eighty-second year of his age. From the 'Divine Legation' we select the following passage, as a specimen of the author's style:—

THE VARIOUS LIGHTS IN WHICH GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY WAS REGARDED.

Here matters rested: and the vulgar faith seems to have remained a long time undisturbed. But as the age grew refined, and the Greeks became inquisitive and learned, the common mythology began to give offence. The speculative and more delicate were shocked at the absurd and immoral stories of their gods, and scandalized to find such things make an authentic part of their story. It may, indeed, be thought matter of wonder how such tales, taken up in a barbarous age, came not to sink into oblivion as the age grew more knowing, from mere abhorrence of their indecencies and shame of their absurdities. Without doubt this had been their fortune, but for an unlucky circumstance. The great poets of Greece, who had most contributed to refine the public taste and manners, and were now grown into a kind of sacred authority, had sanctified these silly legends by their writings, which time had now consigned to immortality.

Vulgar paganism, therefore, in such an age as this, lying open to the attacks of curious and inquisitive men, would not, we may well think, be long at rest. It is true, freethinking men lay under great difficulties and discouragements. To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy. Yet freethinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, throw off all reverence for religion in general. Amongst these was Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wantonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended, 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men deified, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monumental records inscribed to the gods themselves, who were there said to be interred.' So far was not amiss; but then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst men.' The learned reader sees below [note in Greek omitted,] that our freethinker is true to his cause, and endeavours to verify the fundamental principle of his sect, that fear first made gods, even in that very instance where the contrary passion seems to have been at its height, the time when men made gods of their deceased benefactors. A little matter of address hides the shame of so perverse a piece of malice. He represents those founders of society and fathers of their country under the idea of destructive conquerors, who by mere force and fear had brought men into subjection and slavery. On this account it was that indignant antiquity concurred in giving Euhemerus the proper name of atheist, which, however, he would hardly have escaped, though he had done no more than divulge the secret of the mysteries, and had not poisoned his discovery with this impious and forcing addition, so contrary to the true spirit of that secret. This detection had been long dreaded by the orthodox protectors of pagan worship; and they were provided of a temporary defence in their intricate and properly perplexed system of symbolic adoration. But this would do only to stop a breach for the present, till a better could be provided, and was too weak to stand alone against so violent an attack. The philosophers, therefore, now took up the defence of paganism where the priests had left it, and to the others' symbols added their own allegories, for a second cover to the absurdities of the ancient mythology; for all the genuine sects of philosophy, as we have observed, were steady patriots, legislation making one essential part of their philosophy; and to legislate without the foundation of a natural religion, was, in their opinion, building castles in the air. So that we are not to wonder they took alarm, and opposed these insulters of the public worship with all their vigour. But as they never lost sight of their proper character, they so contrived that the defence of the national religion should terminate in a recommendation of their philosophic speculations. Hence, their support of the public worship, and their evasions of Euhemerus's charge, turned upon this proposition, 'That the whole ancient mythology was no other than the vehicle of physical, moral, and divine knowledge.' And to this it is the learned Eusebius refers, where he says, 'That a new race of men refined their old gross theology, and gave it in an honester look, and brought it nearer to the truth of things.'

However, this proved a troublesome work, and, after all, ineffectuel for the security of men's private morals, which the example of the licentious story, according to the latter, would not fail to influence, how well soever the allegoric interpretation was calculated to cover the public honour of religion; so that the more ethical of the philosophers grew peevish with what gave them so much trouble, and answered so little to the interior of religious practice. This made them break out, from time to time, into hasty resentments against their capital poets; unsuitable, one would think, to the dignity of the authors of such noble recondite truths as they would persuade us to believe were treasured up in their writings. Hence it was that Plato banished Homer from his republic, and that Pythagoras, in one of his extramundane adventures, saw both Homer and Hesiod doing penance in hell, and hung up there for examples, to be bleached and purified from the grossness and pollution of their ideas.

The first of these allegorizers, as we learn from Laertius, was Anaxagoras, who, with his friend Metrodorus, turned Homer's mythology into a system of ethics. Next came Hereclides Ponticus, and of the same fables made as good a system of physics; which, to show us with what kind of spirit it was composed, he entitled *Antirresis ton kat autou* [*Homerou*] *blasphemesanton.* And last of all, when the necessity became more pressing, Proclus undertook to show that all Homer's fables were no other than physical, ethical, and moral allegories. * *

Dr. Doddridge, a distinguished non-conformist divine, and successful author, presents a remarkable contrast to the unhappy prelate whom we have just noticed. His grandfather had been ejected from the living of Shipperton, in Middlesex, by the act of uniformity, in 1662; and his father being engaged in mercantile pursuits in London, there married the only daughter of a German who had fled from Prague to escape the persecution which raged in Bohemia, after the expulsion of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, when, to abjure or emigrate, were the only alternatives.

Philip Doddridge was born in London, on the twenty-sixth of June, 1702; and that his pious parents early instructed him in religious knowledge, Orton, his biographer, bears the following testimony:—'I have heard him relate that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testaments before he could read, by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney in the room where they commonly sat; and her wise and pious reflections upon the stories there represented, were the means of making some good impressions upon his heart, which never wore out; and therefore this method of instruction he frequently recommended to parents.'

In 1712, Doddridge was sent to school at Kingston-upon-Thames; but both his parents dying within three years afterwards, he was removed to St. Albans, and whilst there, was solemnly admitted, in his sixteenth year, a member of the non-conforming congregation. His religious impressions were deep and sincere; and when, in 1718, the Duchess of Bedford offered to educate him for the ministry in the church of England, Doddridge declined, from conscientious scruples, to avail himself of the advantage. A generous friend, Dr. Clarke of St. Albans, now stepped forward to patronize the studious youth; and in 1719, he was placed at an academy established at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, for the education of dissenters. Here he resided three years, pursuing his studies for the ministry, and cultivating a taste for general literature. To one of his fellow-pupils who had condoled with him on being buried alive, Doddridge writes in the following happy strain:—

> 'Here I stick close to those delightful studies which a favourable providence has made the business of my life. One day passeth away after another, and I only know that it passeth pleasantly with me. As for the world about me, I have very little concern with it. I live almost like a tortoise shut up in its shell, almost always in the same town, the same house, the same chamber; yet I live like a prince—not, indeed, in the pomp of greatness, but the pride of liberty; master of my books, master of my time, and, I hope I may add, master of myself. I can willingly give up the charms of London, the luxury, the company, the popularity of it, for the secret pleasures of rational employment and self-approbation; retired from applause and reproach, from envy and contempt, and the destructive baits of avarice and ambition. So that, instead of lamenting it as my misfortune, you should congratulate me upon it as my happiness, that I am confined in an obscure village, seeing it gives me so many valuable advantages to the most important purposes of devotion and philosophy, and, I hope I may add, usefulness too.'

From his first sermon, which was delivered before he had reached the twentieth year of his age, Doddridge became a popular preacher among the dissenters, and had calls to various congregations. In 1729, he settled at Northampton, and was thenceforth celebrated for his abilities, diligence, and zeal. Here he opened a school, and was so successful, that in a few years he engaged an assistant, to whom he assigned the care of the junior pupils, and the direction of the academy during his absence from home. He first appeared as an author in 1730, when he published a pamphlet on the *Means of Reviving the Dissenting Interest.* He afterwards applied himself to the composition of practical religious works, and in the course of the four following years sent forth his *Sermons on the Education of Children*, *Sermons to Young People*, and *Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ, and the Evidences of his Glorious Gospel*, all of which were well received by the public. In 1741, appeared his *Practical Discourses on Regeneration*, and in 1745, *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. The latter is the author's most profound work, and forms a body of practical divinity and Christian experience, which has never been surpassed by any work of a similar nature.

Two years after 'The Rise and Progress' appeared, Doddridge published *Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Prestonpans*, September 21, 1745, the popularity of which was almost unparalleled. Gardner was a brave Scottish officer who had served with distinction under Marlborough, and was aid-de-camp to the Earl of Stair in his embassy to Paris. From a gay libertine life he was suddenly converted to one of the strictest piety, by what he conceived to be a supernatural interference, that is, a visible representation of Christ, suspended in the air, amidst an unusual blaze of light, and accompanied by a declaration of the words, 'Oh, sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?' From the period of this vision, till his death, twenty-six years afterwards, Colonel Gardner maintained the life and character of a sincere and zealous Christian, united with that of an intrepid and active officer. This industrious writer's last and most elaborate production, and the one on which his reputation as an author chiefly depends, is *The Family Expositor, Containing a Version and Paraphrase of the New Testament, with Critical Notes, and a Practical Improvement of each Section.* This compendium of Scriptural knowledge was received with the warmest approbation, both at home and abroad, and was translated into several languages.

Doddridge continued his useful and laborious life at Northampton for many years; but his health failing, he was, in 1751, advised to remove to a warmer climate for the winter. In September of the same year, he, accordingly, sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon, where he arrived on the twenty-first of October; but he survived the voyage only five days, dying on the twenty-sixth of the same month.

The solid learning, unquestioned piety, and truly Catholic liberality and benevolence of Dr. Doddridge, secured for him the warm respect and admiration of his contemporaries of all sects. He heartily wished and prayed for a greater union among Protestants, and longed for the happy time, when, to use his own words, 'the question would be, not how much we may lawfully impose, and how much we may lawfully dispute, but on the one side what we may waive, and on the other what we may acquiesce in, from a principle of mutual tenderness and respect, without displeasing our common Lord, and injuring that great cause of original Christianity which he hath appointed us to guard.' The following letter, written to Mrs. Doddridge from Northampton, in August, 1740, will sufficiently exemplify our author's style :—

THE DANGEROUS ILLNESS OF A DAUGHTER.

When I came down to prayer on Lord's day morning, at eight o'clock, immediately after the short prayer with which you know we begin family worship, Mrs. Wilson, (who has indeed showed a most prudent and tender care of the children, and managed her trust very well during your absence,) came to me in tears, and told me that Mr. Knott wanted to speak with me: I immediately guessed his errand, especially when I saw he was so overwhelmed with grief that he could scarcely utter it. It was natural to ask if my child were dead? He told me she was yet alive, but that the doctor had hardly any hopes at all, for she was seized at two in the morning with a chilliness, which was attended with convulsions. No one, my dear, can judge so well as yourself what I must feel on such an occasion; yet I found, as I had just before done in my secret retirements, a most lively sense of the love and care of God, and a calm sweet resignation to his will, though the surprise of the news was almost as great as if my child had been seized in full health; for every body before told me she was quite in a safe and comfortable way. I had now no refuge but prayer, in which the countenances of my pupils, when I told them the story, showed how much they were disposed to join with me. I had before me Mr. Clarke's book of the Promises; and though I had quite forgotten it, yet so it happened that I had left off, the Sabbath before, in the middle of a section, and at the beginning of the sixty-fifth page, so that the fresh words which came in course to be read were Matt. xxi. 22, 'And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive;' the next, 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done to you;' then followed, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he will give it you;' 'Ask and receive, that your joy may be full;' 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the son;' 'If ye ask any thing in my name I will do it;' and at last, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' These scriptures falling thus undesignedly and unexpectedly in my way, at that moment, and thus directly following each other, in the order in which I have transcribed them, struck me and the whole family very sensibly; and I felt great encouragement earnestly to plead them in prayer, with a very firm persuasion that, one way or other, God would make this a very teaching circumstance to me and the family. Then Mr. Bunyan came, and pleaded strongly against blistering her; but I told him it was matter of conscience to me to follow the prescriptions of the doctor, though I left the issue entirely to God, and felt a dependence on him alone. I then wrote you the hasty lines which I hope you received by the last post, and renewed my application to God in secret, reviewing the promises which had so much astonished and revived me in the family, when those words, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick,' came on my heart, as if it had been from the very mouth of God himself; so that I could not forbear replying, before I was well aware, 'then it *shall;*' and I was then enabled to pray with that penetrating sense of God's almighty power, and with that confidence in his love, which I think I never had before in an equal degree; and I thought I then felt myself much more desirous that the child might be spared, if it were but a little while, and from this illness, as in answer to prayer, than on account of her recovery simply, and in itself, or of my own enjoyment of her. I lay open all my heart before you, my dear, because it seems to me something of a singular experience. While I was thus employed, with an ardour of soul which, had it long continued, would have weakened and exhausted my spirits extremely, I was told that a gentleman wanted me: this grieved me exceedingly, till I found it was Mr. Hutton, now of the Moravian church, whose Christian exhortations and consolations were very reviving to me. He said, among other things, 'God's will concerning you is, that you should be happy at all times, and in all circumstances; and particularly now, in this circumstance; happy in your child's life, happy in its health, happy in its sickness, happy in its death, happy in its resurrection!' He promised to go and pray for it, and said he had known great effects attending such a method.

So it was, that from that hour the child began to mend, as I wrote word to you by him that evening, and by Mr. Offley yesterday morning. I can not pretend to say that I am assured she will recover; but I am fully persuaded, that if she does not, God will make her death a blessing to us; and I think she will be spared.

We can not close our sketch of this amiable and interesting divine, without introducing an epigram of which he was the author, and which Dr. Johnson calls, 'one of the finest epigrams in the English language.' The subject is his family motto, 'Dum vivimus vivamus,' which, in its primary signification, is not very suitable to a Christian divine, but he paraphrased it thus:—

Live while you live, the *epicure* would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred *preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

At this period appeared those two remarkable men, Wesley and Whitefield. Brought up in the established church of England, but ultimately separating from it, they passed through a career of popularity and usefulness rarely attained by ministers of the gospel.

John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, was the son of the rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, and was born on the seventeenth of June, 1703. In the twelfth year of his age he was placed at the Charter-house-school, London; and in 1716, was elected to Christ's Church College, Oxford, where he prosecuted his studies with more than ordinary assiduity, till he obtained his master's degree. In 1725, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Potter, and the following year became fellow and tutor of Lincoln College. He, his brother Charles, and a few other students at Oxford, formed themselves into a society, and resolved to live on principles of greater austerity and devotion, than then prevailed in the university, in consequence of which they received the appellation of Methodists.

After officiating a few years as curate to his father, Wesley's burning zeal became dissatisfied with his formal ministerial labors at home, and he therefore went out as a missionary to Georgia, to convert the Indians. His expectations were not, however, released abroad, and after an absence of a little more than two years, returning to England, he, in 1738, commenced field-preaching, travelling through every part of Great Britain and Ireland, and establishing Methodist congregations wherever he went. The grand doctrine of Wesley, and that which drew thousands to his standard, was universal redemption, in contradistinction from the Calvinistic doctrine of particular redemption; and his proselytes were, by the act of conversion, made regenerate men. The Methodists also received lay members as preachers, who, by their itinerant ministrations and unquenchable enthusiasm, contributed materially to the extension of their societies.

Wesley continued to preach, to write, and to travel, till he was eighty-eight years of age; and his apostolic earnestness and venerable appearance procured for him, everywhere, the profoundest respect. After having preached about forty thousand sermons, and travelled three hundred thousand miles, his highly useful and laborious career was terminated on the second of March, 1791. His body lay in a kind of state in his chapel at London, the day previous to his interment, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cussock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The funeral service was read by one of his old preachers. 'When,' according to Southey, 'he came to that part of the service, 'forasmuch as it hath pleased God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*,' his voice changed, and he instituted the word *father;* and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.' At the time of Wesley's death, the number of Methodists in Europe and America was eighty thousand; they are now more than a million.

The writings and journals of Wesley are very voluminous; but the following passage, from his celebrated argument on *Christian Perfection*, is all that our space will allow us to introduce :—

> I have now done what I proposed. I have given a plain and simple account of the manner wherein I first received the doctrine of Perfection, and the sense wherein I received, and wherein I do receive and teach it to this day. I have declared the whole, and every part of what I mean by that Scriptural expression. I have drawn the picture of it at full length, without either disguise or covering. And I would now ask any impartial person, What is there so frightful therein? Whence is all this outcry, which, for these twenty years and upwards, has been made throughout the kingdom, as if all Christianity were destroyed, and all religion torn up by the root? Why is it, that the very name of *perfection* has been cast out of the mouths of Christians; yea, exploded and abhorred, as if it contained the most pernicious heresy? Why have the preachers of it been hooted at like mad dogs, even by men that fear God: nay, and by some of their own children; some whom they, under God, had begotten through the gospel? What *reason* is there for this? Or what *pretence?* Reason, sound reason, there is none. It is impossible there should: but *pretences* there are, and those in great abundance. Indeed there is ground to fear, that with some who treat us thus, it is a mere pretence; that it is no more than a copy of their countenance, from the beginning to the end. They wanted, they sought occasion against *me:* and here they found what they sought. 'This is Mr. Wesley's doctrine! he preaches perfection.' He does: yet this is not *his* doctrine, any more than it is *yours;* or any one's else that is a Minister of Christ. For it is *his* doctrine, particularly, emphatically His; it is the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Those are his words, not mine, 'Ye shall, therefore, be perfect, as your Father who is in heaven is perfect.' And who says, ye shall not? Or at least, not till your soul is sep-

arated from the body? It is the doctrine of St. Paul, the doctrine of St. James, of St. Peter, St. John: and no otherwise Mr. Wesley's, than as it is the doctrine of every one who preaches the pure and the whole gospel. I tell you, as plain as I can speak, where and when I found this. I found it in the oracles of God, in the Old and New Testament, when I read them with no other view or desire but to save my own soul. But whosesoever this doctrine is, I pray you, what harm is there in it? Look at it again: survey it on every side, and that with the closest attention. In one view it is purity of intention, dedicating all the life to God. It is the giving God all our heart; it is one desire and design ruling all our tempers. It is the devoting not a part, but all our soul, body, and substance to God. In another view, it is all the mind which was in Christ, enabling us to walk as Christ walked. It is the circumcision of the heart from all filthiness; all inward as well as outward pollution. It is a renewal of the heart in the whole image of God, the full likeness of him that created it. Yet in another, it is the loving God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves. Now take in which of these views you please, (for there is no material difference,) and this is the whole and sole perfection, as a train of writings prove to a demonstration, which I have believed and taught for these forty years, from the year 1725 to 1765.

Now let this *perfection* appear in its native form, and who can speak one word against it? Will any dare to speak against loving the Lord our God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves? Against a renewal of heart not only in part, but in the whole image of God? Who is he that will open his mouth against being cleansed from all pollution both of flesh and spirit? Or against having all the mind that was in Christ, and walking in all things as Christ walked? What man who calls himself a Christian has the hardiness to object to the devoting, not a part, but all our soul, body, and substance to God? What serious man would oppose the giving God all our heart, and the having one desire ruling all our tempers? I say again, let this perfection appear in its own shape, and who will fight against it? It must be *disguised* before it can be *opposed*. It must be *covered* with a bear-skin first, or even the wild beasts of the people will scarce be induced to *worry* it.

But whatever these do, let not the children of God any longer fight against the image of God. Let not the members of Christ say any thing against having the whole mind that was in Christ. Let not those who are alive to God oppose the dedicating all our life to him. Why should you, who have his love shed abroad in your heart, withstand the giving him all your heart? Does not all that is within you cry out, 'O who that loves, can love enough?' What pity that those who desire or design to please him, should have any other design or desire? much more that they should dread, as a fatal delusion, yea, abhor, as an abomination to God, the having this one desire and design, ruling every temper? Why should *devout* men be afraid of devoting all their soul, body, and substance to God? Why should those who love Christ, count it a damnable error, to think we may have all the mind that was in him? We allow, we contend, that we are *justified freely*, through the righteousness and blood of Christ. And why are you so hot against us, because we expect to be *sanctified wholly* through his spirit? We look for no favour either from the open servants of sin, or from those who have only the form of religion. But how long will you, who worship God in spirit, who are circumcised with the circumcision not made with hands, set your battle in array against those who seek an entire circumcision of heart, who thirst to be cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God? Are we your enemies, because we look for a full deliverance from the carnal mind, which is enmity against God? Nay, we are your brethren, your fellow-labourers in the vineyard of our Lord, your companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus. Although this we confess (if we are fools therein, yet as fools bear with us), we do expect to love God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves. Yea, we do believe, that he will in this world so 'cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, that, we shall perfectly love him, and worthily magnify his holy name.'

George Whitefield, for some years the associate and friend of Wesley, was born at Gloucester, in 1714. From the Crypt school of his native town, he entered, as a servitor, at Pembroke College, Oxford, and immediately after he was graduated, was ordained by Benson, Bishop of Gloucester. A zealous enthusiasm now pervaded all his actions, and he preached, not only in prisons, but in the open fields; and by a strong persuasive eloquence he soon attracted a multitude of followers. In 1738, he came to America, and greatly increased the number of his followers; but after laboring for some years in conjunction with Wesley, a serious dispute arose between them, and a separation followed. While he zealously asserted the doctrine of absolute election and final perseverance, agreeably to the notions of Calvin, his opponent regarded his opinion as unsupported by Scripture, and therefore inadmissible; in consequence of which arose the two sects of the Calvinistic and the Armenian Methodists. Secure in the good opinion of a great number of adherents, and in the patronage of Lady Huntingdon, to whom he was chaplain, he continued his labors, and through the assistance of his munificent patron, built two Tabernacles in the city of London for the commodious reception of his followers. He died in 1770, while on a visit to the churches he had established in America.

As a popular orator, Whitefield was passionate and vehement, wielding his audience almost at will, and so fascinating in his style and manner, that Hume, the historian, said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. His writings, however, are tame and commonplace, and it is much to be regretted that he should have injured his fame by resorting to publication.

A passing notice is here due to two divines, Dr. Warner and Dr. Leland, authors of two of the best *Histories of Ireland* hitherto published.

Ferdinando Warner was born in 1700, and educated at the university of Cambridge. Having taken orders, he rose rapidly in the church, until he obtained the rectory of St. Michael's Queenhithe, London, and that of Barnes, in Surrey, between which he passed the remainder of his life. His death occurred on the third of October, 1768.

Dr. Warner was a very voluminous and successful writer. Besides the 'History of Ireland,' he was the author of *A System of Divinity and Morality, on the most Important Points of Natural and Revealed Religion*, a *Life of Sir Thomas More*, the *History of the Rebellion and Civil War in Ireland*, and *Bolingbroke, or a Dialogue on the Origin and Authority of Revelation.* His 'Life of Sir Thomas More,' contains many of the most valuable reminiscences we have of that truly great man.

Dr. Thomas Leland was a native of Ireland, and was born in Dublin, in 1702. He was educated at Trinity College, in his native city, and enjoyed the honor of being its senior fellow. His life of eminent usefulness and great devotion to literary pursuits, was closed in 1785.

Leland's works are not numerous, but are all highly important. He was a very accurate and profound scholar, and his 'History of Ireland' was designed as an improvement upon that of Warner. His other productions are, *The Life of Philip of Macedon*, *Principles of Human Eloquence*, and the best translation of the Orations of Demosthenes in the English language.

A brief view of the life, genius, and writings of Lord Chesterfield and Lord Kames will close our present remarks.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was born in London, in 1694, and educated at Cambridge. His mind and manners so early matured, that, before he was of age, he sat in parliament as member for Lostwithiel, and spoke with so much violence as to provoke, from his antagonists, a hint, that his minority might possibly be taken advantage of to move for his exclusion from the house. The accession of George the Second opened, to Stanhope, the road to political honors. He was made one of the king's privy counsellors, appointed the following year ambassador extraordinary to Holland, and, in 1730, received the Garter. From this period until the infirmities of age compelled him to relinquish all public employment, he was constantly engaged in political life, sometimes filling the most important stations under government, and at other times as a leader of the opposition to the ministry. In 1745, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and though his government was of short duration, yet the mildness and beneficence of his sway is still remembered with gratitude. He died on the twenty-fourth of March, 1773.

Lord Chesterfield was a man of highly polished manners, extensive acquirements, and versatile talents. He held an exalted place among the diplomatists, statesmen, wits, and orators of the age; and was called the British Cicero. Of his writings, his *Letters to his Son*, is his most popular work. These letters contain much excellent advice for the cultivation of the mind, and the improvement of the external worldly character, but are greatly deficient in the higher points of morality. They were not intended by their author for publication, and did not appear till after his death. We select the following remarks on 'Good Breeding.'

DEFINITION OF GOOD BREEDING.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, 'The result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.' Taking this for granted (as I think it can not be disputed), it is astonishing to me that any body, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, t enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to b less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one woul imagine. The immoral man who invades another's property, is justly hanged fo it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet an comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutua complaisance, attentions and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are betwee kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits al advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would b that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general; I will now conside some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show t those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors, such as crowned heads princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner o showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion and of the world expresses it in its fullest extent, but naturally, easily and without concern; whereas man who is not used to keep good company expresses it awkwardly; one sees tha he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only poin to be attended to is, to show that respect which every body means to show in a easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the tim at least, supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, a there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greate latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a ma accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness it is brutality, to show him by, a manifest inattention to what he says, that you thin him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regar to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must neve usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right such as the best places, the best dishes, &c.; but on the contrary, always declin them yourself, and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you so that, upon the whole, you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious t you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and the your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail from a very mistaken notion that they can not fail at all. I mean with regard t

one's most familiar friend and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case: Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was no bounds to that freedom? I assure you I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us; but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

HENRY HOME, afterwards Lord Kames, an eminent Scottish lawyer and judge, was born in 1696. During the earlier part of his life he devoted the whole powers of an acute and reflective mind, and with the most untiring industry, to his profession, and compilations and treatises connected with it. But the natural bent of his faculties towards literary pursuits, at length gained the ascendancy, and after reaching the bench, in 1752, he devoted his leisure almost exclusively to metaphysical and ethical subjects. His first work of this kind, *Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion*, combats those theories of human nature which deduce all actions from a single principle. He maintained philosophical necessity, but in connection with the duties of morality and religion; and by taking this view of the subject he hoped to escape the obloquy bestowed on other defenders of that doctrine. His hopes, however, were partially disappointed, as he narrowly escaped a citation before the General Assembly of his native church, for sending forth this production. The *Introduction to the Art of Thinking* followed the 'Essays,' and appeared in 1761. It was a small and subordinate work, consisting mainly of a series of detached maxims and general observations on human conduct, illustrated by anecdotes drawn from the stories of history and biography.

In 1762, Lord Kames published his great work, entitled *Elements of Criticism*. This is a bold and original performance, and in it the learned author discards all the arbitrary rules of literary criticism derived from authority, and seeks for new and appropriate ones in the fundamental principles of human nature itself. Dugald Stewart admits this to be the first systematic attempt to investigate the metaphysical principles of the fine arts. As a system of criticism, for practical purposes, this work has stood the test of time, and is still used as a text-book in most of our colleges and universities. When more than eighty years of age the author published two other works, entitled *Sketches of the History of Man*, and *Loose Hints on Education*. In the former, he shows his usual ingenuity and acuteness, and presents many curious disquisitions on society; and in the latter he anticipates some of the doctrines on education, which have since been popular. The death of this truly eminent and useful writer occurred on the twenty-sixth of December, 1782.

The style of Lord Kames is purely didactic; and while it is neither smooth nor elegant, it is remarkably clear and accurate. We subjoin the following extract from his 'Elements of Criticism:'—

PLEASURES OF THE EYE AND THE EAR.

That nothing external is perceived till first it make an impression upon the organ of sense, is an observation that holds equally in every one of the external senses. But there is a difference as to our knowledge of that impression; in touching, tasting, and smelling, we are sensible of the impression; that, for example, which is made upon the hand by a stone, upon the palate by an apricot, and upon the nostrils by a rose. It is otherwise in seeing and hearing; for I am not sensible of the impression made upon my eye when I behold a tree, nor of the impression made upon my ear when I listen to a song. That difference in the manner of perceiving external objects, distinguisheth remarkably hearing and seeing from the other senses; and I am ready to show that it distinguisheth still more remarkably the feelings of the former from that of the latter; every feeling, pleasant or painful, must be in the mind; and yet, because in tasting, touching, and smelling, we are sensible of the impression made upon the organ, we are led to place there also the pleasant or painful feeling caused by that impression; but, with respect to seeing and hearing, being insensible of the organic impression, we are not misled to assign a wrong place to the pleasant or painful feelings caused by that impression; and therefore we naturally place them in the mind, where they really are; upon that account they are conceived to be more refined and spiritual than what are derived from tasting, touching, and smelling; for the latter feelings, seeming to exist externally at the organ of sense, are conceived to be merely corporeal.

The pleasure of the eye and the ear being thus elevated above those of the other external senses, acquire so much dignity, as to become a laudable entertainment. They are not, however, set on a level with the purely intellectual, being no less inferior in dignity to intellectual pleasures, than superior to the organic or corporeal: they indeed resemble the latter, being, like them, produced by external objects; but they also resemble the former, being, like them, produced without any sensible organic impression. Their mixed nature and middle place between organic and intellectual pleasures, qualify them to associate with both; beauty heightens all the organic feelings, as well as the intellectual; harmony, though it aspires to inflame devotions, disdains not to improve the relish of a banquet.

The pleasures of the eye and the ear have other valuable properties besides those of dignity and elevation; being sweet and moderately exhilarating, they are in their tone equally distant from the turbulence of passion and the languor of indolence; and by that tone are perfectly well qualified not only to revive the spirits when sunk by sensual gratifications, but also to relax them when overstrained in any violent pursuit. Here is a remedy provided for many distresses; and to be convinced of its salutary effects, it will be sufficient to run over the following particulars. Organic pleasures have naturally a short duration; when prolonged, they lose their relish; when indulged to excess, they beget satiety and disgust; and to restore a proper tone of mind, nothing can be more happily contrived than the exhilarating pleasures of the eye and ear. On the other hand, any intense exercise of intellectual powers becomes painful by overstraining the mind; cessation from such exercise gives not instant relief; it is necessary that the void be filled with some amusement, gently relaxing the spirits: organic pleasure, which hath no relish but while we are in vigour, is ill qualified for that office; but the finer pleasures of sense, which occupy, without exhausting, the mind, are finely qualified to restore its usual tone after severe application to study or business, as well as after satiety from sensual gratification.

Our first perceptions are of external objects, and our first attachments are to them. Organic pleasures take the lead; but the mind gradually ripening, relisheth more and more the pleasures of the eye and ear, which approach the purely mental without exhausting the spirits, and exceed the purely sensual without danger of satiety. The pleasures of the eye and ear have accordingly a natural aptitude to draw us from the immoderate gratification of sensual appetite; and the mind, once accustomed to enjoy a variety of external objects without being sensible of the organic impression, is prepared for enjoying internal objects where there can not be an organic impression. Thus the author of nature, by qualifying the human mind for a succession of enjoyments from low to high, leads it by gentle steps from the most grovelling corporeal pleasures, for which only it is fitted in the beginning of life, to those refined and sublime pleasures that are suited to its maturity.

But we are not bound to this succession by any law of necessity: the God of nature offers it to us in order to advance our happiness; and it is sufficient that he hath enabled us to carry it on in a natural course. Nor has he made our task either disagreeable or difficult: on the contrary, the transition is sweet and easy from corporeal pleasures to the more refined pleasures of sense; and no less so from these to the exalted pleasures of morality and religion. We stand, therefore, engaged in honour as well as interest, to second the purposes of nature by cultivating the pleasures of the eye and ear, those especially that require extraordinary culture, such as arise from poetry, painting, sculpture, music, gardening, and architecture. This especially is the duty of the opulent, who have leisure to improve their minds and their feeling. The fine arts are contrived to give pleasure to the eye and the ear, disregarding the inferior senses. A taste for these arts is a plant that grows naturally in many soils; but without culture, scarce to perfection in any soil: it is susceptible of much refinement, and is by proper care greatly improved. In this respect a taste in the fine arts goes hand in hand with the moral sense, to which indeed it is nearly allied; both of them discover what is right and what is wrong: fashion, temper, and education, have an influence to vitiate both, or to preserve them pure and untainted: neither of them are arbitrary nor local, being rooted in human nature, and governed by principles common to all men. The design of the present undertaking, which aspires not to morality, is to examine the sensitive branch of human nature, to trace the objects that are naturally agreeable, as well as those that are naturally disagreeable; and by these means to discover, if we can, what are the genuine principles of the fine arts. The man who aspires to be a critic in these arts must pierce still deeper; he must acquire a clear perception of what objects are lofty, what low, what proper or improper, what manly, and what mean or trivial; hence a foundation for reasoning upon the taste of any individual, and for passing a sentence upon it: where it is conformable to principles, we can pronounce with certainty that it is correct; otherwise, that it is incorrect and perhaps whimsical. Thus the fine arts, like morals, become a rational science; and, like morals, may be cultivated to a high degree of refinement.

Manifold are the advantages of criticism when thus studied as a rational science. In the first place, a thorough acquaintance with the principles of the fine arts redoubles the pleasure we derive from them. To the man who resigns himself to feeling, without interposing any judgment, poetry, music, painting, are mere pastime. In the prime of life, indeed, they are delightful, being supported by the force of novelty and the heat of imagination; but in time they lose their relish, and are generally neglected in the maturity of life, which disposes to more serious and more important occupations. To those who deal in criticism as a regular science, governed by just principles, and giving scope to judgment as well as to fancy, the fine arts are a favourite entertainment, and in old age maintain that relish which they produce in the morning of life.

Lecture the Forty-Third.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON—HENRY FIELDING—TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT—HENRY BROOKE—LAURENCE STERNE—CHARLES JOHNSTONE—HORACE WALPOLE—HENRY MACKENZIE—CLARA REEVE—SOAME JENYNS—THOMAS BIRCH—DAVID HARTLEY—ABRAHAM TUCKER—JOHN CAMPBELL—WILLIAM GUTHRIE.

IN the period now under consideration, the English novel assumed a definite and distinct character. The first pictures of real life in prose fiction were given, as has already been observed, by Defoe, who, in his graphic details, and personal adventures, all impressed with the strongest appearances of truth or probability, has never, in his own walk, been excelled. That walk, however, was limited; of genuine humor or variety of character, he had no conception; and he paid little attention to the arrangement of his plot. The gradual improvement in the tone and manners of society, the complicated relations of life, the growing contrast between town and country manners, and all the artificial distinctions that attend commerce, wealth, and luxury, banished the old heroic romance, and gave rise to the novel, in which the passion of love still maintained its place, but was surrounded by events and characters, such as are witnessed in ordinary life, under various aspects and modifications. The three great founders of this improved species of composition—this new theatre of living and breathing characters—were Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, who even yet, after the lapse of more than a century, have had no superiors, and, if we except Sir Walter Scott, no equal.

Samuel Richardson, the pioneer of this band, was born in Derbyshire, in 1689, and was the son of a joiner, who could not afford to give him more than the ordinary elements of education. When fifteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a printer, in London; and by good conduct he rose to be master of an extensive business of his own, and printer of the Journals of the House of Commons. In 1754, he was chosen master of the Stationers' Company, and in 1760, purchased a moiety of the patent of printer to the king, which greatly increased his emoluments. Thus raised to celebrity and opulence, his elevation was still adorned by all the humble virtues which rejoice in the opportunity of doing good, and of disseminating blessings wherever human nature is capable of improvement. Surrounded by the natural attendants of wealth, and the flattery of admiring associates, he was still the kind master and hospitable friend, and never forgot to add exemplary conduct to religious appearances, and sincere devotion to pious exhortations.

From a very early period of his life, Richardson was a fluent letter-writer: at the age of thirteen he was the confidant of three young women, whose love correspondence he carried on without any one knowing that he was secretary to the others. Two London publishers having urged him, when he was about fifty years old, to write them a book of familiar letters on the useful concerns of life, he undertook the composition of his *Pamela*, as a warning to young people; and with a hope that it would 'turn them into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing.' The work was written in about three months, and published in 1741, with such success, that five editions were exhausted in the course of one year. 'It requires a reader,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'to be in some degree acquainted with the huge folios of inanity, over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep, ere he can estimate the delight they must have experienced from this unexpected return to truth and nature.' 'Pamela' became the rage of the town: ladies carried the volumes with them to Ranelagh Gardens, and held them up to one another in triumph. Pope praised the novel warmly, and said it was likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons; and Dr. Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit!

In 1749, appeared Richardson's second and greatest work, *The History of Clarissa Harlowe;* and four years after his novel, designed to represent the beau ideal of a gentleman and Christian, *The History of Sir Charles Grandison.* The almost unparalleled success and popularity of Richardson's life and writings were at length clouded by nervous attacks, which rendered him delicate and feeble in health. He was, however, to the last, flattered and soothed by a number of female friends, in whose society he spent most of his time, and after reaching the good old age of seventy-two, he died on the fourth of July, 1751.

Richardson's works are all pictures of the heart. No man ever understood human nature better, or could draw with greater distinctness the minute shades of feeling and sentiment, or the final results of the passions. He wrote his novels, it is said, in his back shop, in the intervals of business; and he must have derived exquisite pleasure from the moral anatomy in which he was silently engaged—conducting his characters through the scenes of his ideal world, and giving expression to all the feelings, motives, and impulses, of which our nature is susceptible. He was the happiest in the delineation of female characters. Much of his time had been spent with the gentler sex, and his own retired habits and nervous sensibility approximated to female softness. He well repaid the sex for all their attentions to him, by his character of Clarissa, one of the noblest tributes ever paid to female virtue and honor. The moral elevation of this heroine, the saintly purity which she preserves amidst scenes of the deepest depravity and the most seductive gayety, and the never-failing sweetness and benevolence of her temper, render Clarissa one of the brightest triumphs of the whole range of imaginative literature. Perhaps the climax of her distress is too overwhelming—too oppressive to the feelings—but it is a healthy sorrow. We see the full radiance of virtue; and no reader ever rose from the perusal of those tragic scenes without feeling his moral nature renovated, and his detestation of vice increased.

'Pamela' and 'Sir Charles Grandison' are works of less merit than 'Clarissa Harlowe;' but they both inculcate the most pure and elevated moral lessons. In them is found the same accumulation of details as in 'Clarissa,' all tending to heighten the effect, and produce the catastrophe, hurrying on the reader, with breathless anxiety, till he has learned the last sad event, and is plunged in unavailing grief. Richardson is one of the most powerful and tragic novelists in the language; and that he is so, notwithstanding much tedious description, much repetition and prolixity of narrative, is the best testimony to his art and genius. His works too are eminently original, which is always a powerful recommendation. They show an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and an absolute command over the passions; they are, in fact, romances of the heart, embellished by sentiment, and as such possess a deep and enchaining interest, and a power of exciting virtuous emotions, which blind us to blemishes in style and composition, and to those errors in taste and manners, which it were difficult to avoid in works so voluminous and confined to domestic portraiture. From this author we shall offer no extract, though we so highly commend his works.

Fielding's novels form a striking contrast to those of Richardson. Coleridge remarks that, 'to take up one of them after one of Richardson's, is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves, into an open lawn on a breezy day in May.' That the transition from excited sensibilities and overpowering pathos, to light humor, lively description, and keen yet sportive satire, is agreeable, and even pleasant, no one will deny; but this by no means derogates from the power of Richardson as a novelist. The same change may be realized by turning from tragedy to comedy. The feelings can not remain in a state of constant tension, but must seek relief in variety. Perhaps Richardson stretches too violently and too continuously; his portraits are in classes, full charged with the peculiarities of their master. Fielding has a broader canvass, more light than shade, a clear and genial atmosphere, and groups of characters finely diversified. While Richardson 'made the passions move at the command of virtue,' Fielding bends them at will to mirth and enjoyment.

Henry Fielding was of high birth, his father being a grandson of the Earl of Danbigh, and a general in the army, and his mother the daughter of a judge. He was born at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire, on the twenty-second of April, 1707. The general had a large family, and was not a good economist, and Henry was early familiar with embarrassments. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied law two years at Leyden. In his twentieth year his studies were stopped, 'money bound,' as a kindred genius, Sheridan, used to say, and the youth returned to England. His father promised him two hundred pounds a year, but this, the son remarked, 'any one might pay who would.' On his mother's death, which occurred a few years after, he inherited a similar sum; and he also obtained fifteen hundred pounds by his marriage with a lady of Salisbury, of great beauty and worth.

Having previously subsisted by writing for the stage, in which he had little success, Fielding now gladly retired, with his wife, to the country. Here, however, he lived extravagantly; kept a pack of hounds, and a retinue of servants, and feasted all the squires in his neighborhood. In consequence of these extravagances he was in three years again penniless. He then returned to London, renewed his legal studies, and qualified himself for the bar. But his practice was insufficient for the support of his family, and he was, therefore, compelled again to write for the stage to supply the deficiency.

In 1742, Fielding's first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, appeared. This work at once stamped him as a master of the art, uniting to genuine English humor the spirit of Cervantes. To ridicule Richardson's 'Pamela' our author made his hero a brother of that renowned and popular lady; and even introduced her as Mrs. Booby, with the airs of an upstart, whom Parson Adams is compelled to reprove for laughing in church. The ridicule was certainly unjustifiable; but as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, 'how can we wish that undone without which Parson Adams would not have existed.' Fielding's next works were *A Journey from this World to the Next*, and *The History of Jonathan Wild*. A vein of keen satire runs through the latter, but the hero and his companions are such callous rogues, and unsentimental ruffians, that we can not take pleasure in their dexterity and success.

In 1749, Fielding was appointed one of the justices of Westminster and Middlesex, and was a zealous and active magistrate; but the office of a trading justice, paid by fees, was as unworthy of the genius of Fielding, as Burns's provision, as an exciseman. This appointment, according to his own statement, did not bring him in over three hundred pounds a year. In the midst of his official drudgery, and, unfortunately, too frequent dissipations, our author produced *Tom Jones*, unquestionably the finest novel in the English language. He received six hundred pounds for the copyright, and such was its success, that the publisher afterwards presented him one hundred pounds more. Two years after the publication of 'Tom Jones' appeared *Amelia*, for which he received one thousand pounds. Dr. Johnson was a great admirer of this novel, and read it through without stopping. Its domestic scenes moved him more deeply than heroic or ambitious adventures; but the conjugal affection and tenderness of Amelia are but ill requited by the conduct of Booth, her husband, who has the vices without the palliation of youth, possessed by Tom Jones, independently of his ties as a husband and father.

The character of Amelia was drawn for Fielding's wife, even to the accident that disfigured her beauty; and the frailties of Booth are said to have shadowed forth some of the author's own irregularities. The lady whose amiable qualities he delighted to recount, and whom he passionately loved, died in 1752. He was almost broken-hearted for her loss, and found no relief but in weeping, in concert with her servant maid, 'for the angel they mutually regretted.' This made the maid his habitual confidential associate, and he soon began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. The maid accordingly became mistress of his household, and her conduct as his wife is said to have fully justified his good opinion. If there is little of romance, there is sound sense, affection, and gratitude, in this step of Fielding, but it is probable the noble families to whom he was allied might regard it as a stain on his escutcheon.

'Amelia' was Fielding's last literary performance. The dissipations of his early life now began to be felt. A complication of disorders weighed down his latter days, the most formidable of which was dropsy. As the last resource he was advised to try the effect of a milder climate, and departed for Lisbon, in the spring of 1754. The change did not, however, produce the desired effect. The great novelist lingered in the genial climate of Lisbon but two months, and then died, on the eighth of October, 1754. A monument was erected over his remains by the English factory of that city.

Any single passage from the writings of Fielding would fall as far short of conveying a correct idea of the work from which it should be taken, as a single stone or brick would of the architecture of a house. We shall venture, however, to extract the account of Partridge's impressions on first visiting a play-house, when he witnessed the representation of Hamlet. The faithful attendant of Tom Jones was half barber and half schoolmaster, shrewd, yet simple as a child.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, 'Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered, 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied, with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? 'O la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any thing, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened; I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, dear sir, don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeded likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.' 'Nay, sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw that little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.' 'And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was really frightened?' 'Nay sir,' said Partridge, 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, 'Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave no other satisfaction than 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, 'There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name—Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.' 'Indeed you saw right,' answered Jones. 'Well, well,' cried Partridge, 'I know it's only a play; and besides, if there was any thing in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, 'If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is, said he, a good actor, and doth all he can do to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he run away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.' 'No wonder, then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, 'Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch any thing belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him, 'Which of the players he had liked best?' To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The king without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; 'Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Any body may see he is an actor.'

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to any thing that passed on the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and walked several times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord, have mercy upon us! there it is.'

Six years after the publication of 'Joseph Andrews,' and before 'Tom

Jones' had been produced, a third novelist had taken the field, different in many respects from either Richardson or Fielding, but like them devoted to that class of fictitious composition which is founded in truth and nature. Smollett, the writer to whom we here allude, is frequently, however, so grossly indelicate, and even immoral, that there is scarcely one of his novels that we dare venture to recommend to the general reader.

Tobias George Smollett was born in Dulquharn-house, near the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, in 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, having died early, the novelist was educated by his grandfather. After the usual course of instruction in the grammar-school of Dumbarton, and at the university of Glasgow, he was placed apprentice to a medical practitioner of Glasgow. He was nineteen when his term of apprenticeship expired, and at this early age, his grandfather having died witthout making any provision for him, the young and sanguine adventurer proceeded to London, his chief dependence being a tragedy, called the *Regicide*, which he attempted to bring out at the theatres. Foiled in this effort of juvenile ambition, Smollett became surgeon's mate on board an eighty-gun-ship, and was present at the ill-planned and disastrous expedition against Carthagena, which he has described with much force in his *Roderick Random*. He returned to England in 1746, published two satires, *Advice* and *Reproof*, and in 1748 gave to the world his novel of *Roderick Random*. *Peregrine Pickle* appeared about three years afterwards.

Smollett next attempted to practice medicine, but failing to succeed, he took a house at Chelsea, and devoted himself to literature as a profession. Notwithstanding his facility of composition, his general information and talents, his life was one continued struggle for existence, embittered by personal quarrels, chiefly brought on by irritability of temper. In 1753 his romance of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* was published, and two years after appeared his translation of *Don Quixote*. After he had finished this task he paid a visit to his native country, and as his fame had gone before him, his reception by the literati of Scotland was cordial and flattering. His filial tenderness and affection was gratified by meeting with his surviving parent. His mother did not at first recognize him; but as soon as she perceived his old familiar smile, she exclaimed, 'Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!' On this occasion he visited also his relations and native scenes in Dumbartonshire, and spent two days in Glasgow, amid the companions of his boyhood.

On his return to England Smollett resumed his literary occupations, and became the editor of the Critical Review; but in consequence of an unwarrantable attack on Admiral Knowles, he was tried for libel, fined one hundred pounds, and sentenced to three months imprisonment. He consoled himself by writing, while in prison, his novel of *Launcelot Greaves*; and immediately after he was released from confinement, a *History of England*, designed as a continuation of the history of Hume. This work is said to have been completed in fourteen months, and is certainly the author's most important production. The loss of his only daughter, in the fifteenth year of her age, at this time preyed so deeply upon his mind, that, in order to assuage his grief he went abroad, and remained on the continent about two years; but not finding the relief he had anticipated, he returned to England, again visited his native country, and passed some time with his cousin at Bonhill, on the banks of the Leven. Smollett's health was now completely gone, and on his return to England in 1770, he again resolved to go abroad. His friends endeavored to obtain a consulate for him at some port on the Mediterranean; but as they did not succeed, Dr. Armstrong, who was then abroad, engaged a cottage for him in the neighborhood of Leghorn. The warm and genial climate of Italy seems to have awakened his fancy, and breathed a temporary animation into his debilitated frame. He here wrote his *Humphrey Clinker*, the most rich, varied, and agreeable of his novels. He had just committed this work to the public, when he expired, on the twenty-first of October, 1771, in his fifty-second year.

From the last and best of Smollett's novels, 'Humphrey Clinker,' we select the following affecting incident, witnessed in a small town near Lanark, where a successful soldier, on his return home, after an absence of eighteen years, finds his father at work paving the street.

SCENE AT LANARK.

We set out from Glasgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback genteelly though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words—'This is hard work for such an old man as you.' So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, 'Have you never a son,' said he, 'to ease you of this labour?' 'Yes, an' please your honour,' replied the senior, 'I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way.' 'Honour not me,' cried the stranger, 'it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?' The ancient paviour said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail; then turning short, 'Tell me,' said he, 'has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?' 'Call him not unnatural,' replied the other, 'God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had besides.' At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison window, exclaimed, 'Father! father! if my brother

William is in life, that's he.' 'I am! I am!' cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears, 'I am your son Willy, sure enough!' Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, 'Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?' The captain no sooner beheld her, than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure, my uncle who saw and heard every thing that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hollowed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, 'Captain,' said he, 'I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public-house.' The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which he said he would accept with pleasure; but in the meantime he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt into the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in the course of duty he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt, and the third had been consigned to a gentleman in Scotland who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed, ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances. Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs. Tabitha behaved very graciously to him, until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she starched up her behaviour with a double portion of reserve; and when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.

In the early part of his literary career Smollett produced some poems that gave promise of a high order of poetic genius. His *Ode to Independence*, one of these, possesses the masculiue strength of Dryden, with an elevation of moral feeling and sentiment, rarely attempted or felt by that great poet. Another is the following sweetly plaintive strain, occasioned by the barbarities committed in the Highlands by order of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden, in 1746.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time;
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night.
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.

Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend:
And stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.'

To the great novelists whom we have now noticed, we may add Brooke, Sterne, Johnstone, and Walpole.

Henry Brooke, the author of a novel under the title of *The Fool of Quality*, was born at Rantaven, Ireland, in 1706. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; and at the age of seventeen he entered the Middle Temple, where, from the vivacity of his genius, the excellence of his heart, and his literary attainments, he soon became the friend and favorite of the most prominent wits of the day. His taste for the drama induced him to write the tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa;* but unfortunately the politics of the times, and the influence of government, forbade its production on the stage, as it breathed sentiments too warm and elevated in favor of liberty. The sentiments of the play, however, suited the public taste, and when it appeared in print, so rapid was the sale, that the author received more than ten times as large a remuneration as would have accrued to him from its representation. In easy circumstances, and influenced by a beloved wife, he now resolved to return to Ireland, and pass his remaining days amid the peaceful and retired scenes of private life. He died in Dublin, on the tenth of October, 1783.

After his return to his native country, Brooke continued his literary labors, and produced a number of other dramatic pieces, a poem on *Universal Beauty*, and the dramatic novel already mentioned. The works of this author have now very generally fallen into obscurity, but 'The Fool of Quality' was very popular in its day, and contains many pleasing and instructive sketches for youthful readers. It does not, however, offer any passage for quotation.

Sterne, the witty, pathetic, and sentimental author of *Tristram Shandy*, was not inferior in conception of rich eccentric comic character, to any English novel writer that preceded him. Brother Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, the widow Wadman, and Dr. Slop, will go down to posterity with the kindred creations of Cervantes. This idol of his own day is now, however, but little read, except in passages of pure sentiment. His broad humor is no longer relished; his oddities have not the gloss of novelty; and his indecencies startle the delicate and correct. The want of simplicity and decency for which even his sparkling polished diction can not atone, is his greatest fault. Sterne's life too, was as little in keeping as his writings. Though a clergyman, he was dissolute and licentious; and though a sentimentalist, who had, with his pen, tears for all animate and inanimate nature, he was, in his own conduct, hard-hearted and selfish. Had he confined himself to his living in the country, going his daily rounds of pastoral duties, he would have been a wiser and better man. 'He degenerated in London,' says Garrick, 'like an ill-transplanted shrub: the incense of the great spoiled his head, and their ragouts his stomach. He grew sickly and proud—an invalid in body and mind.'

Laurence Sterne was the son of an Irish lieutenant, and was born at Clonmel, in the south of Ireland, on the twenty-fourth of November, 1713. He was educated by a cousin, first at Halifax, in Yorkshire, and afterwards at Cambridge, where he took the degree of master of arts, in 1740. Having entered into orders, his uncle, Dr. Sterne, a rich pluralist, presented him with the living of Sutton, to which was added a prebend of York; and through his marriage with a York lady, he derived another living in that county, the rectory of Stillington. He lived nearly twenty years at Sutton, reading, painting, fiddling, and shooting, with occasional quarrels with his clerical brethren, with whom he was no favorite. He left Yorkshire for London, in 1759, to publish the two first volumes of 'Tristram Shandy.' Two other volumes were published in 1761, and during the following year, the same number more. He now took a tour to France, which enriched some of his subsequent volumes of 'Tristram,' with his exquisite sketches of peasants and vine-dressers, the muleteer, the abbess and Margarita, Maria at Moulines, and the poor ass with his heavy panniers, at Lyons.

In 1764, Sterne took another continental tour, and penetrated into Italy, to which we are indebted for his *Sentimental Journey*. The latter work he composed on his return to Coxwould, the living of which had been presented to him, on the first publication of 'Tristram,' by Lord Falconbridge. Having completed the first part of his 'Journey' he went to London to see it published, and died in lodgings in Bond-street, on the eighteenth of March, 1768. His death-bed was attended by nobody but a hired nurse. He had often wished to die in an inn, where the few cold offices he might require could be purchased with a few guineas, and paid to him with an undisturbed and punctual attention. His wish was realized almost to the letter.

Sterne's great work, 'Tristram Shandy,' is but a bundle of episodes and digressions, strung together without any attempt at regularity or order. The reader must 'give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.' Through the whole novel, however, over its mists and absurdities, shines his little family band of friends and relatives—that inimitable group of originals and humorists—which stand out from the canvass with the force and distinctness of reality. This distinctness and separate identity is a proof of what Coleridge has termed the peculiar power of Sterne, of seizing on, and bringing forward those points on which every man is a humorist, and of the masterly manner in which he has brought out the characteristics of two beings of the most opposite natures—the elder Shandy, and Toby—and surrounded them with a group of followers, sketched with equal life and individuality.

Some volumes of *Sermons*, published by Sterne, show, according to the opinion of the poet Gray, 'a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but,' he adds, 'you see the author often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.' Both the 'Sermons' and the 'Journey' are more regular than 'Tristram,' but in other respects they partake largely of the same character. As a specimen of the sentimental style of Sterne, we select the following passage from his 'Journey':—

THE STARLING—CAPTIVITY.

And as for the Bastile, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livers a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I, vauntingly, for I envy not its powers which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition, the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint. I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained 'it could not get out.' I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage; 'I can't get out, I can't get out,' said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—'I can't get out,' said the starling. God help thee! said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient; I fear, poor creature, said I, I can not set thee at liberty. 'No,' said the starling, 'I can't get out; I can't get out,' said the starling. I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirit, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught, and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron: with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which rises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the further corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calender of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh; I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears; I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Charles Johnstone, the period of whose birth is not known, was born in Ireland, and bred to the bar; but a severe obstruction of his hearing compelled him to abandon that profession. After some delay and irresolution, he finally resolved to turn his attention to literature; and, in 1760, appeared his first novel, under the title of *The Adventures of a Guinea.* The work was so wonderfully popular, that in less than a year from its first publication, a third edition was called for. It exhibits a variety of incidents, related in the style of Le Sage and Smollett, but the satirical portraits are overcharged, and the author was too fond of lashing and exaggerating the vices of his age. One of the critics of the novel says, 'it leads us along all the gloomy, and foul, and noisome passages of life, and we escape from it with the feeling of relief with which we would emerge from a vault in which the air was loaded with noisome vapors.'

Johnstone wrote several other novels of a similar description to 'The Adventures,' among which were *The Reverie, or a Flight to the Paradise of Fools*, and *The Pilgrim, or a Picture of Life;* but they are now all utterly forgotten. In 1782, the author went to India, became proprietor of a Bengal newspaper, and died there, in 1800.

HORACE WALPOLE, the author of *The Castle of Otranto*, was the third son of Sir Robert Walpole, and was born in 1717. In the seventeenth year of his age, he entered King's College, Cambridge, and soon after distinguished himself by his elegant verses in honor of Henry the Sixth, the founder of Eton school. Under the patronage of his father, who was prime minister, he obtained, in 1738, the office of inspector of exports and imports, which he afterwards exchanged for that of usher to the exchequer, with which he held the place of comptroller of the pipe, and of clerk of the escheats in the exchequer for life—appointments which yielded him annually, nearly five thousand pounds. In 1739, he received permission to travel on the continent, and, accompanied by Gray, he made the tour of France and Italy; but the dispute at Reggio, to which we have already alluded, separated them for a time, though their intimacy, to the honor of both, was renewed, in 1744.

On his return to England in 1741, Walpole was elected a member of parliament; but though he sat in the house over twenty-five years, he never distinguished himself as a speaker, except in his famous defence of his father, which occurred in the very commencement of his parliamentary career. On resigning his seat in the house, he retired to his favorite estate at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, which he had purchased in 1747, and which, from year to year, he afterwards tastefully adorned with all the striking features of Gothic times. In this charming spot the literary hermit established, in 1757, a printing-press, where he published, first the two sublime odes of his friend Gray, and afterwards edited other works in an elegant and highly finished manner. On the death of his nephew, in 1791, Walpole became Earl of Oxford, but elevation of rank had no charms for him. He never took his seat in the House of Lords, and with reluctance submitted to the adulation of his friends, on assuming an empty title, which he contemptuously called a new name for a superanuated old man of seventy-four.

In his manners, Lord Oxford was polite and even facetious; and as a man of letters, he was distinguished for the extent and accuracy of his information. In his sentiments he was lively and intelligent, and in his perceptions, clear and acute. If avarice and vanity were, according to one of his biographers, his leading foibles, an affable and social temper were his counteracting virtues. He was of a benignant and charitable disposition, though not a liberal patron. The death of this distinguished man occurred on the second of March, 1797, at the advanced age of eighty.

The 'Castle of Otranto,' published in 1764, is the only one of Walpole's works that connects his name with the novel writers of this period. It at first appeared anonymously, as a work found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples in the black letter, in 1529. 'I wished it to be believed ancient,' he said, 'and almost every body was imposed upon.' The tale was so well received by the public, that a second edition was soon called for, to which the author prefixed his name. Though designed to blend the ancient romance, in which all was imagination and improbability, with the modern, in which nature is copied, the peculiar taste of Walpole, who loved to 'gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass,' and the nature of his subject, led him to give the preponderance to the antique. The particulars in which he has improved on the incredible and mysterious, are the dialogues and style, which are pure and dramatic in effect, and the more delicate and picturesque tone which he has given to chivalrous manners.

Walpole would, however, hold but an insignificant place in English literature if his reputation depended on 'The Castle of Otranto.' His Correspondence and Memoirs, those pictures of society and manners, compounded of wit and gayety, shrewd observation, sarcasm, high life, and sparkling language, place him in a high position among the literary men of his age. In 1758, appeared his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, and three years after, his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*. In 1767, he published his *Historic Doubts* as to the character and person of Richard the Third; besides which he left for publication *Memoirs of the Court of George the Second*, and a large collection of copies of his letters. As his letters are generally considered his best performances, we quote the following as a specimen.

TO SIR HORACE MANN, 1750.

LONDON EARTHQUAKES AND LONDON GOSSIP.

Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.—*Dryden.*

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month since the first shock), the earth had a shivering fit between one and two, but so slight, that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again,—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francisco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A person who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment.' If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati or orange-flower water; I am already planing a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

The Middlesex election is carried against the court: the Prince is in a green frock (and I won't swear, but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat), sat under the park wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on the Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a Parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the high-bailiff went to vote for the opposition.

I now jump to another topic; I find all this letter will be detached scraps; I can't at all contrive to hide the seams. But I don't care. I began my letter merely to tell you of the earthquake, and I don't pique myself upon doing any more than telling you what you would be glad to have told you. I told you, too, how pleased I was with the triumphs of another old beauty, our friend the princess. Do you know, I have found a history that has great resemblance to hers; that is, that be very like hers, if hers is but like it. I will tell it you in as few words as I can. Madam la Marechale de l'Hôpital was the daughter of a sempstress; a young gentleman fell in love with her, and was going to be married to her, but the match was broken off. An old fermier-general, who had retired into the province where this happened, hearing the story, had a curiosity to see the victim; he liked her, married her, died, and left her enough not to care for her inconstant. She came to Paris, where the Marechal de l'Hôpital married her for her riches. After the Marechal's death, Cassimir, the abdicated king of Poland, who was retired into France, fell in love with the Marechale, and privately married her. If the event ever happens, I shall certainly travel to Nancy, to hear her talk of *ma belle fille la Reine de France.* What pains my Lady Pomfret would take to prove that an abdicated king's wife did not take precedence of an English countess; and how the princess herself would grow still fonder of the Pretender for the similitude of his fortune with that of *le Roi mon mari!* Her daughter, Mirepoix, was frightened the other night with Mrs. Nugent's calling out, *un voleur! un voleur!* The ambassadress had heard so much of robbing, she did not doubt but *dans ce pays cy*, they robbed in the middle of an assembly. It turned out to be a *thief in the candle!* Good night!

A brief notice of Mackenzie, and a passing remark on Miss Clara Reeve, will close our notice of the novel writers of this period.

Henry Mackenzie, sometimes called the Addison of the north, and the most successful imitator of Sterne, in sentiment, pathos, and style, was born in Edinburgh, in August, 1745, and was the son of Dr. Joshua Mackenzie, a respectable physician of that city. He was educated at the high-school and university of Edinburgh, and afterwards prepared for the profession of the law. The legal department selected by Mackenzie, was the business of the Exchequer court, and that he might be the more thoroughly qualified for this, he went to London in 1765, and studied the English Exchequer practice. Returning to Edinburgh, he mingled in its literary circles, which then numbered the great names of Hume, Robertson, Smith, Blair, Kames, and many others. In 1771, he made his first appearance as an author, in his novel, *The Man of Feeling*, and this was afterwards followed by *The Man of the World*, and *Julia de Roubigne.* Besides his novels, he was the author of some dramatic pieces that were brought out at Edinburgh; but they were generally attended with very indifferent success.

The style and diction of Mackenzie are always choice, elegant, and expressive; but he wanted power. It may seem strange that a novelist so eminently sentimental and refined, should have ventured to write on political subjects; but Mackenzie supported the government of Mr. Pitt with some pamphlets written with great acuteness and discrimination. In real life the novelist was shrewd and practical: he had early exhausted his vein of romance, and was an active man of business. In 1804 the government appointed him to the office of comptroller of taxes for Scotland, which entailed upon him considerable drudgery, but was highly lucrative. In this situation, with a numerous family around him, enjoying the society of his friends and his favorite sports of the field, writing occasionally on subjects of taste and literature—for he said, 'The old stump would still occasionally send forth a few green shoots'—the Man of Feeling lived to the advanced age of eighty-six, and died on the fourteenth of January, 1831.

The first novel of Mackenzie, 'The Man of Feeling,' is much the best of his works. The work contains no regular story, but the character of Harley, his purity of mind, and his bashfulness, caused by excessive delicacy, interest the reader from the very commencement of the tale. His adventures in London, the talk of club and park frequenters, his visit to bedlam, and his relief of the old soldier, Atkins, and his daughter, though partly formed on the affected sentimental style of the inferior romances, evince a facility in moral and pathetic painting that had, at that time, only been surpassed by Richardson. The death of Harley, as described in the following extract, has, in pathos, rarely been surpassed by any writer:—

THE DEATH OF HARLEY.

Harley was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me; I could not, therefore, but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry for him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upward in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician, 'I am foolish enough,' said he, 'to rely but little in this instance to physic. My presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end by steps so easy that they woo me to approach it. There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform, in some degree, the picture; but I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favour. My mind expands at the thought I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children.'

He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too—we sat for some time silent. At last, with an attempt at a look of more composure, 'There are some remembrances,' said Harley, 'which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect with the tenderest emotion the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I can not think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.' He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened and his aunt appeared leading in Miss Walton. 'My dear,' says she, 'here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat. 'If to know Miss Walton's goodness,' said he, 'be a little to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs. Magery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.' She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. 'I know,' said he, 'that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes which your kindness suggests, but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is a privilege bestowed on few. I would endeavour to make it mine; nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now; it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.'

The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground. 'There are,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton.' His glance met hers. They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments: 'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—it is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.' He paused again. 'Let it not offend you to know their power over one so unworthy. It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.' Her tears were now flowing without control. 'Let me entreat you,' said she, 'to have better hopes. Let not life be so indifferent to you, if my wishes can put any value on it. I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it. What would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved.' He seized her hand, a languid colour reddened his cheek, a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it closed. He sighed, and fell back on his seat. Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room. They found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded, but Harley was gone forever!

I entered the room where his body lay; I approached it with reverence, not fear. I looked; the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form which, but a little before, was animated with a soul which did honour to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. 'Tis a connection we can not easily forget. I took his hand in mine. I repeated his name involuntarily; I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly in his face; his eye was closed, his lip pale and motionless. There is an enthusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossibility; I wondered that it was so. The sight drew a prayer from my heart; it was the voice of frailty and of man! The confusion of my mind began to subside into thoughts; I had time to weep.

I turned with a last farewell on my lips, when I observed old Edwards standing behind me. I looked him full in the face, but his eye was fixed on another object. He pressed between me and the bed, and stood gazing on the breathless remains of his benefactor. I spoke to him I know not what; but he took no notice of what I said, and remained in the same attitude as before. He stood some minutes in that posture, then turned and walked towards the door. He paused as he went; he returned a second time; I could observe his lips move as he looked; but the voice they would have uttered was lost. He attempted going again; and a third time he returned as before. I saw him wipe his cheek; then, covering his face with his hands, his breast heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he flung out of the room.

He had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness, but it is universally incident to humanity; it is at least a memorial for those who survive. For some, indeed, a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree; there was a branch of it that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times and places when I am a child at those things.

I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! Every beat of my heart awakens a virtue; but it will make you hate the world. No; there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but as to the world, I pity the men of it.

Mackenzie's contributions to the 'Mirror,' and the 'Lounger,' were very numerous; and some of his papers in these periodicals are equal to the finest parts of his more extended novels. The tale of La Roche is of this class.

CLARA REEVE was the daughter of a clergyman of Ipswich, and was born in 1725. An early admiration of Walpole's romance, 'The Castle of Otranto,' induced Miss Reeve to attempt to imitate it, in a Gothic story, entitled *The Old English Baron*, and published in 1777. In some respects the lady has the advantage of Walpole; her supernatural machinery is better managed, to produce mysteriousness and effect; but her style has not the point or elegance of that of her prototype. Miss Reeve wrote several other novels, 'all marked,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'by excellent good sense, pure morality, and a competent command of those qualities which constitute a good romance.' They are now, however, so nearly forgotten, that the writer's fame now rests on her 'Old English Baron,' which is usually printed along with the story of Walpole. Miss Reeve died in 1803, at the advanced age of seventy-eight.

With Jenyns, Birch, Hartley, Tucker, Campbell, Guthrie, and Sale, though all writers of a very different character from those novelists who have hitherto occupied our attention in this lecture, we shall close our present remarks.

SOAME JENYNS was born in London, in 1704. He was privately educated preparatory to the university, and then entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he devoted himself closely to his studies, but took no degree. He was early distinguished as a gay and witty writer, both in poetry and prose; but afterwards applying himself to serious subjects he produced, in 1757, *A Free Inquiry into the Nature of Evil;* in 1776, *A View of the Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion;* and in 1782, *Disquisitions on Various Subjects.* These works all contain much ingenious speculation, but they have now lost most of their early popularity.

As a writer, Jenyns is distinguished for the purity of his language, the elegance of his style and diction, the critical accuracy of his knowledge, and his delicate and lively humor. It is remarkable that from a serious believer in the Christian Revelation, he became a deist; and again, after wandering in the labyrinth of skepticism for some years, he became a devout convert to Christianity, and on his death-bed gloried in the reflection that his 'View of the Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion,' had proved useful. He died on the eighteenth of December, 1787.

Thomas Birch was born in the parish of St. John, Clerkenwell, on the twenty-third of November, 1705. His father was a quaker, coffee-mill maker, but the son's fondness for learning early became so great, that, rather than follow the calling of his father, he left his home, became assistant in Hernel Hampstead school, and there received his education. He had hitherto adhered to the tenets of the quakers, but he now abandoned them, and was soon after ordained, by the bishop of Salisbury. He rose very rapidly in the church, and being honored with the degree of doctor of divinity, by the Marischal College of Aberdeen, he became a very considerable personage. He died by a fall from his horse, between London and Hampstead, on the ninth of January, 1766.

Dr. Birch wrote the *Historical Memoirs and Lives* of Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh, Boyle, Tillotson, and Henry, Prince of Wales, besides a *History of the Royal Society*, of which he was one of the secretaries. He was a diligent explorer of records and public papers: he threw light on history, but was destitute of taste, and the skill of historical arrangement.

David Hartley, an eminent physician, was born in 1705. Having learned from Locke the principles of logic and metaphysics, and from a hint from Newton, the doctrine that there were vibrations in the substance of the brain that might throw light on the phenomena of the mind, he formed a system which he developed in an elaborate work, published in 1749, under the title of *Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations.* This is a remarkably ingenious production, but its tendency, though not thus designed by the author, is to materialism. Dr. Hartley died in 1757, at the age of fifty-two.

Abraham Tucker was born at Betchworth castle, Surrey, in 1705. He was educated as a gentleman, possessed an ample fortune, and, instead of pursuing the pleasures of the chase, passed his life in the pursuits of literature. After the laborious study of years, he published, under the fictitious name of Edward Search, an elaborate metaphysical work under the title of *The Light of Nature Pursued*, which Dr. Paley said contained more original thinking and observation than any other work of the kind in the language. The death of this truly great man occurred in 1774.

Tucker has, himself, truly and beautifully characterized his own favorite metaphysical studies in the following short sentence:—'The science of abstruse learning, when completely attained, is like Achilles' spear, that healed the wounds it had made before. It cast no additional light upon the paths of life, but disperses the clouds with which it had overspread them; it advances not the traveller one step on his journey, but conducts him back again to the spot from whence he had wandered.'

JOHN CAMPBELL was a Scot by birth, and was born in Edinburgh, on the eighth of March, 1708. When five years of age he left Scotland, which he never again saw, for the neighborhood of Windsor; and as soon as his age would permit, he was placed as clerk to an attorney, with the view of following the legal profession. He, however, abandoned the law for the more congenial pursuits of literature, and thenceforth lived in the enjoyment of his literary occupations in so secluded a manner that few had the happiness of his acquaintance; but those who visited him found him amiable in his manners, instructive in his conversation, and in his general deportment mild, humane, and religious. He died in London, on the twenty-eighth of December, 1775.

Dr. Campbell's principal literary productions are the *Military History of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene*, *Lives of the Admirals*, a considerable part of the *Biographia Britannica*, a *History of Europe*, and a *Political Survey of Britain*. He was a candid and intelligent man, well acquainted with the subjects of which he treated, and though not an elegant, a truthful writer.

WILLIAM GUTHRIE was born at Brechin, in Scotland, in 1708. He was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and afterwards settled in London as an author, was pensioned by the government, and died in 1770.

Guthrie was an indefatigable writer, and produced a *History of England*, in three folio volumes; a *History of Scotland*, in ten volumes; and a *Universal History*, in thirteen volumes. He also translated Quintillian, and Cicero's Offices and Epistles.

GEORGE SALE, who died at an early age, in 1736, belongs also to this period, and has given us the best translation of the Koran ever produced in the English language. His memory is also to be cherished on another account—he was one of the founders of a society for the encouragement of learning.

Lecture the Forty-Fourth.

DAVID HUME—WILLIAM ROBERTSON—EDWARD GIBBON—WILLIAM TYTLER—ROBERT HENRY—GILBERT STUART, ADAM FERGUSON—ROBERT ORME—ROBERT WATSON—DAVID DALRYMPLE—LORD HAILES—JOHN WHITTAKER—WILLIAM RUSSELL—LORD GEORGE LYTTLETON.

THOUGH much that is valuable and even elegant, appeared in the writings of some of the early English historians, yet a spirit of philosophical inquiry and reflection, united to the graces of literary composition, can scarcely be said to have been presented by any historical writer in the language previous to the appearance of that illustrious triumvirate—Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. The materials for such composition were now, however, abundantly prepared: in 1706, a 'Complete History of England' was published, containing a collection of various works previous to the time of Charles the First, and a continuation by White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough. M. Rapin, a French Protestant, who had gone over to England with the Prince of Orange, and resided there several years, became much interested in English affairs, and on retiring to the Hague, he composed a voluminous history of the country, in French, which was soon translated into English, and enjoyed great popularity. This work is still considered valuable; and it possesses a property which no English author had hitherto given to a similar narration, that of impartiality: it wants, however, literary attractions. Rapin died in 1725. A more laborious, exact, and original historian, appeared at this time in Thomas Carte, whom we have already noticed. Nathaniel Hooke, who died in 1764, was the author of a *Roman History* of very considerable merit, extending from the building of Rome to the downfall of the commonwealth.

The historical collections of Carte are of such authority as to have been implicitly depended upon by all succeeding historians treating of events in English history; and Hume, relying upon these, and animated by a strong love of literary fame, left his philosophical studies to embark in historical composition. He had already rendered himself master of a style singularly fascinating, simple, and graceful; and he was therefore well fitted for the task upon which he had resolved to enter.

David Hume was the second son of the laird of Ninewells, near Dunse, in Berwickshire, and was born in Edinburgh, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1711. After attending the university of Edinburgh, his friends were anxious that he should commence the study of the law, but a love of literature rendered him averse to this profession. An attempt was then made to establish him in business, and he was placed in a mercantile house in Bristol. This employment he found equally uncongenial, and he, therefore, left it and removed to France, where he passed some years in literary retirement, living with the utmost frugality and care on the small allowance which his family afforded him. He returned in 1737 to publish his first philosophical work, the *Treatise on Human Nature*, which 'fell dead-born from the press.' In 1742, he produced two volumes, entitled *Essays Moral and Philosophical.* The chief recommendation of these miscellaneous productions, is the elegance of their style. In 1745, he assumed the care of the Marquis of Annandale, a young nobleman of deranged intellect; and after having continued in this humiliating employment about a year, he made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed professor of moral philosophy in his native university. He afterwards became secretary to Lieutenant General St. Clair, and accompanied that gentleman on his embassy to the courts of Vienna and Turin. In the latter, Hume enjoyed congenial and refined society.

In 1752, Hume issued two volumes of *Political Discourses;* and with a view to promote his studies, assumed, gratuitously, the office of librarian of the Faculty of Advocates. As Hume's skeptical views marred the success of his philosophical works, he now, as already intimated, turned his attention to historical writing, and in 1754, appeared the first volume of his *History of Great Britain*, containing the reigns of James the First, and Charles the First. This publication was so unsuccessful, that the author, through mortification, resolved to retire into France, change his name, and never more return to his native country. A second volume of the history was published, with more success, in 1757; and a third and fourth in 1759; and the two last, three years after. The work now became highly popular; edition followed edition; and by universal consent, Hume was placed at the head of English historians.

In 1763, our author accompanied the Earl of Hertford on his embassy to Paris, where he was received with marked distinction; and in 1766, he returned to Scotland, and became under secretary of state, a situation which he held two years. With an annual revenue of a thousand pounds, he at length retired to his native city, where he continued to reside, in habits of intimacy, with his literary friends, till his death, which occurred on the twenty-fifth of August, 1776.

Hume's easy good-humored disposition, his literary fame, his extensive knowledge, and respectable rank in society, rendered his company always agreeable and interesting, even to those who were most decidedly opposed to the tone of atheism which pervades all his writings. His opinions were, however, never obtruded upon his friends; he threw out dogmas for the learned, not food for the multitude. His philosophical works are now little read; but his history, though not a work of high authority, is one of the most easy, elegant, and interesting narratives in the language. The striking parts of his subject are related with picturesque and dramatic force; and his dissertations on the state of parties, and the tendency of particular events, are remarkable for the philosophical tone in which they are conceived and written. He was too indolent to be exact; too indifferent to sympathize heartily with any political party; too skeptical in matters of religion to appreciate justly the full force of religious principles in directing the course of public events. An enemy to all turbulence and enthusiasm, he naturally leaned to the side of settled government, even when it was united to arbitrary power; and though he could 'shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles the First, and the Earl of Strafford,' the struggles of his poor countrymen for conscience' sake against the tyranny of the Stuarts, excited in him no other feelings than those of ridicule or contempt. He could even forget the merits and exaggerate the faults of the accomplished and chivalrous Raleigh, to shelter the sordid injustice of a weak and contemptible sovereign. No hatred of oppression burns through his pages. The careless epicurean repose of the philosopher was not disturbed by any visions of liberty, or any ardent aspirations for the improvement of mankind. And yet, in his personal character, Hume was not a slavish worshiper of power, but was both liberal and independent. From the beauties with which his writings abound, we select the following passages:—

DELICACY OF TASTE.

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest; cherish reflections; dispose to tranquillity; and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship. In the second place, a delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. You will seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense is sufficient for their entertainment; they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness that they would to another; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a celebrated French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours, but the most elaborate alone can point out the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One that has well digested his knowledge, both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he caries them further than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle companion improves with him into a solid friendship; and the ardour of a youthful appetite becomes an elegant passion.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Some incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

The earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudice she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favourable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion: she shook the dying countess in her bed; and crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation: she even refused food and sustenance; and, throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal: but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requested her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without farther struggle or convulsion (March 24), in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe. There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulations of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have, at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled the throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great additions to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all the considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the objects of undisputed applause and approbation.

William Robertson was born at Borthwick, Scotland, in 1721, and was educated at the university of Edinburgh. His father, a clergyman, was minister of Borthwick, and afterwards of Greyfriars church, Edinburgh; and the son having closed his collegiate studies, entered into the same profession. In 1743 he was appointed minister of Gladsmuir, in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed, in 1758, to be incumbent of Lady Yester's parish, in Edinburgh. He had already distinguished himself in the General Assembly; but it was not till 1759 that he appeared as a historian. In that year he published his *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and King James VI. till his Accession to the Crown of England*, by which his fortune was improved to the extent of six hundred pounds, and his fame, by this single effort, placed on an imperishable basis. No first work was ever more successful. The author was congratulated by all who were illustrious for their rank or talents, and places and distinctions at once invited his acceptance. He was first appointed chaplain of Stirling Castle, and two years afterwards nominated one of his majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland. He was next made principal of the university of Edinburgh, and then historiographer for Scotland, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum.

Stimulated by such remarkable success, as well as by a love of composition, Dr. Robertson continued his studies, and, in 1769, produced his *History of the Reign of Charles the V.*, in three volumes, quarto, for which he received, from the bookseller, the princely sum of four thousand five hundred pounds. It was equally well received with his former work. In 1777, he published his *History of America*, and four years after his *Historical Disquisition on Ancient India*, a comparatively slight work, to which he was led by Rennel's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan. During the whole of this period, and for many years after, Dr. Robertson was leader of the moderate party in the church of Scotland, in which capacity he is said to have evinced, in the General Assembly, a readiness and eloquence in debate, which his friend Gibbon might have envied in the House of Commons. After a gradual decay of his powers, this accomplished historian died, on the eleventh of June, 1793, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The manner of Dr. Robertson's writing is more uniform and measured than that of Hume. He has no salient points, and no careless beauties. His style is a full and equal stream, that rolls everywhere the same, without lapsing into irregularity, or overflowing its prescribed course. It wants, however, spirit and variety. Of grandeur or dignity there is no deficiency; and when the subject awakens a train of lofty or philosophical ideas, the manner of the historian is in entire accordance with his matter. When he sums up the character of a sovereign, or traces the progress of society and the influence of laws and government, we recognize the mind and language of a master in historical composition. The artificial graces of his style are also finely displayed in scenes of tenderness and pathos, or in picturesque description. His account of the beauty and sufferings of Mary, or the voyage of Columbus, when the first glimpses of the new world broke upon the adventurers, possesses almost enough of imagination to rank it with poetry.

Of the various historical works of Dr. Robertson, his 'History of Scotland' holds, perhaps, the first rank. It possesses the interest, and something of the character, of a memoir of Mary, Queen of Scots. That unfortunate princess forms the great attraction of the work; and though the author is not among the number of her indiscriminate admirers and apologists, he labors to awaken the sympathies of the reader strongly in her behalf. The luminous historical views and retrospects in which this historian excels, were indicated in his introductory chapter on Scottish history, prior to the birth of Mary. Though a brief and rapid summary, this chapter is finely written, and equally remarkable for elegance and perspicuity. The 'History of America' is full of the deepest interest. The discovery of so vast a portion of the globe, the luxuriance of its soil, the primitive manners of its natives, the pomp, magnificence, and cruelty of its conquerors, all form a series of historical pictures and images that powerfully affect the mind. The 'History of the reign of Charles V.' wants the natural romance of the two preceding works, but the knowledge displayed by the historian, and the enlarged and liberal spirit of his philosophical inquiries, are scarcely less worthy of commendation. The first volume, which describes the state of Europe previous to the sixteenth century, contains the result of much study and research, expressed in language often eloquent, pleasing, and harmonious. From this fine historical writer we select the following extracts:—

CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal grace and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a vail over this part of her character which it can not approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the Queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement and the coldness of the house in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. 'No man,' says Brantome, 'ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.'

CHIVALRY.

Among uncivilized nations, there is but one profession honourable—that of arms. All the ingenuity and vigour of the human mind are exerted in acquiring military skill or address. The functions of peace are few and simple, and require no particular course of education or of study as a preparation for discharging them. This was the state of Europe during several centuries. Every gentleman, born a soldier, scorned any other occupation. He was taught no science but that of war; even his exercises and pastimes were feats of martial prowess. Nor did the judicial character, which persons of noble birth were alone entitled to assume, demand any degree of knowledge beyond that which such untutored soldiers possessed. To recollect a few traditionary customs which time had confirmed and rendered respectable, to mark out the lists of battle with due formality, to observe the issue of the combat, and to pronounce whether it had been conducted according to the laws of arms, included every thing that a baron who acted as a judge, found it necessary to understand.

But when the forms of legal proceedings were fixed, when the rules of decision were committed to writing and collected into a body, law became a science, the knowledge of which required a regular course of study, together with long attention to the practice of courts. Martial and illiterate nobles had neither leisure nor inclination to undertake a task so laborious, as well as so foreign from all the occupations which they deemed entertaining or suitable to their rank. They gradually relinquished their places in courts of justice, where their ignorance exposed them to contempt. They became weary of attending to the discussion of cases which grew too intricate for them to comprehend. Not only the judicial determination of points, which were the subjects of controversy, but the conduct of all legal business and transactions, was committed to persons trained by previous study and application to the knowledge of law. An order of men, to whom their fellow-citizens had daily recourse for advice, and to whom they looked up for decision in their most important concerns, naturally acquired consideration and influence in society. They were advanced to honours which had been considered hitherto as the peculiar rewards of military virtue. They were intrusted with offices of the highest dignity and most extensive power. Thus, another profession than that of arms came to be introduced among the laity, and was reputed honourable.

The functions of civil life were attended to. The talents requisite for discharging them were cultivated. A new road was opened to wealth and eminence. The arts and virtues of peace were placed in their proper rank, and received their due recompense.

While improvements, so important with respect to the state of society and the administration of justice, gradually made progress in Europe, sentiments more liberal and generous had begun to animate the nobles. These were inspired by the spirit of chivalry, which though considered commonly as a wild institution, the effect of caprice, and the source of extravagance, arose naturally from the state of society at that period, and had a very serious influence in refining the manners of the European nations. The feudal state was a state of almost perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy; during which the weak and unarmed were exposed to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs, and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. The most effectual protection against violence and oppression was often found to be that which the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land, under the dominion of infidels, put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and remove grievances, were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion, were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to those points. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by every thing that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed. Perhaps the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour—the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners, may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.

Edward Gibbon, by birth, education and manners, an English gentleman, was born at Putney, in Surrey, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1737. His father was of an ancient Hampshire family, of wealth and influence, and Edward, in consequence of the delicacy of his constitution, received his early education at home. At the age of fifteen, his health having improved with his years, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford. He had previously been a close student, and carried with him to the university, a vast amount of erudition; but after having spent fourteen months, in comparative idleness, devoting himself chiefly to the works of Bossuet and Parsons the Jesuit, he became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion. He went to London, and at the feet of a priest, 'solemnly though privately abjured the errors of heresy.' His father, in order to reclaim him, placed him, for some years, at Lausanne, in Switzerland, under the charge of M. Pavilliard, a Calvinistic clergyman, whose judicious conduct prevailed upon his pupil to return to the bosom of the Protestant church. On Christmas day, 1754, he received the sacrament in the Protestant church at Lausanne. 'It was here,' says the future historian, 'that I suspended my religious inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants.'

At Lausanne Gibbon became, by a regular and severe course of study, familiar with the Latin and French languages, and with general literature. In the twenty-second year of his age he returned to England, and three years afterwards appeared as an author in a slight French treatise, an *Essay on the Study of Literature.* He next accepted the commission of Captain in the Hampshire militia; and though his studies were interrupted, 'the discipline and evolutions of a modern battle,' he remarks, 'gave him a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers was not useless to the Historian of the Roman Empire.'

On the peace of 1762, Gibbon was released from his military duties, and paid a visit to France and Italy. He had long been meditating some historical work, and whilst at Rome, in 1764, his choice was determined by an incident of a striking and romantic nature. 'As I sat musing,' he says, 'amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.' Many years, however, elapsed before he carried his intentions into effect. On his return to England, in 1765, he seems to have passed some years in fashionable idleness; but the death of his father, which occurred in 1770, made it necessary that he should form some independent plan of life. The estate which he inherited was much involved, and he therefore determined to quit the country and reside permanently in London. Here, being thrown comparatively on his own resources, he now undertook the composition of the first volume of his history. 'At the outset,' he remarks, 'all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone, between a dull tone and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way, I advanced with a more equal and easy pace.'

In 1774, Gibbon was returned for the borough of Liskeard, and sat in parliament eight sessions during the memorable contest between Great Britain and the American colonies. Prudence, he says, condemned him to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute; the great speakers filling him with despair, and the bad ones with terror. In 1776, he published the first volume of his history, the success of which was, for a grave historical work, almost unprecedented. 'The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and a third edition was scarcely adequate to the demand, as the book was found on every table and almost on every toilette.' His brother historians, Robertson and Hume, generously greeted him with warm applause. 'Whether I consider the dignity of your style,' says Hume, 'the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem.'

There was a still stronger bond of union than that which the admiration for genius could create, between the English and the Scottish historian. Gibbon had insidiously, though too unequivocally, evinced his adoption of infidel principles. 'The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world, were all,' he remarks, 'considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful.' Some feeling of this kind constituted the whole of his religious belief; and hence in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of his work, he gave an account of the growth and progress of Christianity, which he accounted for solely by secondary causes, without a single reference to its divine origin. It is true, he nowhere avows his disbelief; but by tacitly sinking the early and astonishing spread of Christianity during the time of the apostles, and dwelling with exaggerated coloring and minuteness, on the errors and corruptions by which it afterwards became debased, the historian in effect conveys an impression that its divine origin is but a poetical fable, like the golden age of the poets, or the mystic absurdities of Mohammedanism.

The second and third volumes of Gibbon's great work appeared in 1781;

and immediately after their publication, finding it necessary to retrench his expenses, he retired to Lausanne, and there, in 1787, completed his task. Of this event he himself has left us the following account: 'It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.' From Lausanne he returned to London to superintend the publication of his three last volumes, the appearance of which he did not long survive. His health had, for some time, been delicate, and exhausted by surgical operations, he died without pain, and apparently without any sense of his danger, on the sixteenth of January, 1794.

In most of the essential qualifications of a historian, Gibbon was equal to either Hume or Robertson; and in some things he was superior to either. He had greater depth and variety of learning, and a more perfect command of his intellectual treasures. It was not merely with the main stream of Roman history that he was familiar: all its accessaries and tributaries—the art of war, philosophy, theology, jurisprudence, the most minute details of geography, every shade of manners, opinions, and public character, in Roman and cotemporaneous history, he had studied with laborious diligence and complete success. The vast range of his subject, and the tone of dignity which he preserves throughout the whole of his capacious circuit, also give him a superiority over his illustrious rivals. In concentrating his information, and presenting it in a clear and lucid order, he is no less remarkable, while his vivid imagination, quickening and adorning his varied knowledge, is fully equal to his other powers. He identifies himself with whatever he describes, and paints local scenery, national costume or manners, with all the force and animation of an eye-witness.

But these solid and bright acquirements of the historian were not without their drawbacks. Gibbon's mind was more material or sensual than philosophical—more fond of splendor and display, than of the beauty of virtue, or the grandeur of moral heroism. His taste was vitiated and impure, so that his style is not only deficient in chaste simplicity, but is disfigured by offensive pruriency and occasional grossness. The want of one great harmonizing spirit of humanity and genuine philosophy to give unity to the splendid mass, becomes painfully visible on a calm review of the entire work. After once attentively reading it, we seldom recur to it a second time, unless it is to notice some particular fact or description. Such is the importance of simplicity and purity in a voluminous narrative, that this great historian is seldom read but as a study, while Hume and Robertson are always perused as a pleasure. We close this extensive notice with the following brief extracts :—

OPINION OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The writings of Cicero represent in the most lively colours the ignorance, the errors, and the uncertainty of ancient philosophers with regard to the immortality of the soul. When they are desirous of arming their disciples against the fear of death, they inculcate, as an obvious though melancholy position, that the fatal stroke of our dissolution releases us from the calamities of life; and that those can no longer suffer who no longer exist. Yet there were a few sages of Greece and Rome who had conceived a more exalted, and in some respects a juster idea of human nature; though, it must be confessed, that in the sublime inquiry, their reason had often been guided by their imagination, and that their imagination had been prompted by their vanity. When they viewed with complacency the extent of their own mental powers; when they exercised the various faculties of memory, of fancy, and of judgment, in the most profound speculations, or the most important labours; and when they reflected on the desires of fame, which transported them into future ages, far beyond the bounds of death and of the grave; they were unwilling to confound themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being, for whose dignity they entertained the most sincere admiration, could be limited to a spot of earth, and to a few years of duratlon. With this favourable prepossession, they summon to their aid the science, or rather the language, of metaphysics. They soon discovered, that as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body—pure, simple, and spiritual, incapable of dissolution, and susceptible of a much higher degree of virtue and happiness after the release from its corporeal prison. From these specious and noble principles, the philosophers who trod in the footsteps of Plato, deduced a very unjustifiable conclusion, since they asserted not only the future immortality, but the past eternity of the human soul, which they were too apt to consider as a portion of the infinite and self-existing spirit, which pervades and sustains the universe. A doctrine thus removed beyond the senses and the experience of mankind, might serve to amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind; or, in the silence of solitude, it might sometimes impart a ray of comfort to desponding virtue; but the faint impression which had been received in the school was soon obliterated by the commerce and business of active life. We are sufficiently acquainted with the eminent persons who flourished in the age of Cicero, and of the first Cæsars, with their actions, their characters, and their motives, to be assured that their conduct in this life was never regulated by any serious conviction of the rewards or punishments of a future state. At the bar and in the senate of Rome, the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offence to their hearers by exposing that doctrine as an idle and extravagant opinion, which was rejected with contempt by every man of a liberal education and understanding.

Since, therefore, the most sublime efforts of philosophy can extend no farther than feebly to point out the desire, the hope, or at most the probability, of a future state, there is nothing except a divine revelation that can ascertain the existence and describe the condition of the invisible country which is destined to receive the souls of men after their separation from the body.

THE CITY OF BAGDAD—MAGNIFICENCE OF THE CALIPHS.

Almansor, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad (A.D. 762), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain; the double wall was of a circular form, and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbassides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him, in gold and silver, about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son, Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanseres, which he had distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almanon, who gave away four fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctader. 'The caliph's whole army,' says the historian Abulfeda, 'both horse and foot was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or doorkeepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the place itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury, was a tree of gold and silver, spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence, the Greek ambassador was led by the visier to the foot of the caliph's throne.' In the west, the Ommiades of Spain supported, with equal pomp, the title of commander of the faithful. Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra.

Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skillful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was incrusted with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basins and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water, but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons, and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labours of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and cares of royalty. It may, therefore, be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. 'I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world.'

For the sake of giving a connected view of the three great historians last noticed, we have anticipated some historical writers of less importance. These we now proceed briefly to notice.

William Tytler, the first that occurs, was born in Edinburgh, in 1711. In 1759, he published an *Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots, and an Examination of the Histories of Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume with respect to that Evidence.* Tytler's work is acute and learned, and procured for the author the approbation and esteem of the most eminent men of his time; but judged by the higher standards which now exist, it must be pronounced to be partial and inconclusive. He published also the 'Poetical Remains of James I. of Scotland,' with a dissertation on the life and writings of the royal poet, honorable to both his literary taste and research. Tytler died in 1792, at the age of eighty-one.

Robert Henry, a contemporary of Tytler, was born on the eighteenth of February, 1718. After studying for some years at St. Ninian, and at Stirling, he completed his education at the university of Edinburgh, and then became master of Annan grammar-school, connected with that seat of learning. In 1748, he was invited by the Presbyterians of Carlisle to that city, and was there ordained their minister. He remained in Carlisle twelve years, and then removed to Berwick-on-Tweed, where he resided until 1768, when he was selected as the minister of the New-Grey-friars, at Edinburgh. In 1776, he became colleague minister in the Old Church, and continued this relation until his death, which occurred in November, 1790.

Dr. Henry formed the design, in 1763, of writing a *History of Great Britain*, with especial reference to the *manners* of the nation. The first volume of this great work appeared in 1771, and four others at intervals between that time and 1785. Henry, in his private life, was amiable and social, and in his clerical conduct, exemplary and devout; but notwithstanding this, a writer of that period, Dr. Gilbert Stuart, attempted, by a system of ceaseless persecution, to destroy his character and reputation. In this attempt, however, he was so far from succeeding that Henry realized the large sum of three thousand three hundred pounds from his work, and also obtained an annual pension of one hundred pounds more. The history closes with the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Dr. Stuart, to whom we have just alluded, was a native of Edinburgh, and was born in 1742. He was the author of various historical works, among which may be mentioned a *History of Scotland*, a *Dissertation on the British Constitution*, and a *History of the Reformation.* The style in which these works are written, is florid and high-sounding, not wanting in elegance; but the rancorous malignity of the unprincipled author is spread over every page of his works. Stuart died in 1786.

To these historical writers we here add the names of Ferguson, Orme, Watson, Dalrymple, Whittaker, Russell, and Lord Lyttelton.

Adam Ferguson, the son of the minister of Logierait, in Perthshire, was born in 1724. After having pursued preparatory studies in the school at Perth, he entered the university of St. Andrews, where he remained until he had taken his degrees, and then removed to Edinburgh to prepare for the ministry. In 1744, when in the twenty-first year of his age, he entered the forty-second regiment, as chaplain, and continued in that situation till 1757, when he resigned it, and became tutor in the family of Lord Bute. In 1759, he was appointed professor of natural philosophy in the university of Edinburgh; but that chair he soon after resigned for the professorship of moral science. In 1767, he published his *Essay on Civil Society*, which was so well received that the author was immediately honored with the degree of doctor of laws.

In 1778, Dr. Ferguson accompanied the commissioners, as their secretary, who were sent to America to negotiate with the colonies; and on his return he resumed the duties of his professorship. His latter days were passed in ease and affluence at St. Andrews, where he died, on the twenty-second of February, 1816, at the patriarchal age of ninety-three. Sir Walter Scott, who was personally acquainted with Dr. Ferguson, supplies some interesting information as to the latter years of this venerable professor, whom he considered the most striking example of the stoic philosopher that could be seen in modern days. He had a shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his age, from which period he became a strict Pythagorian in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk.

Besides the 'History of the Civil Society,' Ferguson was the author of *Institutes of Moral Philosophy; A Reply to Dr. Price on Civil and Religious Liberty; The History of the Progress and Termination of the*

Roman Republic; and *Principles of Moral and Political Science.* Of his 'History of Civil Society,' Gray the poet remarks—'There are uncommon strains of eloquence in it; and I was surprised to find not one single idiom of his country in the whole work. His application to the heart is frequent, and often successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious, which those great men, had they lived in better times, and under a better government, would have avoided.' This remark is applicable to all Ferguson's writings; his style is too succinct and compressed. His Roman History, however, is a valuable compendium, illustrated by many important philosophical views and reflections.

Robert Orme was the son of an East Indian surgeon, and was born at Bombay, in 1728. He was early sent to England, and was educated at Harrow school, after which he returned to India, where he passed most of his life. In 1755, Orme was made fourth member of the Madras council, and commissary-general; but returned to Europe in 1759, and was some time after appointed to the honorable post of historiographer to the East India company, with an annual salary of three hundred pounds. He died, in comparatively poor circumstances, in 1801, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Orme's principal literary performance is, a *History of the British Transactions in Hindostan*—a clear and truthful exposition of the events of which it treats. He also left some valuable *Historical Fragments* of the Mogul Power, during the reign of Aurengzebe.

Robert Watson was a native of St. Andrews, and was born about 1726. He pursued his early studies in his native town, and afterwards passed to the university of Glasgow, and thence to that of Edinburgh, where the degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon him. He was soon after appointed professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and Belles Lettres at St. Andrews, and then principal of the college, in which office he remained until his death, which occurred in 1780, in his fifty-seventh year.

Dr. Watson's only important publication is, a *History of Philip II. of Spain*, which was intended as a continuation to Robertson's 'Charles V.'; and he also left, unfinished, a *History of Philip III.*, which was afterwards completed by Dr. William Thompson, and published three years after Watson's death.

David Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Hailes, another eminent scholar and writer of this period, was the son of Sir James Dalrymple, and was born in Edinburgh, in 1726. He was educated at Eton, and Utrecht; and in 1748, was admitted to the Scottish bar, where he so remarkably distinguished himself, that, in 1766, he was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Sessions. After a life of great usefulness, passed in intimate friendship with many of the most eminent men of the age, this learned jurist died in 1792, aged sixty-six years.

Lord Hailes published, in 1776, *The Annals of Scotland*, from the reign of Malcolm the Third, to that of Robert the First; and three years after he produced a continuation, to the accession of the House of Stuart. These works were invaluable at the time of their publication, and still form an excellent quarry for the historian. He was, also, the author of many other productions besides his 'Annals'; among which are the *Remains of Christian Antiquity*, chiefly translated from the fathers, and *An Inquiry into the Secondary Causes*, assigned by Gibbon for the rapid growth of Christianity.

JOHN WHITTAKER, the author of a *Review of Celtic and Roman Antiquities*, was born at Manchester, in 1735. He was educated at the free-school of his native place, and afterwards studied at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He passed many years as rector of Langhorn, in Cornwall, where he died, in 1808.

In addition to his 'Antiquities,' Whittaker wrote a *History of Manchester*, and *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*. The former is a valuable work, but the latter is so violent and prejudiced, that little dependence can be placed upon it.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, the author of a *History of Modern Europe*, was a native of Selkirkshire, in Scotland, and was born, in 1741. His early advantages of education were very limited; but amid many difficulties, he fought his own way to learning and distinction. Apprenticed to a bookseller and printer, he embraced the peculiar opportunities that his situation afforded, to cultivate his mind by application to study; and on the termination of his apprenticeship he removed to London, and became a writer for the press. The popularity of historical writing, at this period, soon attracted Russell's attention, and the result was the publication, in 1779, of the first two volumes of the work to which we have already alluded. This was followed, in 1784, by three other volumes, bringing the history down to the year 1763. The publication was attended with eminent success, and the work has since been continued by Dr. Carte and others. It is now the standard authority on the subject embraced within its range. The reputation which this great work brought upon the author, induced the university of Edinburgh to confer upon him the degree of doctor of laws. Russell died in 1793, before he had reached his fifty-fourth year.

Dr. Russell wrote, besides his 'History of Modern Europe,' a *History of America from its Discovery by Columbus to the Conclusion of the War of the Revolution*, and also a *Series of Letters on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. These were both, in their day, popular works, but they are now of comparatively little value.

LORD GEORGE LYTTELTON, remarkable for his fostering patronage of literature, rather than for any distinguished literary excellence, was born at Hagley, Worcestershire, in 1709. He was the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, and after distinguishing himself at Eton school and at Christ's Church College, Oxford, he went abroad, and passed some time in France and Italy. On his return home he obtained a seat in Parliament, and became a popular opponent of Sir Robert Walpole. In 1737, he was made secretary to the Prince of Wales, who now extended his patronage to the opposition, and acquired popularity, by protecting Thomson, Mallet, and other men of literary eminence.

In 1741 Lord Lyttelton married Lucy Fortescue, of Devonshire, who, dying five years afterwards, afforded a theme for his muse, of no unusual interest. The following lines, which he on this occasion produced, are considered by many the most successful of his poetical efforts:—

MONODY.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretched prospect's ample bound,
Nor more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side;
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have formed your youth,
And strewed with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father, left alone
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weakened mind, oppressed with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save!

When Walpole and the Whigs were vanquished, Lyttelton was made one of the lords of the treasury. He was afterwards a privy counsellor and chancellor of the exchequer, and was eventually elevated to the peerage. He died on the twenty-second of August, 1773, in his sixty-fifth year.

Lord Lyttelton's poetical compositions were a mere pastime. He was a warm friend of men of genius, and deeply sympathized in every thing that concerned them. Thomson, his particular friend, died before his tragedy of Coriolanus could be brought upon the stage. The tragedy was, however, acted immediately after the death of the author, for the benefit of his relations; and to increase its effectiveness, Lyttelton wrote the following prologue, which was delivered by Quin, one of the most celebrated tragic actors of the day.

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS.

I come not here your candour to implore
For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confined,
No sect—alike it flowed to all mankind.
He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here—
He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.
O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain!
O sympathizing love of others' bliss—
Where will you find another breast like his!
Such was the man: the poet well you know;
Oft has he touched your hearts with tender woe;
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach from Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
O may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to those whom most on earth he loved,
From whom his pious care is now removed,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shared all his little fortune could impart:
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive,
That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

When Quin spoke the lines—

He loved his friends—forgive the gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here—

many of the audience wept audibly.

Lyttelton's most important works are *The Conversion of St. Paul*, and the *History of the Reign of Henry II.* The former is a short but excellent treatise, and is still regarded as one of the most subsidiary bulwarks of Christianity; and the latter abounds with information, and is written in a spirit of justice and impartiality. These valuable works, and his patronage of literary men, constitute the chief claim of Lord Lyttelton upon the regard of posterity.

Lecture the Forty-Fifth.

THOMAS REID—ROBERT LOWTH—HUGH FARMER—HUGH BLAIR—GEORGE CAMPBELL—RICHARD HURD—RICHARD PRICE—ADAM SMITH—WILLIAM HARRIS—GEORGE HORNE—JOSEPH PRIESTLEY—SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

FROM the historians who occupied our attention during the last lecture, we pass to their remaining contemporaries in other departments of literature. Of these the first that we shall notice are Reid, Lowth, Farmer, Blair, Campbell, and Hurd.

THOMAS REID was the son of the Rev. Lewis Reid, and was born at Strachan, in Kincardinshire, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1710. He commenced his studies at the parish school of Kincardine, and thence passed, in his twelfth year, to Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he took his master's degree, and afterwards studied theology. For some time after he had completed his theological studies, Reid devoted himself to mathematics; and such was his proficiency in this department of learning, that he often, in the absence of the professor, supplied his place. Being now ordained, he obtained the living of New Machar, in Aberdeenshire; but in 1752, he relinquished this situation for the professorship of moral philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen. While at Aberdeen he so greatly distinguished himself, that the degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him, and his name became familiar to the literary circles throughout his native country. In 1763, he relinquished his professorship at Aberdeen, for the same chair in the university of Glasgow, and there remained until his death, which occurred on the seventh of October, 1796.

In 1764, Dr. Reid published his *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, as a designed attack on the ideal theory, and on the skeptical conclusions which Hume deduced from it. The author had the candor to submit the work in manuscript to Hume, and the latter, with his usual complacency and good nature, acknowledged the merit of the treatise. In 1785, Reid published his *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man*, and three years after, those on the *Active Powers*.

The merit of Dr. Reid, as a correct reasoner and original thinker on moral science, free from the jargon of the schools, and basing his speculations on inductive reasoning, has been generally admitted. The ideal theory which he combatted, taught that 'nothing is perceived but what is in the mind which perceives it; that we really do not perceive things that are external, but only certain images and pictures of them imprinted upon the mind, which are called impressions and ideas.' This doctrine he had himself believed, till, finding it led to important consequences, he asked himself the question, 'What evidence have I for this doctrine, that all the objects of my knowledge are ideas in my own mind?' He set about an inquiry, but could find no evidence for the principle, he says, excepting the authority of philosophers. Dugald Stewart says of Reid, that it is by the logical rigor of his method of investigating metaphysical subjects, still more than by the importance of his particular conclusions, that he stands so conspicuously distinguished among those who have hitherto prosecuted, analytically, the study of man.

In the dedication of his 'Inquiry,' Reid incidentally makes a definition which strikes us as very happy :—'The productions of imagination,' he says, 'require a genius which soars above the commonly buried deep, and may be reached by those drudges who can dig with labor and patience, though they have not wings to fly.'

ROBERT LOWTH was the second son of Dr. William Lowth, noticed in the previous period, and was born at Buriton, in Hampshire, on the eighth of December, 1710. He was educated at Winchester school, and thence passed to New College, Oxford, where his ardent mind and devotion to study soon raised him to distinction. On leaving the university he entered into orders, and, in 1741, was made Hebrew professor of poetry, and in that capacity delivered the admirable course of lectures which he afterwards published under the title of *Prelections on Hebrew Poetry.* The reputation which he thus acquired recommended him to the Duke of Devonshire, who appointed him tutor to his son, the marquis of Harlington, and in company with this nobleman he made the tour of the continent of Europe. In 1750, he was appointed, by Bishop Hoadly, archdeacon of Winchester, and in 1755, when his old pupil was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lowth accompanied him thither as his chaplain.

Dr. Lowth had been but a short time in Ireland before he obtained the bishopric of Limerick, which, however, he soon after exchanged for a prebend of Durham. In 1758, appeared his *Life of William Wykeham*, which greatly enhanced his already exalted reputation. In 1766, he was made bishop of St. Davids, and two months afterwards was translated to the see of Oxford, where he remained until 1777, when he was preferred to that of London. Soon after his settlement over the see of London he published his most celebrated work, a *Translation of Isaiah.* In this great performance the spirit of eastern poetry is rendered with fidelity, elegance, and even sublimity; and the work is an inestimable contribution to biblical criticism and learning, as well as to the exalted strains of the divine muse.

In 1783, on the death of the primate, Lord Cornwallis, Bishop Lowth was offered the archbishopric of Canterbury; but this exalted position, the infirm state of his health compelled him to decline. Domestic afflictions now rapidly succeeded each other, and under their oppressive weight this truly venerable prelate sunk into his grave, on the third of November, 1787.

While tutor to the Marquis of Harlington, Dr. Lowth composed a *Short Introduction to English Grammar*, which is universally esteemed, and has served as the source whence almost all succeeding writers, on the same subject, have drawn their materials.

Hugh Farmer, a distinguished dissenting clergyman of this period, was born 1714. He early entered the school of Dr. Doddridge; and after he had completed his preparation for the ministry, he settled at Waltham, where he remained until his death, which occurred on the fifth of February, 1787, in his seventy-fourth year.

In 1771, Farmer published his *Dissertation on Miracles*, a work of close reasoning and profound thought, and which still maintains its place as one of the bulwarks of revealed religion. He was also the author of several productions, of which the principal are, a treatise on the *Worship of Human Spirits among the Heathen*, *Christ's Temptation*, and an *Essay on Demoniacs.* It is on his 'Dissertation,' however, that his reputation mainly rests; as his other works, though written with much talent, are not pervaded with the same extent of interest.

Hugh Blair, one of the most popular and influential of the Scottish clergy of this period, was born in the city of Edinburgh, in 1718. He received his education at the university of his native place, where, in 1736, he took his master's degree, and after preparing for the ministry, settled over a country church in Fifeshire. His pulpit eloquence soon attracted public attention, so that he was induced to leave his country charge, and was successively preferred to the Canongate, Lady Yester's, and the High Church in Edinburgh; and upon the last preferment, in 1758, he received, from the sister university of St. Andrews, the degree of doctor of divinity.

In 1759, Dr. Blair commenced a course of lectures on *Rhetoric and Belle Lettres*, which greatly extended his reputation; and four years after he published his *Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, a production evincing both taste and learning, and, according to Lord Kames, 'a precious morsel of criticism.' In 1777, appeared the first volume of his *Sermons*, which was so well received that the author soon after published three other volumes, and a fifth which he had prepared, was printed after his death. In 1783, Blair, having meantime carefully revised his 'Lectures on Rhetoric and Belle Lettres' gave them to the public; and such was the height to which this publication raised his reputation, that the king bestowed upon their author an annual pension of two hundred pounds. The latter part of his life was passed in infirm health, and he died on the twenty-seventh of December, 1800, in his eighty-third year.

Of all Dr. Blair's productions, his *Rhetorical Lectures* enjoy the most wide-spread reputation. Though somewhat hard and dry in style and manner, these lectures still form a useful guide to the young student. The arrangement might be improved; but the work itself contains abundance of examples in every department of literary composition, and has also detailed criticisms on numerous authors, both ancient and modern. His 'Sermons,' however, are the most valuable of his works. They are written with taste and elegance, and by inculcating Christian morality without any allusion to controversial topics, are suited to all classes of Christians. In profound thought, close reasoning, impassioned eloquence, and devotional ardor, they are, however, inferior to the posthumous sermons of Logan, the poet. In private life Dr. Blair was cheerful and polite, the friend of literature as well as of virtue.

The following extract is from his introductory lecture on Rhetoric, and is a fair specimen of his style:—

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

Such studies have this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry or abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science, and while they keep the mind bent in some degree and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition or the investigation of abstract truths.

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere can not be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions can not always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the most violent and fierce emotions.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and virtue is the same, or that they may always be expected to coexist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions the interior regions of the heart. At the same time, this can not but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

George Campbell, the greatest name, with the single exception of Dr. Robertson, the historian, that the Scottish church can number amongst its clergy, was born at Aberdeen, in 1719. He was educated in the university of his native city, and afterwards became professor of divinity, and then principal of Marischal College, connected with the same institution. In the midst of the laborious duties which his professional position imposed upon him, he passed a long and useful life, and died, in 1796, deeply regretted by all who personally knew him.

Dr. Campbell, as a theologian and critic, possessed a vigor of intellect and a variety of learning, rarely found combined in the same individual. His *Dissertation on Miracles*, written in reply to Hume, is so conclusive and masterly a piece of reasoning, that even Hume himself admitted the 'ingenuity' of the work, and the 'great learning' of the author. The well-known hypothesis of Hume is, that 'no testimony for any kind of miracle can ever amount to a probability, much less to proof.' To this Dr. Campbell opposed the argument that 'testimony has a natural and original influence on belief, antecedent to experience;' in illustration of which, he remarked, 'that the earliest assent which is given to testimony by children, and which is previous to all experience, is in fact the most unlimited.' His answer is divided into two parts: first, that miracles are capable of proof from testimony, and religious miracles not less than others; and secondly, that the miracles on which the belief of Christianity is founded, are sufficiently attested. Campbell had no fear for the result of such discussions, and hence he proceeds in the following strain:—

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* These polished arts have humanized mankind,
Softened the rude, and calmed the boisterous mind.

> I do not hesitate to affirm that our religion has been indebted to the *attempts*, though not to the *intentions*, of its bitterest enemies. They have tried its strength, indeed, and by trying, they have displayed its strength; and that in so clear a light as we could never have hoped, without such a trial, to have viewed it in. Let them, therefore, write; let them argue, and when arguments fail, even let them cavil against religion as much as they please; I should be heartily sorry that ever in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood (however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts) than in any other part of the Christian world; I should, I say, be sorry that in this island so great a disservice were done to religion as to check its adversaries in any way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must at the same time acknowledge, that I am both ashamed and grieved when I observe my friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodness of their cause (for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed), as to show an inclination for recurring to more forcible methods. The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophesy, will never overturn our religion. They will prove not more hurtful to the Christian system, if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest, than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time, and loudly threaten its subversion; whilst, in effect, they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the firmer ever after.

In 1776, Dr. Campbell published his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, which is, perhaps, the best work on that subject that has appeared since the days of Aristotle. Most of the other treatises of this kind, are little less than compilations; but Campbell brought to the subject a high degree of philosophical acumen and learned research. Its utility is also equal to its depth and originality: the philosopher finds in it exercise for his ingenuity, and the student may safely consult it for its practical suggestions and illustrations. The work, however, is *too philosophical* for a text book, and hence its want of general popularity. Campbell's other works are, a *Translation of the Four Gospels*, worthy of his talents, some sermons preached on public occasions, and a series of *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*, which were not published till after his death.

A manly and independent spirit, and a firm reliance on the ultimate triumph of truth, characterized Dr. Campbell's entire career; and hence he opposed the penal laws against the Catholics, and, in 1779, when the country was agitated with that intolerant zeal against Popery, which, in the following year, burst out in riots in London, he issued an *Address to the People of Scotland*, remarkable for its cogency of argument, and its just and enlightened sentiments. For this service to true religion and toleration, the mob of Aberdeen broke the author's windows and nicknamed him 'Pope Campbell.' In 1795, when far advanced in life, Dr. Campbell received a pension of three hundred pounds from the crown, on which he resigned his professorship, and his situation as principal of Marischal College. He enjoyed this well-earned reward, however, only one year, dying, as we have already observed, in the year that followed.

Richard Hurd, a clergyman of taste and learning, was born in 1720, and educated at the university of Cambridge. He early became distinguished for his literary attainments, and having entered the church, advanced rapidly through its various preferments until he reached the bishopric of Worcester, in the enjoyment of which he died, in 1808, in his eighty-ninth year.

Dr. Hurd was a man of modesty, and true piety; and though the personal friend and disciple of Bishop Warburton, he was of an entirely different character. He was so far from being influenced by motives of ambition in the attainment of ecclesiastical dignities, that he even declined the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, when tendered to him by the king. His principal work is an *Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies*, being the substance of twelve discourses delivered at Cambridge. Bishop Hurd was the author also of a commentary on Horace, and the editor of the works of Cowley.

Richard Price, an able dissenting minister, was born in Glamorganshire, in 1723. He was educated for the clerical office among the dissenters, and began early to preach, first at Newington, in Middlesex, but afterwards settled at Hackney. His eminent talents attracting much attention, he was elected, in 1764, a member of the royal society, and soon after obtained the degree of doctor of divinity from a Scottish university, and that of doctor of laws from Yale College, in Connecticut. He died on the nineteenth of March, 1791, just before he had attained the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Dr. Price published, in 1758, *A Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals*, which attracted attention as 'an attempt to revive the intellectual theory of moral obligation, which seemed to have fallen under the attacks of Butler, Hutcheson, and Hume.' Price, after Cudworth, supports the doctrine, that moral distinctions being perceived by reason, or the understanding, are equally immutable with all other kinds of truth. On the other side, it is argued that reason is but a principle of our mental frame, like the principle which is the source of moral emotion, and has not peculiar claim to remain unaltered in the supposed general alteration of our mental constitution. Soon after the appearance of his important work on 'Morals,' the author published three other useful treatises on the following subjects: *Providence and Prayer*, *The Evidences of a Future State*, and *The Importance of Christianity.*

Though a devoted and successful preacher, Dr. Price found time to give much attention to the political questions of the day; and was an able writer on finance, and political economy. In 1772, he published an *Appeal to the Public on the National Debt*, and in 1776, during the party disputes which attended the beginning of the American war, appeared his famous *Observations on the Nature of Civil Government.* As preacher at the meeting-house in the Old Jewry, he delivered, in 1789, a discourse *On the Love of our Country*, in which he enlarged on the French Revolution with party prejudices, and with democratic zeal, and asserted the right of the people to cancel their obligations of obedience to their rulers for misconduct. These allusions to the fate of the French monarch were attacked by Burke, in his 'Reflections on the French Revolution' with great severity. It must, however, be confessed, that, as a political writer, Price carried his ideas of equality and liberty much farther than the vices and passions of men will, with safety, allow.

ADAM SMITH, born at Kirkaldy, in Fifeshire, on the fifth of June, 1723, succeeded Dr. Hutcheson, after an interval of a few years, as professor of moral philosophy in the university of Glasgow; and not only inherited his love of metaphysics, but adopted some of his theories, which he blended with his own peculiar views. His father held the situation of comptroller of the customs, but died before the birth of his son. After receiving instruction at Kirkaldy he was sent to Glasgow university, where he distinguished himself by his acquirements, and obtained a nomination to Baliol College, Oxford, at which he continued to prosecute his studies with great ardor for seven years. Having returned to Scotland, he gave, in 1751, a course of lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, which recommended him to the vacant chair of professor of logic in Glasgow, and this situation he, the next year, exchanged for the more congenial one of moral science.

In 1759, Dr. Smith published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and in 1764, he was prevailed upon to vacate the professor's chair, and accompany the young Duke of Buccleuch, as travelling tutor, on the continent. They were absent two years, during which they visited many parts of France and Italy, and on Smith's return to Scotland he retired to his ancestral house at Kirkaldy, and there pursued a severe system of study, which resulted in the publication, in 1776, of his great work on political economy, entitled *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.* Two years after his 'Inquiry' appeared, he was made one of the commissioners of customs, and his latter days were spent in ease and opulence. He died in July, 1790, and after his death some essays and other miscellanies that he had not ordered to be destroyed, were published, which but too plainly indicated that his great intellectual qualities were disgraced by notions of infidelity.

Dr. Smith's philosophical doctrines are vastly inferior, in value, to the language and illustrations he employs in enforcing them. He has been styled the most eloquent of modern moralists; and his 'Theory' is embellished with such a variety of examples, with such true pictures of the passions, and of life and manners, that it may be read with pleasure and advantage by those who, like the poet Gray, 'can not see in the darkness of metaphysics.' His leading doctrine, that sympathy must necessarily precede our moral approbation or disapprobation, has been generally abandoned. 'To derive our moral sentiments,' says Dr. Brown, 'which are as universal as the actions of mankind that come under our review, from the occasional sympathies that warm or sadden us with joys, and griefs, and resentments which are not our own, seems to me very nearly the same sort of error as it would be to derive the waters of an overflowing stream from the sunshine or shade which may occasionally gleam over it.' As a specimen of the flowing style and moral illustrations of Dr. Smith, we give the following extract:—

THE RESULTS OF MISDIRECTED AND GUILTY AMBITION.

To attain to this envied situation, the candidates for fortune too frequently abandon the paths of virtue; for unhappily, the road which leads to the one, and that which leads to the other, lie sometimes in very opposite directions. But the ambitious man flatters himself that, in the splendid situation to which he advances, he will have so many means of commanding the respect and admiration of mankind, and will be enabled to act with such superior propriety and grace, that the lustre of his future conduct will entirely cover or efface the foulness of the steps by which he arrived at that elevation. In many governments the candidates for the highest stations are above the law, and if they can attain the object of their ambition, they have no fear of being called to account for the means by which they acquired it. They often endeavour, therefore, not only by fraud and falsehood, the ordinary and vulgar arts of intrigue and cabal, but sometimes by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes, by murder and assassination, by rebellion and civil war, to supplant and destroy those who oppose or stand in the way of their greatness. They more frequently miscarry than succeed, and commonly gain nothing but the disgraceful punishment which is due to their crimes. But though they should be so lucky as to attain that wished-for greatness, they are always most miserably disappointed in the happiness which they expect to enjoy in it. It is not ease or pleasure, but always honour, of one kind or another, though frequently an honour very ill understood, that the ambitious man really pursues. But the honour of his exalted station appears, both in his own eyes and in those of other people, polluted and defiled by the baseness of the means through which he rose to it. Though by the profusion of every liberal expense, though by excessive indulgence in every profligate pleasure—the wretched but usual resource of ruined characters; though by the hurry of public business or by the prouder and more dazzling tumult of war he may endeavour to efface, both from his own memory and from that of other people, the remembrance of what he has done, that remembrance never fails to pursue him. He invokes in vain the dark and dismal powers of forgetfulness and oblivion. He remembers himself what he has done, and that remembrance tells him that other people must likewise remember it. Amidst all the gaudy pomp of the most ostentatious greatness, amidst the venal and vile adulation of the great and of the learned, amidst the more innocent though more foolish acclamations of the common people, amidst all the pride of conquest and the triumph of successful war, he is still secretly pursued by the avenging furies of shame and remorse; and while glory seems to surround him on all sides, he himself, in his own imagination, sees black and foul infamy fast pursuing him, and every moment ready to overtake him from behind. Even the great Cæsar, though he had the magnanimity to dismiss his guards, could not dismiss his suspicions. The remembrance of Pharsalia still haunted and pursued him. When, at the request of the senate, he had the generosity to pardon Marcellus, he told that assembly that he was not unaware of the designs which were carrying on against his life; but that, as he had lived long enough both for nature and for glory, he was contented to die, and therefore despised all conspiracies. He had, perhaps, lived long enough for nature; but the man who felt himself the object of such deadly resentment, from those whose favour he wished to gain, and whom he still wished to consider as his friends, had certainly lived too long for real glory, or for all the happiness which he could ever hope to enjoy in the love and esteem of his equals.

William Harris, a dissenting divine of eminence, was born in Devonshire, in 1720. He became, by his own personal efforts, a very able scholar, and was honored, in 1765, by the university of Glasgow, with the degree of doctor of divinity. His death occurred at Honiton, where he had long resided, on the fourth of February, 1770, before he had reached his fiftieth year.

Dr. Harris published *Historical Memoirs* of James the First, Charles the First, Oliver Cromwell, and Charles the Second; he prepared the materials for an account of James the Second also, but did not live to complete the task. These works are written in imitation of the manner of Bale, the text being subordinate to the notes and illustrations. An entire page will very frequently contain only a single line of the memoir, the rest being wholly notes. As depositories of original papers, these memoirs are highly valuable; but the original part, is trifling in extent, and written with little merit and no pretension.

With Bishop Horne, Dr. Priestley, and Sir William Blackstone, we shall close our present remarks.

George Horne, the celebrated author of the *Commentary on the Book of Psalms*, was born at Otham, near Maidstone, where his father was rector, on the first of November, 1730. He was educated at Magdalen College, and was afterwards chosen one of its fellows. At college he devoted himself with unusual attention to the Hebrew language, and to sacred literature; and by warmly embracing the philosophical principles of Hutcheson, which he regarded as deducible from the truths of Scripture, he laid the foundation for much controversy and metaphysical disputation. In 1753, he took orders, and soon distinguished himself as an able and eloquent preacher. In 1768, he was elected president of his college, and made chaplain to the king; and in 1776, became vice-chancellor of the university, the duties of which office he supported with great dignity, for years. In 1781, he was made dean of Canterbury, by Lord North, and eight years afterwards succeeded Bagot, in the see of Norwich. His elevation, unhappily for the church and for posterity, was of short duration. His health had been, for some time, gradually declining, and a paralytic stroke while on a journey to Bath, gave such a shock to his constitution that he never recovered: he died soon after, on the seventeenth of January, 1792, aged sixty-two years.

Though censured by some writers for his philosophical principles, still Bishop Horne must ever hold a high rank as a good scholar, an able divine, a most benevolent and amiable man, and above all, a sincere, devoted, and exemplary Christian. The spirit which breathes through the following short sentence in the introduction to the 'Commentary on the Book of Psalms' is found to pervade the whole of that important work, and is, though brief, an appropriate specimen of the author's style and thought:—

> The Psalms of David present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truth which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal. He who has once tasted their excellencies will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

This great work, uniting the most extensive erudition with the deepest piety, was first published in 1776, and is still a text-book with theological students and divines. Bishop Horne was the author of many other important works besides his 'Commentary;' among which are *Christ and the Holy Ghost Supporters of the Spiritual Life; Considerations on the Projected Reformation of the Church of England; Considerations of the Life and Death of St. John the Baptist*, in a series of sermons preached annually at Magdalen College; and *Letters on Infidelity*. These productions are all marked by the same ease, elegance, and fervor of style, which characterize the great performance on which this author's reputation mainly rests.

Dr. Priestley, a celebrated philosopher and dissenting divine, forms a remarkable contrast with the illustrious prelate just noticed. Restless in spirit, and unstable in his religious principles, he attempted, for singularity's sake, innovations in government and religion; but signally failed in both. Had he confined his attention merely to his philosophical pursuits, his name would have descended to posterity with the greatest lustre.

Joseph Priestley was born at Fieldhead, Yorkshire, in 1733. Being early designed for the ministry among the dissenters, he was placed, with a view to preparation, at Daventry, under the care of Dr. Ashworth; and having closed his studies, he first took charge of a congregation at Needham market, in Suffolk. Thence, however, he soon removed to Nantwich in Cheshire, and in 1761, became professor of Belle Lettres in the Warrington academy. He continued his connection with the academy seven years, and at the expiration of that time removed to Leeds; but two years afterwards accepted the office of librarian and philosophical companion to the Earl of Shelbourne. In this retreat Priestley devoted himself laboriously to metaphysical and theological studies; and when he at length, in 1780, separated from his noble patron, he retired, on an annual pension of one hundred and fifty pounds, and soon after settled at Birmingham as pastor of a Unitarian congregation. At the period of the French Revolution, in 1791, a mob of brutal loyalists set fire to his house, and destroyed his library, apparatus, and specimens. In consequence of this outrage he left Birmingham, and after passing a year or two in London, emigrated, in 1794, to America, and finally settled at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania. Here he continued to prosecute his studies in science and theology, until his death, which occurred in 1804.

The works of Dr. Priestley were very numerous, and were generally written with much spirit and energy. In 1775, he published an examination of the ethical principles of Dr. Reid and others, designed as a refutation of the doctrine of common sense, said to be employed as a test of truth by the Scottish metaphysicians. In 1777, he published a series of disquisitions on *Matter and Spirit*, in which he openly supported the material system; and also wrote immediately after in favor of another unpopular doctrine—that of necessity. These works excited so much opposition, that he found it necessary to write a pamphlet annually in their defence. As a chemist Priestley stood, in his day, unrivalled; and his *History of Discoveries relative to Light and Colors*, and his *History of Electricity*, are still useful works. As an experimental philosopher also, he stands in the first class; but as a metaphysician, or ethical writer, he holds a subordinate rank.

As a man, Dr. Priestley was of intrepid spirit and untiring industry. One of the critics in the Edinburgh Review draws from his writings a lively picture of 'that indefatigable activity, that bigoted vanity, that precipitation, cheerfulness, and sincerity, which made up the character of this restless philosopher.' Robert Hall, whose feelings as a dissenter, and an enemy to all religious intolerance and persecution, were enlisted on the side of Priestley, has thus eulogized him in one of his most eloquent sentences:—'The religious sentiments of Dr. Priestley appear to me erroneous in the extreme; but I should be sorry to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admiration of genius. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of science, will be the admiration of that period, when the greater part of those who have favored, or those who have opposed him, will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they can not hide.'

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE was the son of a silk mercer, and was born in London, in 1723. After having passed several years at the Charter House school, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, where he completed his studies and took his first degree, in 1741. Having chosen the profession of the law, and entered the Middle Temple as a student, he took a formal leave of poetry, which he had, in youth, successfully cultivated, in the following natural and pleasing verses, published in Dodsley's Miscellany :—

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go: nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome we were wont to rove,
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees with humming voice,
Around the honied oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields, and torn from you—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry and Riot bold,
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drowned,
Fell murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you;
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!
Shakspeare, no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,

Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.
There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doomed to fix his seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired
Like eastern queen, is more admired.
Oh let me pierce the secret shade,
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age;
Where mixed, yet uniform, appears,
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe,
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour and my conscience clear.
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

From some critical notes on Shakspeare, by Blackstone, published by Stevens, it would appear that, though he had forsaken the poetic muse, he still 'loved to live in the suburbs of her graces.'

While he was prosecuting his legal studies, Blackstone kept up his connection with the university, and, in 1743, was elected to a fellowship in All Soul's College. In 1746, he was called to the bar, but remained in comparative obscurity, until 1753, when he began to deliver, at Oxford, his lectures on the English laws, which were published in 1765, and the four following years, under the title of *Commentaries on the Laws of England.* These 'Commentaries' exhibit a logical and comprehensive mind, and a correct taste in composition. They formed the first attempt to popularize legal knowledge, and were eminently successful. Their author has been charged with leaning too much to the side of prerogative, and abiding rather by precedents than by sense and justice; yet in the House of Commons, when he was once advocating what was considered servile obedience, he was answered from his own book!

From the period of the publication of his great work, Blackstone rapidly rose in his profession, to rank and fame. In 1770, he was knighted by the king, and offered the place of solicitor-general; but declining that office, he was made a judge of the king's bench, whence he was soon after transferred to the common pleas. His death occurred in 1780, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

The 'Commentaries' of Sir William Blackstone is a work of such rare excellence as not to have been superseded by any subsequent production of the same kind. As a specimen of the author's style we offer the following passage :—

ON THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man 'dominion over all the earth, and over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock to his own use such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might, perhaps, still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primeval simplicity, as may be collected from the manners of many American nations, when first discovered by the Europeans; and from the ancient method of living among the first Europeans themselves, if we may credit either the memorials of them preserved in the golden age of the poets, or the uniform accounts given by historians of those times wherein *erant omnia communia et indivisa omnibus, veluti unum cunctis patrimonium esset.* Not that this communion of good seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest ages, to aught but the substance of the thing, nor could be extended to the use of it. For, by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it acquired therein a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer; or, to speak with greater precision, the right of possession continued for the same time only that the act of possession lasted. Thus the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular; yet, whoever was in the occupation of any determinate spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time a sort of ownership, from which it would have been unjust, and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the instant that he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus also a vine or other tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit, which he had gathered for his own repast, a doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is for the time his own.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of more permanent dominion; and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate use only, but the very substance of the thing to be used. Otherwise, innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life also grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable, as habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only a usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession; if, as soon as he walked out of his tent, or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came would have a right to inhabit the one, and to wear the other. In the case of habitation, in particular, it was natural to observe, that even the brute creation, to whom every thing else was in common, maintain a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the field had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and would sacrifice their lives to preserve them. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestall, which seems to have been originally mere temporary huts or movable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established. And there can be no doubt but that movables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent, substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupance, which might be continued for months together, without any sensible interruption, and at length by usage ripen into an established right; but principally because few of them could be fit for use, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labour of the occupant; which bodily labour, bestowed upon any subject which before lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous product of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and sequacious nature; and to establish a permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young. The support of these their cattle made the article of water also a very important point. And therefore the book of Genesis (the most venerable monument of antiquity, considered merely with a view to history) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells, the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in such places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus we find Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for his security, 'because he had digged that well.' And Isaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property; and after much contention with the Philistines was suffered to enjoy it in peace.

All this while the soil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant; except, perhaps, in the neighbourhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property in lands [for the sake of agriculture] was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon and occupy such other lands as would more easily supply their necessities. This practice is still retained among the wild and uncultivated nations that have never been formed into civil states, like the Tartars and others in the East, where the climate itself, and the boundless extent of their territory, conspires to retain them still in the same savage state of vagrant liberty which was universal in the earliest ages, and which Tacitus informs us continued among the Germans till the decline of the Roman empire. We have also a striking example of the same kind in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot. When their joint substance became so great, that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants, so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention Abraham thus endeavoured to compose:—'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then will I go to the left.' This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not pre-occupied by other tribes. 'And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east, and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan.'

Upon the same principle was founded the right of migration, or sending colonies to find out new habitations, when the mother-country was overcharged with inhabitants; which was practiced as well by the Phœnicians and Greeks, as the Germans, Scythians, and other northern people. And so long as it was confined to the stocking and cultivation of desert, uninhabited countries, it kept strictly within the limits of the law of nature. But how far the seizing on countries already peopled, and driving out or massacring the innocent and defenceless natives, merely because they differed from their invaders in language, in religion, in customs, in government, or in colour; how far such a conduct was consonant to nature, to reason, or to Christianity, deserved well to be considered by those who have rendered their names immortal by thus civilizing mankind.

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spots, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous produce destroyed, without any provision for a future supply or succession. It therefore became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged, the art of agriculture, by a regular connection and consequence; introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil than had hitherto been received and adopted. It was clear that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities, without the assistance of tillage; but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labour? Had not, therefore, a separate property in lands, as movables, been invested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey; which, according to some philosophers, is the genuine state of nature. Whereas now (so graciously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together), the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational faculties, as well as of exerting its natural. Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants—states, governments, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labour, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

The only question remaining is, how this property became actually invested; or what it is that gave a man an exclusive right to retain in a permanent manner that specific land which before belonged generally to every body, but particularly to nobody? And as we before observed, that occupancy gave the right to the temporary use of the soil, so it is agreed upon all hands that occupancy gave also the original right to the permanent property in the substance of the earth itself, which excludes every one else but the owner from the use of it. There is, indeed, some difference among the writers on natural law concerning the reason why occupancy should convey this right, and invest one with this absolute property; Grotius and Puffendorf insisting that this right of occupancy is founded upon a tacit and implied assent of all mankind, that the first occupant should become the owner; and Barbeyrac, Titius, Mr. Locke, and others, holding that there is no such implied assent, neither is it necessary that there should be; for that the very act of occupancy alone being a degree of bodily labour, is, from a principle of natural justice, without any consent or compact, sufficient of itself to gain a title, a dispute that savours too much of nice and scholastic refinement! However, both sides agree in this, that occupancy is the thing by which the title was in fact originally gained; every man seizing to his own continued use such spots of ground as he found most agreeable to his own convenience, provided he found them unoccupied by any one else.

Lecture the Forty-Sixth.

SAMUEL JOHNSON—JAMES HARRIS—WILLIAM MELMOTH—JAMES BURNET—JOHN HAWKESWORTH—EARL OF CHATHAM—EDMUND BURKE—LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

OF all the writers of the present period, none, perhaps, exerted so great an influence on the public mind, as Dr. Samuel Johnson. In massive force of understanding, variety of knowledge, sagacity, and moral intrepidity, he has rarely been equalled. His various works, with their sententious morality and sonorous periods, his manly character, and noble appearance, his great virtues and strong prejudices, his early and severe struggles, his love of argument and society, into which he poured the treasures of his rich and well-stored mind, his rough manners and his kind heart, have all been brought so vividly before us by his biographer, Boswell, that to most readers the great lexicographer is almost as well known as the members of their own family. 'His heavy form seems still to haunt Fleet-street and the Strand, and he has stamped his memory on the remote Hebrides.'

In literature, Dr. Johnson's influence has been scarcely less extensive. No prose writer of that day escaped the contagion of his peculiar style. He banished, for a long time, the naked simplicity of Swift, and the idiomatic graces of Addison; he depressed the literature and poetry of imagination, while he elevated that of the understanding; he based criticism on strong sense and solid judgment, not on scholastic subtleties and refinement; and though some of the higher qualities and attributes of genius eluded his grasp and observation, the withering scorn and invective with which he assailed all affected sentimentalism, immorality, and licentiousness, introduced a pure, healthful, and invigorating atmosphere into the crowded walks of literature. As an author, Dr. Johnson's course was singularly pure, high-minded, and independent. At every step in his progress, his passport was talent and virtue; and when munificence was at length extended to him, it was but a ratification by the sovereign of the wishes and opinions entertained by the best and wisest of the English nation.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was the son of a bookseller, and was born at Lichfield, on the seventh of September, 1709. When eight years old, he was placed at the free-school in Lichfield, where he remained until he was sixteen; and though he was not remarkable for diligence or application, yet his tenacious memory made whatever he read its own. From the school at Lichfield he went to an academy at Stonebridge, in Worcestershire, where he remained two years, and there passed through the rudiments of classical learning, after which he returned to his father's house, and almost immediately became tutor to a young gentleman fitting for the university. In 1728, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford; and he had been in the university but a short time, before he began to exhibit, in his ordinary exercises, that depth of thought and strength of diction for which, in mature age, he was so remarkable. One of these exercises was a translation of Pope's Messiah into Latin verse, and so finished was this performance, that when it was handed to Pope for his examination, the great poet remarked that posterity would doubt which poem was the original.

While Johnson was in the university, his father unfortunately became insolvent; and the young student, after struggling some time with poverty, finally, in 1731, left his college without a degree, and, with no settled plan of life, returned to Lichfield. For a few years he found occasional employment, sometimes as an usher in a neighboring school, and at others, as a translator for a bookseller. In 1736, he married a widow lady much older than himself; and as he obtained with her eight hundred pounds, he resolved to open a boarding-school for young gentlemen. With this view he fitted up a house at Edial, near Lichfield, for the reception of pupils; but for the schoolmaster's calling he soon discovered that his natural disposition utterly disqualified him. Though his scholarship was ample, he had neither patience to bear with the dullness and waywardness of youth, nor kind and urbane manners to win their love and respect; and it is no wonder, therefore, that he quitted the teacher's avocation in disgust. Having relinquished his school, he resolved to leave the country and seek his fortune in London. Accordingly, accompanied by David Garrick, one of his former pupils, he set out in March, 1737, for the metropolis; and perhaps two such candidates for future fame never before that day entered London together.

In London Johnson became acquainted with Cave, the publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine, and entered, at once, into his employment. His first publication in that work was a Latin alcaic ode, which appeared in March, 1738; and such was its reception with the public, that the author was encouraged to expect permanent and lucrative employment upon the magazine. He now visited Lichfield, and on his return his wife accompanied him. From that period, till 1744, he was laboriously employed in the service of the periodical, and in writing the parliamentary debates, valuable, not as the effusions of orators, but as the bold compositions of a man of genius on such subjects as were supposed to engage the attention of the English legislators of the day. He had, as early as 1738, published his

London, a poem in imitation of Juvenal's third satire, which passed to a second edition in one week, and of which Pope said, 'Whoever the author may be, he will not long remain unknown.'

In 1744, Johnson's *Life of Savage* appeared, and at once won universal approbation. This is conceded to be one of the finest pieces of biography ever written, exhibiting, in elegant and pathetic language, the sufferings and poverty of a friend, whose calamities the author himself had shared and bewailed. In 1747, he began his *Dictionary of the English language*, and published it, in two folio volumes, in 1755. This was, at the time of its appearance, a very valuable practical work; not indeed remarkable for philological research, but for its happy and luminous definitions, the result of great sagacity, precision of understanding, and clearness of expression. A few of the definitions betray the personal feelings and peculiarities of the author; but these should be regarded as mere specks on a very clear surface. As an illustration of Johnson's character, we here introduce his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield. That courtly nobleman had made great professions of friendship to the retired scholar, but afterwards, for some years, entirely neglected him. When the 'Dictionary' was on the eve of publication, Chesterfield, hoping the work might be dedicated to him, attempted to conciliate the author by writing two papers in a periodical called 'The World,' in recommendation of the work. The appearance of these papers drew, from Johnson, the following letter, which, as a keen and dignified expression of wounded pride and surly independence, is inimitable :—

February 7, 1755.

My Lord—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the 'World,' that two papers, in which my 'Dictionary' is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;* —that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the arts of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?

The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and can not enjoy it; till I am solitary, and can not impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,—Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

While Johnson was laboriously engaged on his 'Dictionary,' his tragedy of *Irene*, was, through the friendship of Garrick, brought upon the stage; but, notwithstanding the noble sentiments with which the play abounds, it was not adapted to public representation, and was therefore unsuccessful. The same year, 1749, that witnessed the production of 'Irene' on the stage, witnessed also the appearance of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, a poem in imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal. In this poem the author departs farther from the original, and takes wider views of human nature, society, and manners, than in his 'London.' His pictures of Wolsey, and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, have a strength and magnificence that would do honor to Dryden, while the historical and philosophic paintings are contrasted by reflections on the cares, vicissitudes, and sorrows of life, so profound, so true, and touching, that they may be justly denominated 'mottoes of the heart.' Sir Walter Scott has termed this poem 'a satire, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental.' Johnson was, perhaps, too prone to indulge in dark and melancholy views of human life; yet those who have experienced its disappointments and afflictions, must subscribe to the severe morality and pathos with which the contemplative poet

Expatiates free o'er all this scene of man.

From this fine satire we select the following passage as a fair sample of the whole poem:—

Grant that the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favourite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.

Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end.
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show. * *
Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind
And makes the happiness she does not find.

The other poetical productions of Johnson are short and occasional, and do not require any farther notice. But the beautiful Prologue which follows, and which was spoken by Garrick at the opening of Drury Lane, in 1747, must not be here omitted:—

PROLOGUE.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toiled after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding truth impressed,
And unresisted passion stormed the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach essayed the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
  The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days:
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regained the post that sense betrayed,
And virtue called oblivion to her aid.
  Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined
For years the power of Tragedy declined:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roared, whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread;
Philosophy remained, though nature fled,
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime and song confirmed her sway.
  But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new D'Urfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, (for who can guess the effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
  Hard is his lot, that, here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patron give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
  Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;

To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and solitary woe,
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance for the stage.

The poetry of Johnson, whatever may be its merit, forms but a very small portion of the history of his mind, or of his works. His great literary efforts were all made in prose, and these will ever remain a monument of his fame, as firm and as lasting as the language in which they are written. On the twentieth of March, 1750, he published the first number of a periodical paper, under the title of *The Rambler*, and continued to issue it semi-weekly until the fourteenth of March, 1752. It is a remarkable feature of this great undertaking, that during the whole period through which it passed, only four of the numbers were written by other authors. Johnson afterwards collected these essays, and before their publication in a permanent form, he revised and corrected them with great care. Their style is lofty and measured, and though somewhat turgid, abounds in the beautiful, and often attains even to the grand. His imagery is striking and original, and his inculcation of moral and religious duty, earnest and impressive. Goldsmith declared that a complete system of morals might be drawn from them. In 1758, he began the publication of *The Idler*, a periodical similar to the 'The Rambler,' and of the same duration. While engaged in conducting this work he lost his mother, and in order to be able to meet the expenses attending her funeral, he wrote, in the incredibly brief space of a week, *Rassalas*, his only novel. For this fiction a bookseller paid him a hundred pounds.

Johnson had, at this time, passed the fiftieth year of his age, and hitherto his great literary labors had barely afforded him a decent subsistence. But now the scene was changed. He received the honorary degree of doctor of laws, first from Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards from the university of Oxford; and, in 1762, the king settled an annual unconditional pension on him of three hundred pounds. In 1765, appeared his edition of Shakspeare; containing little, however, that is valuable in the way of annotation, but introduced by a masterly preface. In 1775, he published his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, and, in 1781, his *Lives of the Poets*. It was the felicity of this remarkable author to improve as he advanced in years, and to write best after he had passed that period of life when most men are incapable of intellectual exertion. The 'Lives of the Poets' have a freedom of style, a vigor of thought and a happiness of illustration, rarely attained even by their author. The plan of the work is defective, as the lives extend no farther back than Cowley, thus excluding all the previous poets from Chaucer downwards. Some feeble and worthless rhymesters also obtained niches in Johnson's gallery; but the most serious defect of the whole is the injustice done to some of our greatest masters of song, in consequence of the political or personal prejudices of the author. To Milton he is strikingly unjust, though his criticism, on 'Paradise Lost,' is able and profound. Gray, too, is treated with a coarseness and insensibility, derogatory only to the critic; and in general the higher order of imaginative poetry suffers under his ponderous hand. Its beauties were too airy and ethical for his grasp—too subtle for his feelings or understanding.

Soon after Dr. Johnson had completed his 'Lives of the Poets,' his health, from the united attacks of dropsy and asthma, began to decline; and during the progressive increase of his complaints he divided his time between acts of devotion and classical recreations. It is remarkable that a man whose pen had ever been employed in recommending piety, and all the offices of the purest morality, and whose conduct and example through life had uniformly exhibited the most perfect pattern of Christian virtues, should, at the approach of death, be filled with dreadful apprehensions concerning his future state. By degrees, however, the terrors which his imagination had created, disappeared; and he expired on the thirteenth of December, 1784, full of resignation, strong in faith, and in the joyful hope of a happy resurrection.

The following brief extracts will close our view of this great and interesting author:—

ON USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider that, though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions, may die without exercising his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and, therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits, or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy. By this descent from the pinnacles of art, no honour will be lost: for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declinations; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

ON REVENGE.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom and malice and perturbations of stratagem, can not surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity; a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity, nor the calm of innocence. Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance or negligence; we can not be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness. From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, 'that all pride is abject and mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants. Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice, or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; a habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they have never examined; and whose sentence is, therefore, of no weight, till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.'

A still finer specimen of Johnson's style is afforded in an essay on retirement from the world:—

'On him,' says the moralist, 'that appears to pass through things temporal with no other care than not to lose finally the things eternal, I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while vice is every day multiplying seducements and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practiced in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those embodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and, however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.'

PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy: he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his readers, and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of 'Thirty-eight,' of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. 'Almost every line,' he said, 'was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written over a second time.'

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the 'Iliad,' and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the 'Essay on Criticism' received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour.

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope. In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations, from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but

Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation, Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of his poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by some domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fires the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me, for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

REFLECTIONS ON LANDING AT IONA.

We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

James Harris, a learned and benevolent contemporary of Dr. Johnson, and a co-worker with him in the field of useful knowledge, was born at Salisbury, in 1709. From the grammar-school of his native place he entered Wadham College, Oxford, but left the university without taking a degree. Harris was a man of rank and fortune: he sat several years in parliament, and was successively a lord of the admiralty, and lord of the treasury. In 1774 he was made secretary and comptroller to the queen, a situation which he held till his death, December the twenty-third, 1780.

Though an eminent statesman, Harris still found time to devote much attention to literature. In 1744, he published treatises on art, on music and painting, and on happiness. These productions were, however, the mere forerunners of the celebrated work which he published in 1751, under the title of *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar.* The author's definitions may be considered, in some instances, arbitrary, and his rules complicated; but his profound knowledge of Greek literature, and his general learning, supplying numerous illustrations, enabled him to produce so curious and valuable a work on this intricate subject, that every writer on the history and philosophy of grammar, must now consult 'Hermes.' Unfortunately the study of the ancient dialects of the northern nations of Europe was, at that time, little attended to; and to this cause must be attributed some of his errors, and the imperfections of his plan. To the same circumstance must be attributed many of the erroneous etymological distinctions in Johnson's Dictionary.

WILLIAM MELMOTH, whose refined classical taste and learning enriched this period of English literature with a translation of Pliny's Letters, was born in 1710. Under the assumed name of Fitzosborne, Melmoth published a volume of *Letters on Literary and Moral Subjects*, remarkable for the elegance of their style. His translations, however, are the literary performances upon which his reputation chiefly rests. That of Pliny's Letters, Warton, a highly competent judge, pronounced to be one of the few translations that are better than the original. He also translated Cicero's Letters to several of his friends, and the treatises *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute*, to which he appended large and valuable annotations. These translations are still the best we have; and the style in which they are written, though sometimes feeble, from excess of polish and ornament, is generally correct, perspicuous, and highly musical in construction.

Melmoth died in 1799, in the ninetieth year of his age. He was an amiable, accomplished, and pious man, and his character shines forth in all his writings. From his 'Letters' we select the following extract:—

CONVERSATION.

It is with much pleasure I look back upon that philosophical week which I lately enjoyed at ———; as there is no part, perhaps, of social life which affords more real satisfaction than those hours which one passes in rational and unreserved conversation. The free communication of sentiments amongst a set of ingenious and speculative friends, such as those you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the most advantageous exercise, and shows the strength or weakness of its opinions, with greater force of conviction than any other method we can employ.

That 'it is not good for man to be alone,' is true in more views of our species than one; and society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our manners. The soul, when left entirely to her own solitary contemplations, is insensibly drawn by a sort of constitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the side of her inclinations. Hence it is that she contracts those peculiarities of reasoning, and little habits of thinking, which so often confirm her in the most fantastical errors; but nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this false bent than the counter-warmth of impartial debates. Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction. Accordingly, one may remark that most of those wild doctrines which have been let loose upon the world, have generally owed their birth to persons whose circumstances of disposition have given them the fewest opportunities of canvassing their respective systems in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypothesis discussed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the observations of Verro had never perhaps been made (or never, at least, with so much justice), that 'there is no opinion so absurd, but has some philosopher or other to produce in its support.'

Upon this principle I imagine it is that some of the finest pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue manner. Plato and Tully, it should seem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage than amidst the amicable opposition of well-regulated converse. It is probable, indeed, that subjects of a serious and philosophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman conversations than they are of ours; as the circumstances of the world had not yet given occasion to those prudential reasons which may now perhaps restrain a more free exchange of sentiments amongst us. There was something, likewise, in the very scenes themselves where they usually assembled, that almost unavoidably turned the stream of their conversations into this useful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the statues of the greatest masters of reason that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Aristotle stood in their view, it is no wonder their discourse fell upon those subjects which such animating representations would naturally suggest. It is probable, therefore, that many of those ancient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue manner were no imaginary conversations invented by their authors, but faithful transcripts from real life. And it is this circumstance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compositions which have been formed upon the same plan. I am sure, at least, I could scarcely name more than three or four of this kind which have appeared in our language worthy of notice. My Lord Shaftesbury's dialogue, entitled The Moralists, Mr. Addison's upon Ancient Coins, Mr. Spence's upon the Odyssey, together with those of my very ingenious friend, Philemon to Hydaspes, are almost the only productions in this way which have hitherto come forth amongst us with advantage. These, indeed, are all masterpieces of the kind, and written in the true spirit of learning and politeness. The conversation in each of these most elegant performances is conducted, not in the usual absurd method of introducing one disputant to be tamely silenced by the other, but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a just contrast of characters is preserved throughout, and where the several speakers support their respective sentiments with all the strength and spirit of a well-bred opposition.

James Burnet, afterwards Lord Monboddo, a man of real learning and talent, but a humorist in character and opinions, was born at Monboddo, in Scotland, in 1714. He was educated at the university of Aberdeen, and in 1738, admitted an advocate at the bar. By very devoted attention to his professional duties he soon attained to eminence, and in 1767, was raised to the bench. After a life of study and eccentricity, discharging his duties as a lord of sessions with uprightness and integrity, and much respected in private life, for his amiable disposition, Lord Monboddo died, in Edinburgh, on the twenty-sixth of May, 1799, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

Lord Monboddo's *Essay on the Origin and Progress of Language*, published in 1771, is one of those singular works which at once provoke study and ridicule. The author, besides being a man of learning and talents, was a humorist in character and opinions. He was an enthusiast in Greek literature and antiquities, and a worshipper of Homer. So far did he carry this peculiarity, that, finding carriages were not in use among the ancients, he never would enter one, but made all his distant journeys on horseback, even till he had passed his eightieth year. He was often heard to say that it was a degradation of the genuine dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse, instead of mounting upon his back. But this eccentric philosopher was less careful of the dignity of human nature in some of his opinions. He gravely maintains in his 'Essay' that men were originally monkeys, in which condition they remained for ages, destitute of speech, reason, and social affections. They gradually improved, according to Monboddo's theory, as geologists say the earth was changed by successive revolutions; but he contends that the ourang-outangs are still of the human species, and that in the Bay of Bengal there exists a nation of human beings with tails like monkeys, which had been discovered a hundred and thirty years before, by a Swedish skipper. All the moral sentiments and domestic affections were, according to this whimsical philosopher, the result of art, contrivance, and experience, as much as ship-building, or any other mechanical invention; and hence he places man, in his natural state, below beavers and sea-cats, which he terms social and political animals. In 1779, Lord Monboddo published an elaborate work on ancient metaphysicians, in three volumes quarto, which, like his former publications, is equally learned and equally whimsical.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH, an eminent periodical writer, and conductor of *The Adventurer*, the paper that succeeded the 'Rambler.' was born at Bromley, in Kent, in 1715. Of poor parentage, he was early apprenticed to a watch-maker; but finally left that business for public life and literary pursuits. His wife kept a boarding-school at Bromley, and by the means of a lady of influence in Indian affairs, he became known to the commercial world, and was elected a director of the East India Company. He commenced the 'Adventurer' in 1752, and with the aid of Dr. Johnson, Warton, and others, he carried it on for two years with such success, that archbishop Herring conferred upon him, though a dissenter, the Lambeth degree of doctor of laws. 'The Adventurer' was more in the style of light reading than 'The Rambler,' and more various in its contents. Hawkesworth was, however, an imitator of Johnson, and the following conclusion of his periodical has much of the Johnsonian swell and cast of imagination.

> The hour is hastening in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenor of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still this breast that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide

the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

Besides his 'Adventurer,' Dr. Hawkesworth engaged in various other literary enterprises, amongst which were a translation of Telemachus, and a *Narrative of Captain Cook's Discoveries in the Pacific Ocean.* The former is a very admirable performance, but to the latter task the author was not equal; and though he received for his labor the large sum of six thousand pounds, his failure was a source of so deep mortification as to hasten his death. He expired on the sixteenth of November, 1773, before he had reached his fifty-ninth year.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and one of the most illustrious statesmen of any age or country, was born at Boconnock, in Cornwall, on the fifteenth of November, 1708. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Oxford; but left the latter before he had taken his degree, in order to accept the appointment of cornet in the Blues. His military career, however, was of short duration; for before he was quite twenty-one, he had a seat in Parliament. His talents for debate soon became conspicuous; and on the occasion of the bill of registering seamen, in 1740, he made his memorable reply to Walpole, who had taunted him with his youth. This burst of youthful ardor has been immortalized by Dr. Johnson, who then reported the parliamentary debates for the Gentleman's Magazine. The reply, as we now possess it, is, therefore, rather the production of Johnson than of Pitt, and is not entitled to a place here.

To follow Pitt from this period throughout his brilliant career, would be to recapitulate the history of England during those exciting days. His style of oratory was of the highest class—rapid, vehement, and overpowering, and it was adorned by all the graces of action and delivery. His public character was singularly pure and disinterested, considering the sensuality of the times in which he lived; but as a statesman, he was often inconsistent, haughty, and impracticable. His acceptance of a peerage, in 1766, injured his popularity with the nation, who loved and even reverenced him as 'the great commoner,' but he still 'shook the senate' with the resistless appeals of his eloquence. His speech against the employment of Indians in the war with America, delivered when he was more than sixty years old, and enfeebled by disease, is too characteristic and noble to be here omitted:—

AGAINST THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

I can not, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery can not save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them; measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence! The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You can not, my lords, you can not conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms: Never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says Lord Suffolk, 'to use all means which God and nature have put into our hands.' I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I can not repress my indignation —I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! That God and nature hath put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

The last ten years of Lord Chatham's life were attended with great bodily infirmity; and his final appearance in the House of Lords is thus touchingly described by Belsham the historian:—

'The mind feels interested in the minutest circumstances relating to the last day of the public life of this renowned statesman and patriot. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel. On his arrival in the house, he refreshed himself in the lord chancellor's room, where he staid till prayers were over, and till he was informed that business was going to begin. He was then led into the house by his son and son-in-law, Mr. William Pitt and Lord Viscount Mahon, all the lords standing up out of respect, and making a lane for him to pass to the earl's bench, he bowing very gracefully to them as he proceeded. He looked pale and much emaciated, but his eye retained all its native fire; which, joined to his general deportment, and the attention of the house, formed a spectacle very striking and impressive.

When the Duke of Richmond had sat down, Lord Chatham rose, and began by lamenting 'that his bodily infirmities had so long and at so important a crisis prevented his attendance on the duties of parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the powers of his constitution to come down to the house on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation he felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America. My lords,' continued he, 'I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country, in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions. Shall a people, so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace can not be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my lords, is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men.'

The Duke of Richmond, in reply, declared himself to be 'totally ignorant of the means by which we were to resist with success the combination of America with the house of Bourbon. He urged the noble lord to point out any possible mode, if he were able to do it, of making the Americans renounce that independence of which they were in possession. His Grace added, that if he could not, no man could; and if it was not in his power to change his opinion on the noble lord's authority, unsupported by any reasons but a recital of the calamities arising from a state of things not in the power of this country now to alter.'

Lord Chatham, who had appeared greatly moved during the reply, made an eager effort to rise at the conclusion of it, as if labouring with some great idea, and impatient to give full scope to his feelings; but before he could utter a word, pressing his hand on his bosom, he fell down suddenly in a convulsive fit. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other lords near him, caught him in their arms. The house was immediately cleared; and his lordship being carried into an adjoining apartment, the debate was adjourned. Medical assistance being obtained, his lordship in some degree recovered, and was conveyed to his favourite villa of Hayes in Kent, where, after lingering some few weeks, he expired May 11, 1778, in the 70th year of his age.'

The Earl of Chatham's literary labors, independent of his public position, were chiefly confined to two series of letters, the one addressed to his nephew, Lord Camelford, and the other to various contemporaries, and not published till many years after the noble author's death. The former contains much excellent advice for regulating the conduct and intercourse of life, a sincere admiration of classical learning, and great kindliness of domestic feeling and affection. By the latter, which was not published till 1841, some light is thrown on cotemporary history and public events; but its principal value is of a reflex nature, derived from our interest in all that relates to the lofty and commanding intellect which so long stamped the destinies of Europe.

A review of the life, genius, and public career of Burke, the most eloquent and imaginative of English political writers, and the most philosophical of her statesmen, with a brief notice of The Letters of Junius, will close our remarks on English literature.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, on the first of January, 1730. His father was a respectable attorney, and afforded his son the best of educational advantages. His classical studies were pursued at an academy in the vicinity of Dublin, and conducted by Abraham Shackleton, a quaker of talents and learning. At this school, according to his own statement, Burke acquired the most valuable of his mental habits; and his gratitude to the memory of his early instructor ceased only with his life. In the fifteenth year of his age he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and, in 1749, received his bachelor's degree. Having now the world before him and his own way to make through it, he repaired to London, and with the usual ardor of youth, entered the Middle Temple as a student of law. He soon found, however, that the law had no attractions for him, and he therefore resolved to turn his attention to literature and politics. After laboring for some time on the periodicals of the day, he produced his first conspicuous work, in the form of a parody on the style and manner of Lord Bolingbroke. The title of this performance is a *Vindication of Natural Society*, and in it the paradoxical reasoning of the noble skeptic is pushed to a ridiculous extreme, and its absurdity very happily exposed.

In 1757, Burke published an original and very important work under the title of *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.* The boldness of the author's views, clothed in language at once strong and perspicuous, soon attracted public attention, and prepared the way for his introduction to the society of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and other eminent men of the day. Though thus elevated in his associations, he had still many difficulties to struggle with, and was compelled to pass much of his time compiling for booksellers. He suggested to Dodsley, the plan of an Annual Register, which that spirited publisher adopted, Burke furnishing the whole of the original matter. He continued for several years to write the historical portion of this valuable compilation. In 1771 he accompanied the Earl of Halifax to Ireland as one of his secretaries; and four years afterwards he was fairly lanched into public life, as a Whig politician, by becoming private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, then appointed first lord of the treasury. A seat in parliament next followed, and Burke soon became a leading speaker in the House of Commons. His first seat was for Wendover, and he was afterwards member for Bristol, and Malton. His speeches on American affairs were among his most vigorous and felicitous appearances; his most important duty was the part he took in the trial of Warren Hastings, and his opposition to the regency bill o Mr. Pitt.

Stormier times were, however, at hand: the French Revolution was then, to use one of his own metaphors, 'blackening the horizon,' and he early predicted the course it would take. He strenuously warned his countrymen against the dangerous influence of French principles, and published his memorable *Reflections on the French Revolution.* This produced a rupture between him and his Whig friends, Fox in particular; but with characteristic ardor Burke went on denouncing the doctrines of the revolution, and published his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs;* his *Letters to a Noble Lord;* and his *Letters on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France.* The splendor of these compositions, the various knowledge which they display, the rich imagery with which they abound, and the spirit of philosophical reflection which pervades them all, stamp them among the first literary productions of their time. Judged as political treatises, they may, in some instances, be considered as exaggerated in their tone and manner: the imagination of the orator transported him beyond the bounds of sober prudence and correct taste; but in all his wanderings, genius, wisdom and eloquence equally appear, and such a flood of rich illustration had never before been poured on questions of state policy and government.

When the revolution broke out, Burke's sagacity enabled him to foresee the dreadful consequences which it would entail upon France, and the world; and his enthusiastic temperament led him to state his impressions in language sometimes overcharged and almost bombastic; sometimes full of prophetic fire, and always with an energy and exuberance of fancy in which, among philosophical politicians, he was unrivalled. According to one of his contemporaries he labored to form his character in eloquence, in policy, in ethics, and in philosophy, upon the model of Cicero, and it must be confessed that he greatly surpassed the original.

In 1794, Burke retired from parliament; and having previously been enabled, through the friendship of the Marquis of Rockingham, to purchase an estate near Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, thither he now repaired, and there spent, exclusively, his few remaining years. In 1795, he was rewarded with an annual pension of three thousand pounds, from the civil list, and it was in contemplation to elevate him to the peerage, but the death of his only son rendered him indifferent, if not averse, to such a distinction. The force and energy of his mind, and the creative richness of his imagination, continued with him to the last. His *Letter to a Noble Lord on his Pension*, his *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, and his *Observations on the Conduct of the Minority*, all written after his retirement, bear no traces of decaying vigor, though produced when he had passed the age of sixty-seven. The keen interest with which he regarded passing events, particularly the great drama then being acted in France, is still manifest in these works; with general observations and reflections, the profundity and universal application of which strike the mind with irresistible force. Burke was at once a poet, an orator, a philosopher, and a practical statesman; and his knowledge, his industry, and his perseverance, were as remarkable as his genius. The protracted and brilliant career of this great man was terminated on the ninth of July, 1797, and he was buried in the church at Beaconsfield, where a plain marble tablet still indicates the place of his repose.

It remains for us only to illustrate the genius and style of this truly great writer, by suitable selections from his works. For this purpose we present the following brief extracts:—

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL COMPARED.

On closing this general view of beauty, it naturally occurs that we should compare it with the sublime; and, in this comparison, there appears a remarkable contrast; for sublime objects are vast in their dimensions, beautiful ones comparatively small: beauty should be smooth and polished; the great, rugged and negligent: beauty should shun the right line, yet deviate from it insensibly; the great, in many cases, loves the right line, and when it deviates, it often makes a strong deviation: beauty should not be obscure; the great ought to be dark and gloomy: beauty should be light and delicate; the great ought to be solid, and even massive. They are, indeed, ideas of a very different nature, one being founded on pain, the other on pleasure; and, however they may vary afterward from the direct nature of their causes, yet these causes keep up an eternal distinction between them, a distinction never to be forgotten by any whose business it is to affect the passions. In the infinite variety of natural combinations, we must expect to find the qualities of things the most remote imaginable from each other united in the same object. We must expect, also, to find combinations of the same kind in the works of art. But when we consider the power of an object upon our passions, we must know that, when any thing is intended to affect the mind by the force of some predominate property, the affection produced is like to be the more uniform and perfect, if all the other properties or qualities of the object be of the same nature, and tending to the same design as the principal:

If black and white blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black and white?

If the qualities of the sublime and beautiful are sometimes found united, does this prove that they are the same; does it prove that they are any way allied; does it prove even that they are not opposite and contradictory? Black and white may soften, may blend, but they are not, therefore, the same. Nor, when they are so softened and blended with each other, or with different colors, is the power of black as black, or of white as white, so strong as when each stands uniform and distinguished.

ACCOUNT OF HIS SON'S DEATH.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have re-purchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever, but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behooves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest,) a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in this world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace as we are made to shrink from pain and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct, and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show, that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

THE BRITISH MONARCHY

The learned professors of the rights of man regard prescription, not as a title to bar all claim, set up against old possession; but they look on prescription itself as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long-continued, and therefore an aggravated injustice. Such are their ideas, such their religion, and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Lion—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dikes of the low fat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm—the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn, sworn, constitutional frankpledge of this nation; the firm guarantee of each other's being, and each other's rights; the joints and several securities, each in its place and order, for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression, and the insolent spurn of contempt.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters follow upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

The Letters of Junius, which long since took their place among the standard works of English literature, began to appear in the Public Advertiser, the most popular journal of the day, on the twenty-first of January, 1769. The nation was, at that period, in a state of great excitement. The contest with the American colonies, the imposition of new taxes, the difficulty of forming a steady and permanent administration, and the great ability and eloquence of the opposition, had tended to spread a feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the whole country. Woodfall, the publisher of the 'Advertiser,' was a man of education and influence; and this circumstance contributed to add to the weight of these anonymous communications. The letters, which afterwards appeared in a volume, under the name of Junius, were the most distinguished of those sent to the publisher, and before they assumed a permanent form, were carefully revised, elaborated, and highly polished. They attacked all the public characters of the day connected with the government, they retailed much private scandal and personal history, and did not spare even royalty itself. The compression, point, and brilliancy of their language, their unrivalled sarcasm, boldness, and tremendous invective, at once arrested the attention of the public; and, accordingly, every effort that could be devised by the government, or prompted by private indignation, was made, but in vain, to discover their author. The mystery continued to perplex every one interested in the subject until 1816, when a work appeared, under the title of 'Junius Identified with a Celebrated Living Character.' The living character was the late Sir Philip Francis, and certainly a mass of strong circumstantial evidence has been presented in his favor. 'The external evidence,' says Macaulay, 'is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding.' As this question does not affect the literary character of the work, we shall assume that the mystery is revealed.

Philip Francis was the son of the Rev. Dr. Francis, translator of Horace, and was born in Dublin, in 1740. He was educated at St. Paul's school, and at the early age of sixteen, was placed, by Lord Holland, in the secretary of state's office. By the patronage of Lord Chatham, he was, in 1758, made secretary to General Bligh, and was present at the capture of Cherburgh. In 1760, he accompanied Lord Kinnoul, as secretary on his embassy to Lisbon; and three years afterwards he was appointed to a considerable situation in the war office, which he held till 1772. The next year he was made a member of the council appointed for the government of Bengal, whence he returned, in 1781, after being perpetually at war with the governor-general, Warren Hastings, and being wounded by him in a duel. He afterwards sat in Parliament as a Whig, and was one of the 'Friends of the People' in association with Fox, Gray, and others. His death occurred in 1818, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

It must be confessed that the speeches and letters of Sir Philip Francis evince much of the talent found in Junius, though they are less rhetorical in style; while the history and disposition of the man—his strong resentments, his arrogance, his interest in the public questions of the day, evinced by his numerous pamphlets, even in advanced age, and the whole complexion of his party and political sentiments, are what we should expect from Woodfall's correspondent. High and commanding qualities he undoubtedly possessed; nor was he without genuine patriotic feelings, and a desire to labor earnestly for the public good. His error lay in mistaking his private enmities for public virtue, and nursing his resentments till they attained a dark and unsocial malignity. His temper was irritable and gloomy, and often led him to form mistaken and uncharitable estimates of men and measures. Though a single letter from this extraordinary series will not be sufficient to illustrate the point and brilliancy of this remarkable writer, yet we have no room for more; and we select the one to the Duke of Bedford:—

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

September 19, 1769.

My Lord,

You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character; and, perhaps, an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my Lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank; a splendid fortune; and a name, glorious, till it was yours; were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first, you derived a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority: the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages, might have been more honourable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russel.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honour, was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the highest peer of England: the noble independence which he might have maintained in parliament; and the real interest and respect which he might have acquired, not only in parliament, but through the whole kingdom; compare these glorious distinctions, with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation, and though you may regret the virtues which create respect, you may see with anguish how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent virtuous Duke of Bedford; imagine what he might be in this country; then reflect one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in the theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion; he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself, or his dependents, as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in parliament, he would be heard by the most profligate ministers with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as their protector; and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgment he might confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict[1] him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous, heartfelt consolation, in the sympathizing tears and blessings of his country.

Your Grace may probably discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence, either in opposing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe, to the favourite of his Sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an interview[2] with the favourite, and of offering to recover at any price, the honour of his friendship. Though deceived, perhaps in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind. His own honour would have forbidden him mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to, the dishonest necessity of engaging in the interests and intrigues of his dependents: of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt, of the constitution, as openly to avow, in a court of justice, the purchase and sale[3] of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the state, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation.[4] He would never have been insulted with virtues which he had laboured to extinguish, nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat, which has made him ridiculous and contemptible even to the few by whom he was not detested. I reverence the afflictions of a good man; his sorrows are sacred. But how can we take part in the distresses of a man whom we can neither love nor esteem; or feel for a calamity of which he himself is insensible? Where was the father's heart, when he could look for, or find, an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son, in consultations and bargains for a place at court, and even in the misery of ballotting at the India House!

Admitting, then, that you have mistaken or deserted those honourable principles which ought to have directed your conduct; admitting that you have as little claim to private affection as to public esteem, let us see, with what abilities, with what degree of judgment, you have carried your own system into execution. A great man, in the success, and even in the magnitude, of his crimes, finds a rescue from contempt. Your Grace is every way unfortunate. Yet I will not look back to those ridiculous scenes, by which in your earlier days, you thought it an honour to be distinguished,[1] the recorded stripes, the public infamy, your own sufferings, or Mr. Rigby's fortitude. These events undoubtedly left an impression, though not upon your mind. To such a mind, it may, perhaps, be a pleasure to reflect, that there is hardly a corner of any of his Majesty's kingdoms, except France, in which, at one time or other, your valuable life has not been in danger. Amiable man! we see and acknowledge the protection of Providence, by which you have so often escaped the personal detestation of your fellow-subjects, and are still reserved for the public justice of your country.

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[1] The Duke had lately lost his only son by a fall from his horse.

[2] At this interview, which passed at the house of the late Lord Eglingtoune, Lord Bute told the Duke that he was determined never to have any connection with a man who had so basely betrayed him.

[3] In an answer in Chancery, in a suit against him to recover a large sum, paid him by a person whom he had undertaken to return to parliament for one of his Grace's boroughs, he was compelled to repay the money.

[4] Of Bedford, where the tyrant was held in such contempt and detestation, that, in order to deliver themselves from him they admitted a great number of strangers to the freedom. To make his defeat truly ridiculous, he tried his whole strength against Mr. Horne, and was beaten upon his own ground.

Your history begins to be important at that auspicious period, at which you were deputed to represent the Earl of Bute at the court of Versailles. It was an honourable office, and executed with the same spirit with which it was accepted. Your patron wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions, without daring to insist upon any honourable condition for his Sovereign. Their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity, as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the first rank of the nobility. Belleisle, Goree, Guadaloupe, St. Lucia, Martinique, the Fishery, and the Havana, are glorious monuments of your Grace's talents for negotiation. My Lord, we are too well acquainted with your pecuniary character, to think it possible that so many public sacrifices should have been made without some private compensations. Your conduct carries with it an internal evidence, beyond all the proofs of a court of justice. Even the callous pride of Lord Egremont was alarmed.[2] He saw and felt his own dishonour in corresponding with you: and there certainly was a moment at which he meant to have resisted, had not a fatal lethargy prevailed over his faculties, and carried all sense and memory away with it.

I will not pretend to specify the secret terms on which you were invited to support an administration[3] which Lord Bute pretended to leave in full possession of their ministerial authority, and perfectly masters of themselves. He was not of a temper to relinquish power, though he retired from employment. Stipulations were certainly made between your Grace and him, and certainly violated. After two years' submission, you thought you had collected strength sufficient to control his influence, and that it was your turn to be a tyrant, because you had been a slave. When you found yourself mistaken in your opinion of your gracious master's firmness, disappointment got the better of all your humble discretion, and carried you to an excess of outrage to his person, as distant from true spirit as from all decency and respect.[4] After robbing him of the rights of a king, you would not permit him to preserve the honour of a gentleman. It was then Lord Weymouth was nominated to Ireland, and dispatched (we well remember with what indecent hurry) to plunder the treasury of the first fruits of an employment, which you well knew he was never to execute.[1]

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[1] Mr. Heston Humphrey, a country attorney, horsewhipped the Duke, with equal justice, severity, and perseverance, on the course, at Litchfield. Rigby and Lord Trentham were also cudgelled in a most exemplary manner. This gave rise to the following story; 'When the late King heard that Sir Edward Hawke had given the French *a drubbing*, His Majesty, who had never received that kind of chastisement, was pleased to ask Lord Chesterfield the meaning of the word. 'Sir,' says Lord Chesterfield, 'the meaning of the word— But here comes the Duke of Bedford, who is better able to explain it to your Majesty than I am.'

[2] This man, notwithstanding his pride and tory principles, had some English stuff in him. Upon an official letter he wrote to the Duke of Bedford, the Duke desired to be recalled, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Lord Bute could appease him.

[3] Mr. Grenville, Lord Halifax, and Lord Egremont.

[4] The ministry having endeavoured to exclude dowager out of the Regency Bill,

This sudden declaration of war against the favourite, might have given you a momentary merit with the public, if it had either been adopted upon principles, or maintained with resolution. Without looking back to all your former servility, we need only observe your subsequent conduct, to see upon what motives you acted. Apparently united with Mr. Grenville, you waited until Lord Rockingham's feeble administration should dissolve in its own weakness. The moment their dismission was suspected, the moment you perceived that another system was adopted in the closet, you thought it no disgrace to return to your former dependence, and solicit once more the friendship of Lord Bute. You begged an interview, at which he had spirit enough to treat you with contempt.

It would now be of little use to point out by what a train of weak, injudicious measures, it became necessary, or was thought so, to call you back to a share in the administration.[2] The friends, whom you did not in the last instance desert, were not of a character to add strength or credit to government: and, at that time, your alliance with the Duke of Grafton, was, I presume, hardly foreseen. We must look for other stipulations to account for that sudden resolution of the closet, by which three of your dependents[3] (whose characters, I think, can not be less respected than they are) were advanced to offices, through which you might again control the minister, and probably engross the whole direction of affairs.

The possession of resolute power is now once more within your reach. The measures you have taken to obtain and confirm it, are too gross to escape the eyes of a discerning, judicious Prince. His palace is besieged; the lines of circumvallation are drawing round him; and unless he finds a resource in his own activity, or in the attachment of the real friends of his family, the best of princes must submit to the confinement of a state prisoner, until your Grace's death, or some less fortunate event, shall raise the siege. For the present you may safely resume the style of insult and menace, which even a private gentleman can not submit to bear without being contemptible. Mr. McKenzie's history is not yet forgotten; and you may find precedents enough of the mode in which an imperious subject may signify his pleasure to his sovereign. Where will this gracious Monarch look for assistance, when the wretched Grafton could forget his obligations to his Master, and desert him for a hollow alliance with such a man as the Duke of Bedford!

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified, in the fear as well as the hatred of the people; can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable? And is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame! my lord, let it not be recorded of you, that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that although you can not dis-

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the Earl of Bute determined to dismiss them. Upon this the Duke of Bedford demanded an audience of the ———; reproached him in plain terms with his duplicity, baseness, falsehood, treachery, and hypocrisy: repeatedly gave him the lie, and left him in convulsions.

[1] He received three thousand pounds for plate and equipage money.

[2] When Earl Gower was appointed President of the Council, the King, with his usual sincerity, assured him, that he had not one happy moment since the Duke of Bedford left him.

[3] Lord Gower, Weymouth, and Sanwich.

grace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps, whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him. He must create solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision.

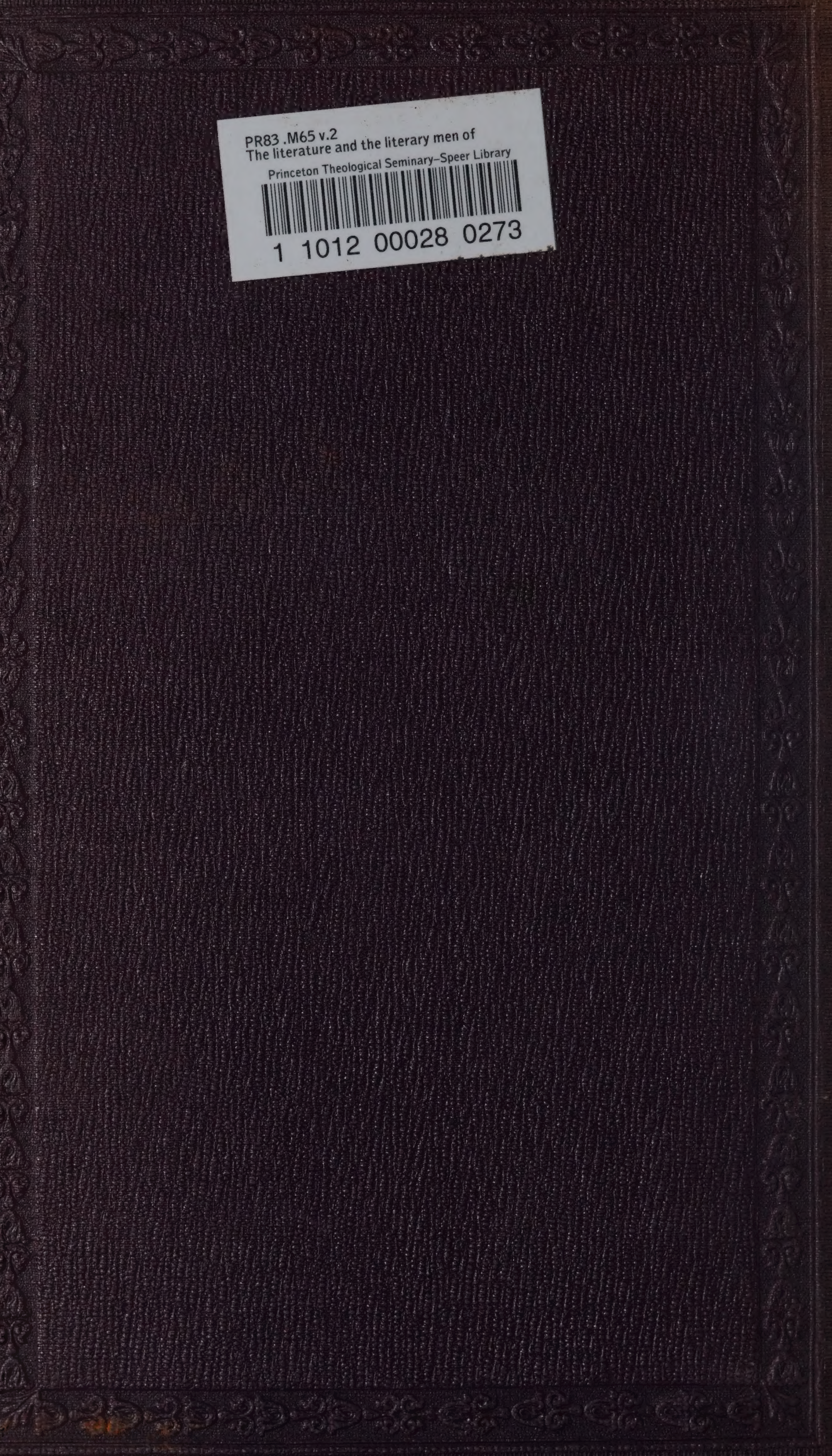
At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter, inevitable. No honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt; his virtues better understood: or, at worst, they will not, for him alone, forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my Lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people, plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene. You can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and dispair. But, my Lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger, and though you can not be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends, with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed every thing that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you, that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

Junius.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.



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